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WAYLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR.

THE
TOWN OF WAYLAND
IN THE
CIVIL WAR OF 1861-1865,

AS REPRESENTED IN THE

Army and Navy of the American Union.

"O Mother-Land ! this weary life
Thy faithful children led for thee :
Theirs the strong agony of strife
By land and stormy sea.

And not in vain : now slants the gold
Athwart those wild and stormy skies ;
From out the blackened waste, behold
What happy homes arise !"



PREPARED AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE TOWN OF WAYLAND.

WAYLAND.
Boston, April 1871.

RAND, AVERY, & FRYE, PRINTERS,
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To

THE HEROIC MEN WHOSE DEEDS ARE HERE RECORDED,

WHETHER

RETURNING IN THE GLORIES OF VICTORY FROM BATTLE-FIELDS, OR LEAVING THEIR BODIES

IN HONORED GRAVES ;

WHOSE NOBLEST MONUMENT IS

The Free Institutions of the Country which they sought to save;

AND

WHOSE BURIAL-PLACES WILL EVER BE IN THE HEARTS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE,

AND OF MILLIONS REDEEMED FROM CRUEL BONDAGE,—

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E.

AFTER some ineffectual attempts to secure the erection of a monument commemorative of the Wayland soldiers who fell in the late war, it occurred to some one that a much better memorial, in many respects, would be obtained by securing the personal narratives of each, and preserving them in suitable form for transmission to posterity.

The suggestion was cordially met and acted on by the town in the choice of a Committee, to whom the whole subject was intrusted.

In prosecuting their duties, unexpected delays occurred, which, by permitting a lapse in the memory of some of the soldiers, and the loss of documents (particularly letters from the army) that would have been available at an earlier day, have rendered the results of their efforts less satisfactory than could have been desired.

Added to this, the greater willingness of some to communicate their army-experiences, and the facilities of others to supply information by means of diaries and sketches previously

prepared, may be regarded as reasons for differences in the extent of surface covered, and the value of details embraced, in the several narratives.

It should be noticed that the narratives (with two exceptions) are confined to the soldiers who enlisted from Wayland as their residence, and were officially accredited to fill its required quotas. The two exceptional cases were of men who were natives of Wayland.

In the movements of such large bodies of men as occurred in this gigantic war,—often by tens, and sometimes by hundreds, of thousands,—the doings of a single soldier are often indistinguishable from the mass. His experience is identified with the organization to which he chanced to be attached. Hence it has been found convenient, in tracing a soldier's course (except when on detached service or in extraordinary positions), to make the regiment to which he belonged the general basis on which his experience rests; affording thus a little freer scope for reference to army-movements. But, as historical completeness forms no part of the plan of the book, the reader will look in vain for any comprehensive views of the "great conflict," or for a full description of the campaigns, battles, and movements touched upon in the narratives.

In arranging the material furnished by men whose experience was frequently coincident, in consequence of their belonging to the same military organizations, considerable effort has been

required to counteract the effect of tiresome repetitions. The editorial liberty, sometimes pretty freely exercised, of curtailing statements in some of the narratives, and their more liberal extension in others, when treating the same occurrence, must be referred to a desire for attaining this object. Complete success, however, was found to lie beyond the power of achievement, without sacrificing too much that is justly due to each soldier.

The work is submitted with some degree of confidence that to the soldiers and their friends of the present generation it will prove a not unworthy tribute to the patriotism and valor displayed in the eventful times of "The War of the Great Rebellion," and will pass with increasing value to the hands of their descendants in remote periods of the future.

EDMUND H. SEARS,
LAFAYETTE DUDLEY,
JAMES S. DRAPER, } Committee.

WAYLAND, July 4, 1870.

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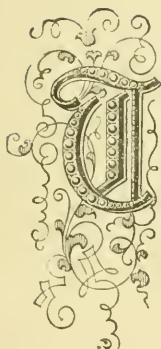
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*Soldiers whose native place is Wayland, but whose service was accredited
to other places.*

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NARRATIVES.

OSCAR PAGE BALCOM.



HE prevailing enthusiasm for sustaining our government and its armies in opposition to the Rebel Confederacy and its hosts in the field led Mr. Balcom to enter his name, with others, as a volunteer soldier.

On the 1st of August, 1862, he joined Company I (Capt. Brigham) of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry.

He was the son of Joseph and Mary L. (Sampson) Balcom ; born in Marlborough, Mass., Oct. 31, 1844.

His height was five feet, five and a half inches. He was of dark complexion, black hair, blue eyes, and a farmer by occupation.

Mr. Balcom relates but comparatively few incidents of either field or camp in his experience of nearly three years in the army. The five or six weeks in camp at Lynnfield and Boxford, the departure and trip to Washington, and the encampment on the

NOTE.—The regiments named in this work will be understood as belonging to Massachusetts, unless otherwise described ; and all the men whose narratives are included were " volunteers," except the three declared as drafted.

heights across the Potomac, though filled with novelties and excitements to him, in common with all beginners in military service, are now looked back upon as trivial matters. Pools-ville in Maryland was the centre of regimental operations for considerable time in the autumn following; from which point the Thirty-ninth furnished its quotas of scouts, patrols, and pickets, to operate up and down the river that separated the hostile lines. One Sunday in October, there was a strong expectation of meeting the rebels; and our men were turned out, and marched about three miles, when jokes took the place of fears, as they faced about, and conducted a "masterly retreat" from an absent foe.

Winter-quarters, in the usual style of huts covered with shelter-tents, were established in a good locality not far from Pools-ville. Here Mr. Balcom, while lifting a heavy timber, received a severe injury, that nearly unsifted him for further service, and which made the remainder of that service at times very trying, and always more or less uncomfortable. It was a case of hernia, for which, after several weeks of surgical care, he was deemed a proper subject for a discharge; and his papers to that effect were duly prepared and signed. Against this movement his patriotic feelings protested; and he was allowed to remain a while longer on trial.

The regiment remained in winter-quarters until near the middle of April; when it was ordered to break camp, and proceed to the city of Washington, where it arrived about noon on the 17th following.

Mr. Balcom, as well as his comrades, found a three-months' residence here, doing patrol duty chiefly, to afford convenient opportunities for becoming acquainted with the capital of their country and its various attractions.*

* It was a significant remark made by him, that "some of the great folks there appeared at times no better than they should be."

At the news of the battle of Gettysburg the Thirty-ninth received marching-orders, and proceeded by the railroad to Harper's Ferry. In a few days, it joined the Army of the Potomac at Funkstown; Lee's army being now on the retreat, and ours moving in pursuit. Very soon, all the troops in the vicinity crossed the Potomac, and occupied hostile territory.

The Gettysburg fight was a severe test of the strength and skill of both armies. The superior position of the Union troops had enabled them successfully to resist the terrific charges of the rebels; but the strength and prowess of the latter was a caution to our commanders not to risk another trial without pretty sure footing. So, with careful tramps, our forces moved down on Virginia soil.

From the 18th of July to the 1st of August, when it reached the Rappahannock, the regiment had passed successively through Middlebury, Warrenton, Bealton Station, and many other places; occasionally hearing firing, but encountering none of the enemy.

A battle was expected while near Culpeper; and the men lay on their arms all of one night in hourly anticipation of important developments. Cannonading was constantly heard; yet actual conflict seemed to be avoided by both parties. At Hay Market, the Thirty-ninth was again kept under arms all night, with no camp-fires, under orders to preserve perfect freedom from noise that might betray their position to the enemy.

Nov. 4, while at Kettle Run, eight days' rations were issued; and rapid marching was kept up from day to day until the war-cloud gathered over a spot on the Mine Run,—a small tributary stream on the southerly side of the Rapidan. During the march, the men were several days without rations, and in a barren territory, where foraging was useless. It was the severest trial yet encountered.

The two great armies were now confronting each other. The Thirty-ninth was put on the skirmish-line, and had its first experience in exchanging shots with the enemy. Every preparation was in readiness; but Gen. Meade took the side of prudent valor, and quietly withdrew his army to various points for winter-quarters. Our regiment was marched to Mitchel's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Here, with abundant rations, though with some hardship on the picket-line, the men passed as comfortable a time as usually falls to soldiers during a long, dreary winter.

Spring opened with the prospect of brisk business. Mr. Balcom was not unwilling to exchange the winter-camp for the active campaign, especially as it was planned by, and to be executed under the eye of, Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

On entering the Wilderness with the great army, the sounds and sights of battle were abundant on every side, and, by their frequency, soon took away the first fears experienced on entering the fields of danger.

On the second night, after sustaining a line of battle till quite dark, the men lay on their arms. Our soldier experienced a slight shock, when, on waking the next morning, it was discovered that he had selected for a sleeping companion during the darkness one who was pale in the cold repose of death.

The Laurel-hill fight occurred two days after. A successful charge here drove the enemy's cavalry and a battery from the hill, and, for the distance of a mile or more, to a line of breast-works, where the rebel infantry proved too strong; and after a severe fight, in which Mr. Balcom, with others near him, narrowly escaped capture, a retreat was ordered.

During the next two or three days, the regiment was "off and on" the line of battle, and hourly exposed to either artillery or infantry firing.

At Spottsylvania Court House it was also exposed, but took part in no actual engagement.

On crossing the North Anna River, an engagement for a short time ensued by a furious charge of the rebels. They met their repulse chiefly from the effects of our batteries, that were admirably posted.

With no cessation of active duty, either in marching, throwing up breastworks, or on the line of battle, the regiment gradually approached the rebel capital; the actual fighting being chiefly at Bethesda Church and White-oak Swamp.

James River was crossed June 16; and a position was at once taken in front of Petersburg, where, under constant exposure, breastworks and forts were built by our men, with an occasional *sortie* of greater or less consequence.

One of the principal battles in which Mr. Balcom took part was at the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 18, 1864. The exposure to the rebel fires of both artillery and infantry was terrible. Our ground was maintained until flanked by the enemy, by which many of our men were taken prisoners. The battle was continued for two days; when our forces were obliged to retire to the woods, after repulsing successfully three or four charges made during the day. At one time during the fighting, our troops might have gained a decided advantage but for unfortunately mistaking an advancing column of the foe (many of whom wore uniforms of blue) for our men. They were allowed to approach, and deliver their destructive fire, unmolested; when, but for the error, they could have been easily demolished.

Another engagement of the Thirty-ninth, at which he was also present, occurred at Hatcher's Run in the winter of 1864. A line of the enemy's works here was assaulted; and

after a second effort, which was hotly contested, they were driven from their position.

In the spring of 1865, about the last of March, another severe engagement, in which our soldier participated, took place at Gravelly Run. Our line was charged by the rebels, and over-powered, with the loss of Col. Tremlett and many other officers and men. It was subsequently re-enforced, and charged successfully on the rebels; retaking the ground lost in the morning.

At the battle of Five Forks, the Thirty-ninth held a post of honor on the centre. This occurred on the first day of April. It was a most complete success, and accomplished with but little loss to the Union army. The breaking and capturing of this line of the rebel defences was the closing fight of the war; and no time was lost in pushing our men on to cut off the only way of retreat from the rebel capital. Although greatly exhausted, they eagerly pressed forward, and, on the 9th of April, had fairly arrested the retreating rebels at Appomattox Court House, whose surrender was indeed a most welcome event to "the boys in blue."

The return-march to Washington is regarded as one of the hardest of the war, under the spur of competition among the different corps to see who would soonest reach that city.

Mr. Balcom was discharged with his comrades, June 2, 1865, at Washington.

It was his good fortune to escape the missiles of war entirely during all the imminent exposures. He declares himself fully satisfied with having sustained the duty of a soldier; and would not hesitate for a moment in again discharging similar duties, should his country demand it. He saw during the progress of the war the one great cause of its inception and continuance to be the institution of slavery in the rebel States; and the

President's emancipation proclamation he regarded as an important step in quelling the Great Rebellion.

Mr. Balcom served as a private until near the close of the war, when he was promoted to the post of a corporal. He was married, May 29, 1866, to Hattie Garfield of Wayland; and resides at present in Natick, Mass.

CHARLES HENRY BERRY.



ROMPTED by a regard for patriotic duty, Mr. Berry became a soldier in the Union army, Sept. 3, 1861; joining Company C (Capt. Pratt) of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry. In person he was five feet five inches tall, with brown hair, light complexion, gray eyes, of slender form, and by occupation a farmer.

Very soon after he joined the regiment, he was detailed by Col. Stevenson as his orderly, and as regimental postmaster. These positions he held during the whole service, fulfilling the trusts with entire acceptance. He was thereby exempted from some of the hard service of fatigue-duty, and also from some of the severer trials in action; though, during the fights, many of the despatches and orders he was required to transmit took him through places of unusual peril.

The first destination of the regiment on leaving Massachusetts was Annapolis, Md. Here it formed a part of Gen. Burnside's command in the expedition against Roanoke Island and vicinity. The fleet sailed on the 9th of January, 1862; and, after four days of very rough weather, Hatteras Inlet was reached. The destructive gale that was experienced before all the vessels reached the sound will ever be remembered for its violence. Several vessels were lost.

All was in readiness for opening the fight on the 7th of February. A part of the regiment landed on the island; but Mr. Berry and some of the officers, with the remainder of the privates, were on the gunboat "Vedette," that moved up, and, with the other boats, opened fire on the rebel fortifications. Shot and shell from the forts were well and abundantly served; but none of them struck "The Vedette." After the victory, she proceeded up the sound to Plymouth, which also soon surrendered.

Nearly all the fleet sailed on the 11th of March for Newbern, N.C. On arriving, two days after, it was found that extensive defensive works had been built a few miles below the city. The next day, a line of battle was formed; and after about three hours of firing, in which our men spent all their ammunition, a bayonet charge was ordered and carried, but with heavy loss to our troops. While advancing over the abatis, a shot struck the bayonet of Mr. Berry's gun, bending it so as to spoil it, and wrenching the musket from his grasp. The rebels refused to yield until our men were on the parapet. They then set fire to their city, and the bridge leading to it; but our men followed at once, and extinguished the flames.

A few days after, the Twenty-fourth embarked for Washington, N.C., took possession of the place, and returned to Newbern; but were soon ordered back, and remained until the last of July. During this time, an encounter with a rebel regiment of infantry and cavalry occurred at Tranter's Creek, which lasted nearly an hour: the rebels were defeated, with the loss of their colonel.

Near the middle of August, the Twenty-fourth, with some artillery, were ordered to Swansborough, thirty miles south of Newbern, to destroy extensive salt-works. These works were defended by a battery, which was captured; and the works, together with a large quantity of salt, were destroyed.

Several unimportant movements were accomplished, until the

regiment found itself on the 1st of November at Washington, N.C., in rendezvous, with a considerable force under Gen. Foster. An expedition into the interior was immediately started; but there was no fighting; for everywhere the rebels fled at the approach of Foster's forces: and, after six days' marching to a point near Tarborough, "we turned our course toward the seashore, and reached Plymouth on the 11th of November, embarking thence for Newbern."

The regiment started Dec. 12 on the expedition, under Gen. Foster, to destroy the railroad-bridge at Goldsborough. A considerable force of the enemy had concentrated at Kinston to oppose his progress. In the action which ensued, our regiment supported Belger's battery, that did good service in routing the enemy. At Whitehall, also, opposition was met: it was chiefly an artillery-fight across the Neuse River. The Twenty-fourth supported the battery as before. The enemy's shot and shell came so thick here, that Col. Stevenson dismounted, and gave his horse in charge of his orderly to be taken to a safer place. There was but little fighting at Goldsborough. The railroad-bridge across the Neuse was completely destroyed, with other property; and the march back to Newbern terminated on the 20th of December, the last day of which (over thirty miles) will long be remembered as one of great hardship.

The scene now shifts to the State of South Carolina. Our troops were embarked at Moorhead City, and landed at St. Helena Island, at the mouth of the Edisto River, on the last day of January, 1863; having touched at Beaufort and Hilton Head on the passage. The encampment under shelter-tents continued here until the movement was made to Edisto Island on the 27th of March, where the three months following were spent in building forts.

The next destination was for more perilous duty,—in Charles-

ton harbor. On the 10th of July, the Twenty-fourth, with other troops, landed on James's Island. While here, a severe artillery-fight occurred without advantage to either side; and, on the 17th, Col. Stevenson's command was boated over to Morris Island. At this time, great preparations had been made to subjugate the military defences of the harbor. Admiral Dahlgren's fleet were daily sending their iron compliments to Sumter and the other rebel forts, and the "Swamp Angel" with a tremendous roar was projecting its three-hundred-pound missile over a distance of four miles to rouse the people of Charleston by its terrific explosion at the end of its aerial journey. Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, must be forced from its rebel garrison; and our regiment was there on the 18th to do its part of the work. But it was ordered on the reserve; while Col. Shaw, with his brave regiment of colored troops (Fifty-fourth Massachusetts), took the post of honor, with the sacrifice of his life and many of his command, as they desperately fought their way even into the trenches of the enemy. Mr. Berry was where he could distinctly see this most determined and bloody charge. It was nearly dark when the colored troops were repulsed, and the other columns moved up; and, when the Twenty-fourth was deployed into line, it was deemed best not to repeat the attempt to take the fort that night. "We occupied the first parallel of the works, and, during the night, were fearfully shelled by the enemy."

The next day (Sunday) our dead were buried under a flag of truce, and the attack on the fort was postponed.

The stay here was prolonged to nearly three months. Under a hot sun, and with severe labor in building works, our men suffered much; and more than three hundred were at one time on the sick-list.

A rebel rifle-pit had been built about three hundred feet in front of the line occupied by the Twenty-fourth; and, on the

evening of the 26th of August, orders were given to charge and take it. It was a fearful task; for there was no protection. But so brisk was the movement, that the rebels had time for only one volley before we rushed upon them and captured nearly the whole. The shovel-men were ordered to work immediately in turning the work for defence, during which "the batteries of Wagner and Gregg were playing upon us with terrible power. We were relieved at midnight, having lost many men." A grand assault was planned by Gen. Gilmore for the 7th of September; but a reconnoissance during the night previous revealed the fact that the enemy had evacuated their forts. On the next day, the regiment had the honor to co-operate with Admiral Dahlgren in an assault on Fort Sumter.

In effecting the assault, the regiment with others embarked in boats during the night, and were rowed towards the fort. The navy had taken position, and the battle had commenced, before the arrival of the infantry. The experiment proved unsuccessful; and the heavy metal of the well-served guns in the forts told with disabling effect on our monitors. A retreat was ordered. Our infantry forces were saved from being demolished by retiring through another channel under cover of land.

After this, the regiment was sent to recruit at St. Augustine, Fla. Although there was considerable skirmishing whenever the "boys" went out to forage, yet the time spent here up to the close of the year was a period of peculiar enjoyment.

Early in January, 1864, Mr. Berry, and over four hundred of his comrades, were honorably discharged for re-enlistment as veterans; the date of Mr. Berry's paper being Jan. 4. Under a furlough of thirty days, he visited his friends in Wayland and other places; and, on returning to service, he reported at Washington, and proceeded thence to Gloucester Point, Hampton Roads, where he rejoined his regiment, then on its way up the

James. It now constituted a part of the Army of the James, under command of Major-Gen. Butler; and was landed at Bermuda Hundred the 6th of May.

On the next day, the Twenty-fourth constituted a part of the force to attack the rebels on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad. It was mainly an artillery-fight.

At the taking of the rebel works at Drury's Bluff, and their counter-attack two days following, Mr. Berry was present; and the Twenty-fourth was in the hottest part. In the performance of his duties here, he was greatly exposed, but escaped unharmed.

The enemy now retired from our front: the James was crossed, and a position taken near Deep Bottom, eight or nine miles nearer Richmond. Here the enemy's works were successfully charged. Gen. Meade's army, under personal control of Gen. Grant, had now passed to Petersburg, and commenced its regular siege operations; and the Twenty-fourth was ordered back to Bermuda Hundred.

Previous to its moving into works before Petersburg, it had skirmished heavily and successfully with the enemy at Chester Station, Green Valley, Flussers' Mills, and Deep Run.

Aug. 26, the regiment was ordered into the works before Petersburg, and took its chance amid the daily exposures of the siege.

Near the close of September, orders were received to join a reconnoissance at the Derbytown Road; and "we became hotly engaged with the enemy, driving them from their works at Chapin's Farm."

A combined attack of the Army of the James on the rebel works towards Richmond, on the 27th of October, brought the Twenty-fourth into severe conflict, but without great loss. At Four-mile-run Church "we were encamped until the middle

of December, and had one pretty sharp brush with the rebels at this place."

From here the regiment was ordered to Bermuda Hundred, where it remained on garrison-duty until the evacuation of Richmond; after which, guard-duty at the military prisons of that city fell to its lot until Jan. 20, 1866; at which date the members were all discharged, and proceeded at once to their homes.

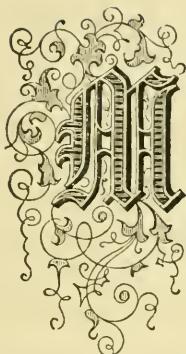
On the 27th, the regiment marched to the front of the State House in Boston, and delivered its colors to the governor, from whom a very flattering address was received.

It is pertinent here to remark that the Twenty-fourth obtained the name of "The Ironclad," from its habitual success in repelling all assaults to which it was subjected. It took part in twenty different engagements, at all of which Mr. Berry was present on active duty.

Of him it can be said, that he was in the service four years and seven months,—a much longer period than any other of the Wayland men. During that time, he was never confined in hospital-quarters for a day. He passed unscathed amid the bullets of the battle-field and the deadly miasms of Southern swamps.

He was the son of Brackett and Elizabeth (Carter) Berry; born at Portsmouth, N.H., Sept. 20, 1839. He was married to Margaret Moore of Wayland a few days subsequent to his first enlistment. His residence at present is at Newton.

EDWARD PAYSON BOND.



R. BOND, a son of Artemas and Emily (Roby) Bond, was born at Wayland the tenth day of March, 1830.

From his earliest childhood, he manifested peculiar fondness for horses; and in after-years made himself fully acquainted with their various habits, wants, and diseases, and the treatment requisite to render that valuable animal most useful to man. The pertinence of this statement will appear in the course of the narrative.

The professional prefix of *Doctor*, frequently attached to his name, and by which he was familiarly known both at home and in the army, was of early origin. His love of horses had tempted a too near proximity to the stamping hoof of one of them; and a crushed foot was the result, of such severity as to require the surgical attendance of Dr. Kittridge, with a view of amputating a pedal extremity. This seemed so unsuitable to the little fellow, then three years old, that, while the doctor was being sent for, he found a hiding-place so secure, that the surgeon was obliged to retire without a case. Having thus eluded the foe, he exultingly came forth, saying, "I told you Dotter Tittridge s'oudn't tut my toe off;" and from that time he received the honorary title of Doctor.

On his enlistment, Aug. 22, 1861, in the Twentieth Regiment of Infantry, Company E (Capt. Schmidtt), Mr. Bond was almost immediately detailed as wagoner; which place he held while he remained a member. This position, while exempting him from some of the hardships of soldier-life, demanded more constant care and attention than is required of a private in the ranks; and, while increasing the hazard of being "gobbled up" as a prisoner, it gave him better opportunities for observing the army movements around, particularly during engagements.

The regiment left the encampment at Readville on the fourth day of September, 1861; and was soon assigned to guard and picket duty on the Potomac. In the fulfilment of this trust, nothing unusual or worthy of record happened until the battle of Ball's Bluff, which occurred on the 20th October, 1861. This was a point on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, about thirty-five miles above the city of Washington. A reconnoissance was ordered by Gen. Stone; and, on finding a considerable force of the rebels, all the troops constituting the Fifteenth and Twentieth Regiments on picket in that vicinity were ordered to cross the river, and risk an engagement. The rebels proved the stronger party; and, late in the afternoon, our men were driven down the bluff.

Here comes in one of the most barbarous incidents of the war. Mr. Bond, who, from the Maryland side of the river, was in sight of the contest all day, says, "It was enough to curdle one's blood to see our soldiers chased down the steep bluff to the river's edge, where, laying down their arms and calling for mercy, they were cruelly and constantly fired into by the yelling and merciless foe. Nor was this all. The available boats had been overloaded and sunk; and such of our men as could swim plunged into the stream, calling out, 'Don't fire! don't fire!' But, alas! around the heads of these brave men, now unarmed,

and swimming for dear life, the enemy continued to pour their volleys, till the stream ran red with blood, and was thickly strewn with the floating dead." Mr. Bond aided many to reach the shore, some of whom died from over-exertion.

No more fighting was experienced until the regiment was ordered to Yorktown, late in March. But, previous to this date, there was some excitement by the order received about the middle of March to move at once in re-enforcement of Gen. Banks in his efforts to drive the rebels from the Shenandoah Valley. Before an actual junction of forces, however, the order was countermanded.

The "Peninsular Campaign" had now been entered upon under direction of the extremely cautious commander Major-Gen. McClellan.

The Twentieth Regiment, now constituting a part of the Second Army Corps under Gen. Sumner, landed at Hampton, opposite Fortress Monroe, on the last day of March, and moved upon the enemy, then heavily fortified at Yorktown, of Revolutionary memory.

On coming into position there, Mr. Bond was thrown from a horse frightened by a bursting shell, and received a severe wound in his shoulder. He still, however, kept to his position for a time; but the frequent chilly rains, added to the constant dampness of the camping-ground (often completely submerged after a heavy shower), obliged him to retire for hospital treatment.

Here his injuries were pronounced of such severity as to render his recovery sufficient for service very doubtful at least for months to come; and he sought thereupon a regular discharge for disability, which he received April 26, 1862.

He spent the remainder of the spring and summer months at his home, and, in the autumn, felt himself so far restored to soundness as to enlist in the Forty-fifth Regiment, then recruit-

ing for a service of nine months. His enlistment bears date Sept. 26, 1862, as a private in Company F, Capt. Daland; it being understood at the time that he was to occupy the position of wagoner.

With the fortunes of that regiment, in all its movements, he was identified from the time of his joining it till near the expiration of its term of service; a witness of its skirmishes and battles, and acting in aid of his comrades so far as his special duties would permit.

After the battle of Whitehall, he went to look at a spot where both horses and men lay dead in masses. As he stood by a fence, gazing with horror-struck feelings, especially at seeing a herd of swine actually tearing the flesh from those human bodies, and greedily devouring it, the sharp crack of three or more rifles on the opposite banks of the river told of danger too late to retreat. The bullets whizzed close by him; one of them striking the rail on which he was leaning. He did not wait for his rebel friends to reload.

During the siege of Washington on the Tar River, in North Carolina, at the request of Col. Codman and Col. Bradley, Mr. Bond left his regiment, and took charge of a wagon-train sent to supply our troops in that city; which was successfully accomplished.

On returning to Newbern, the sickly season having commenced, Mr. Bond thought it prudent to return home, as no special duties seemed to demand his remaining there. His discharge from the Forty-fifth Regiment bears date of June 22, 1863.

He had scarcely been at home a week, before his reputation for trustworthiness, and his skill in the general management of teams, procured for him the offer of chief wagoner, and master of forage, for the United-States Christian Commission,— an insti-

tution whose extensive operations in the army during the war demanded talents of high order in its executive departments.

Mr. Bond accepted the responsible trust proffered, and remained in that position until the close of the war.

To enumerate the many and arduous duties now devolving on him, covering the ground of supplying teams, forage, and local arrangement (keeping him, in times of active engagements between the armies, in constant activity both night and day), would be a voluminous task.

His headquarters during the siege of Petersburg and Richmond were at City Point; and from thence his charge extended to all parts of the army.

It is sufficient for Mr. Bond's credit to insert here the following copy of a certificate voluntarily put into his hands at the close of the war:—

This is to certify that Mr. Edward P. Bond was in the employ of the United-States Christian Commission, as chief wagon-master, from July 1, 1864, until the surrender of Gen. Lee; and it gives us great pleasure to state that his services merited the approbation of the Executive Committee.

His knowledge of and treatment of horses saved much expense, and added greatly to the efficiency of the Commission, in enabling them to transmit the stores to the various points of the army, relieving the wants and sufferings of many of the soldiers.

(Signed)

GEORGE H. STUART,
Chairman of the U.S.C.C.

Dated at Philadelphia, April 20, 1865.

In stature, Mr. Bond was five feet eleven and a half inches high, of light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. At the date of his first enlistment, he was engaged in the business of butchering.

He was united by marriage with Margaret A. Fairbanks of Concord, Mass., on Nov. —, 1851; and had three children, the youngest three years old when he enlisted.

He visited Richmond the day after its evacuation by Gen. Lee's army, and speaks of the destitution and wretchedness of

the inhabitants remaining as extreme; many being in a state of actual starvation. Twelve or fifteen dollars, rebel currency, was demanded for an ordinary penny-roll of bread before the entrance of our troops; and other articles of food were priced in proportion.

Mr. Bond possessed a very benevolent cast of character; and many a destitute soldier has occasion to bless his liberality. He is at present a resident of Wayland.

JOHN BRADSHAW.



JOHN BRADSHAW was a native of England, born May 1, 1840; being the son of John M. and — Bradshaw.

He enlisted Oct. 16, 1861, to serve for three years as a private in Company F, Twenty-sixth Regiment of Infantry, which left Boston in November, 1861, in the steamer "Constitution," for a Southern destination. Its debarkation on Ship Island (near the mouth of the Mississippi River) took place early in December. On this desert island it remained, without incident of note, during the succeeding four months. The glistening white sand painfully affected the eyes of our soldier (they were always weak); and the results were so prominent as to secure a certificate from authorities, by which he obtained a small pension after his discharge.

He next moved with his regiment to Fort St. Philip, on the river, seventy miles below New Orleans; and subsequently to the city of New Orleans, where provost-guard duty was the sole service required.

Here heart-disease manifested itself; and he remained in hospital-quarters for treatment until Jan. 2, 1863,* when he was discharged from the service for disability.

* He had also an attack of fever and ague at this time.

Judging by the contents of a few letters sent to his friends, he possessed many feelings of kindly regard, even for those whose unkindly treatment in his earlier years might in other minds have produced coldness. Of his pay, he sent regularly twelve dollars per month to his friends.

In November following his discharge, he was married to Lucy Clark of Wayland. Not long after, under the influence of an irrepressible impulse, the hand of self-destruction terminated his mortal life.

JOHN BAKER BRIGHAM.



ED by the spirit of the times, Mr. Brigham became a soldier for three years, or during the war, as a private in the Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment (Company D), July 31, 1862.

He was born in Marlborough, Mass., Aug. 11, 1835; and was a farmer by occupation. In stature he was five feet seven inches, of light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes.

He was united by marriage with Ann Mary Glezen of Weston, May 6, 1860; and had one child when he entered the army. Artemas and Mary Brigham were the names of his parents.

The details of his military career are coincident with his comrades of the Thirty-fifth until the regiment left Crab Orchard for its Vicksburg campaign. His first fighting experience was at South Mountain. He was one whose natural temperament would not lead him to seek exposures to danger for the sake of a name; but no sense of abject fear, on the other hand, ever tempted him to shun a post of duty, however perilous. And, on that day, he found the shock of battle less startling than he had anticipated.

At Antietam, four days later, during which the noise of cannonading was preparing unaccustomed ears for bloody-handed duty, Mr. Brigham found no hesitation in standing in his allot-

ment on the fields of carnage at the bridge-crossing, and when lying unprotected against the bursting shells and whizzing grape that saluted him and his comrades in their attempted advance on the rebel lines. Through the perils of these two battles he passed unharmed.

A season of rest now awaited our troops, who had successfully compelled the army of the rebel general to retire from the Northern soil to the territory which they claimed for a new confederacy, and through which our soldiers were soon destined to follow them.

Camping at Pleasant Valley is remembered by Mr. Brigham as having many pleasant incidents, with no severe duties, and but very little of variety. The monotony began to be somewhat tiresome ; and scarcely a soldier had a sigh of regret, when, late in October, they had orders to cross the Potomac, and move in a southerly direction.

The march, however, proved a rough one. With bad roads, unpropitious weather, and insufficient protection, it was very far from an agreeable journey from camp in Pleasant Valley, along the foot of Blue-Ridge Mountains, through a score or more of poor-looking towns, to the north bank of the Rappahannock River, in front of the town of Fredericksburg, in Virginia. The time occupied was twenty-four days. The only disturbance from rebel quarters occurred on passing near Sulphur Springs, when a battery opened suddenly on our columns with some scaring effect, especially among the mules and their drivers on the baggage-train.

At the severe battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, Mr. Brigham was present, and in his place, faithfully discharging his duties in the awful perils of that day of carnage.

The muddy repose during the winter of 1862-63 at Falmouth is remembered by this soldier with feelings of no peculiar in-

terest ; and he was heartily glad of the change that gave him and his comrades the camp at Newport News. The repose found here was truly recuperating.

But a soldier's rest is not of long duration. The army moved from here in boats, and landed at Baltimore in April, and then swept over the country in railroad-cars to the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Brigham has lively recollections of the good times the boys had when they stopped on their way at several places, and were hospitably entertained with hot coffee and an abundance of relishing food.

The tramps in Kentucky, sometimes in trying to overtake, and improve an opportunity to punish, the rebels in arms, and sometimes with no purpose discoverable by a private, are full of incidents of so small value as to be unworthy of mention in his narrative.

Mr. Brigham had a hardy constitution, and had thought he could endure safely any exposures to which he might be called ; but like many others in similar conditions, and with similar faith in their physical powers for endurance, he found himself reluctantly forced to succumb to an attack of disease.

In this region, the rain seems to delight in leaving its "cloudy urns " in drenching torrents at times, rather than in gentle showers. A prolonged exposure to one of these cold baths brought our soldier low with a typhoid-fever,—so low, said his nurse, " that his life was despaired of for a time ; " and, when the army moved from Crab Orchard, he was compelled by utter prostration to remain behind.

After some weeks, and when he had partially recovered, the "chills" laid claim to their portion of the poor victim ; and his stay at Crab Orchard was prolonged to two months. He was then deemed sufficiently restored to be moved to a climate

better suited to his complete recovery from this peculiar disease. Portsmouth-grove Hospital, in Rhode Island, was selected as well adapted to his case; but even here the disease proved obstinate in the highest degree, and he was deemed unfit for field-service until the spring campaign of 1864.

During this long year of hospital treatment, Mr. Brigham was permitted to visit his family twice on short furloughs. He speaks of his treatment and care as unexceptionably good; though the confinement was intolerably vexatious, for he wanted to rejoin his fellow-soldiers in active field-duty.

In May, 1864, he was permitted to return to his regiment. It had passed through severe ordeals in the Mississippi and Tennessee campaigns; and when he rejoined his comrades at Coal Harbor, after their other conflicts with the enemy during the Wilderness battles, he saw in their warlike visage the stamp of veterans to which his own hospital-whitened face must have presented a striking contrast.

From this time to the close of the war, he shared in all the movements, operations, and battles of the regiment. The Thirty-fifth was now attached to the engineer corps, and had many "hard jobs" in road-repairing and bridge-making, in leveling forests for abatis-work, and constructing other works both offensive and defensive.

At the explosion of the mine, July 30, the regiment was early advanced to the crater, and set at work preparing defences. In this affair, the loss was severe in killed and wounded. Two days after the battle, a most disagreeable task fell to their lot; namely, the burial of the dead. The extreme heat had caused the bodies of the slain to be in a most revolting condition.

Mr. Brigham was in the severe fight of the Weldon Railroad; and again, on the last day of September, at the Poplar-spring Church, where, from the unwieldy character of some two hun-

dred raw German recruits attached to the Thirty-fifth, or from some other cause, over a hundred and fifty of its members fell into the hands of the rebels as prisoners, besides losing a large number in killed and wounded.

At the Hatcher's-run fight, Mr. Brigham was chiefly employed in cutting trees for obstruction to the enemy's advance; which was a work of great exposure.

In the month of March, the regiment was stationed in a very exposed position at the front in what was known as "Fort Hell." Severe shelling and sharpshooting were here constantly experienced.

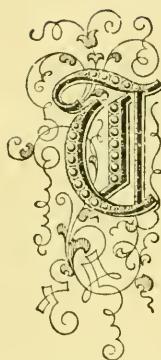
Mr. Brigham was engaged in the last fight of the regiment, April 2; and, on the next day, marched with flying colors into Petersburg.

After the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, but little more was done by the Thirty-fifth except to make its way to Washington by boat from City Point to Alexandria, and thence by march to the capital.

By the usual route, and after some stops on the way for refreshment, the regiment reached Readville, Mass., on the 13th of June, when the men were mustered out of service.

Mr. Brigham is thankful to have been a soldier in defence of the Union. He passed through some very pleasant times, and some pretty hard trials; and is only sorry that sickness deprived him from rendering his full share of service. At present, he resides in Weston, Mass.

HEZEKIAH N. BROWN.



HIS soldier was the son of Dwight and Eliza Brown; born at Rowe, Mass., Aug. 12, 1840.

He was five feet two inches tall, of light complexion, light-brown hair, and gray eyes; a farmer by occupation.

He enlisted for nine months as fifer in the Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry (Company G), on the 15th of August, 1862; and was discharged at the end of his term, — June 18, 1863.

The regiment left the State Oct. 22, and, four days after, landed in North Carolina. On the 29th, in company with other troops, it sailed for Washington, N.C. On leaving that place, Nov. 2, the men had their first encounter with armed rebels, which lasted several hours, and until near midnight, with a loss of two killed and eight wounded in the regiment. During the next day, they marched through Hamilton to Plymouth, driving the rebel skirmishers. On passing through Hamilton, our men were fired on from the windows; and they, in return, set fire to several houses. The regiment came to Newbern by water, and encountered in its passage a severe storm, that prevented landing for three days. One steamer was dashed to pieces; and all were very short of rations.*

* In a letter to his friends, he says, "We had but two crackers a day for five days. I thought of the comfortable home and the friends I had left. But we are safe here now (at Newbern); and I expect to have a good Thanksgiving dinner.

"The rebels are the most dirty, ragged, unhappy looking beings that I ever saw."

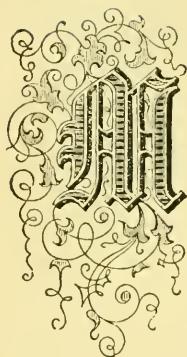
The regiment took part in the battles of Kinston, Whitehall, and Goldsborough, on the 14th, 16th, and 17th of December, with the loss of eight killed and thirty wounded.

While at Newbern, Mr. Brown was taken sick with measles, and did not accompany the troops in their other service in North Carolina.

In one of the engagements, he had a narrow escape from a bullet that grazed his head, cutting away the hair in its path.

He now resides in the State of Vermont.

JOHN MOORE BRUMMITT.



R. BRUMMITT was born at Framingham, Mass., Nov. 7, 1821. Considering himself an "able-bodied" man, a regard for duty forbade him to remain quietly at home when help was so much needed in quelling a rebellion that seemed to be maturing into gigantic proportions. Accordingly, we find his name enlisted, Aug. 3, 1862, as a private for three years in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry (Company I).

He left his home, his wife (he married Sarah S. Sanders of Marlborough, Dec. 24, 1854), and his child, to submit with sadness to the final orders to depart to the seat of war, Sept. 6, 1862.

His first encampment on hostile ground was at Arlington Heights, Va. On moving from there, Sept. 14, to Edwards's Ferry, he received a gentle hint of his inability to endure severe hardship. The sultry day, the rising dust, the soldier's heavy load, caused him to faint. He found assistance from one of his Wayland friends, and overtook his comrades at their first camp in the evening.

While at Edwards's Ferry, he was under the surgeon's care during three weeks.

The last two months of his army duty was as a regimental pioneer.

Winter-quarters at Poolesville developed a serious heart-difficulty; and he was conveyed to Washington, D.C., where his case received attention at Stanton Hospital. Ten days was sufficient time to convince the surgeons of his disability for army service; and he received his discharge Feb. 24, 1863.

Mr. Brummitt was of dark complexion, with blue eyes and dark hair. He stood five feet eleven inches high, and was a farmer by occupation. He still resides in Wayland.

JOSEPH OSCAR BULLARD.



OSEPH OSCAR BULLARD became a member of the Union army on the 5th of August, 1862, by enrolling his name as a private in Capt. Rundlett's Company (F), in the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry.

He saw the urgent necessity that some of our citizens on the military roll should heed the call of the President for more troops; and, with no eye for "military glory," he looked around for those who could best be spared. He saw on the roll some men with wives and children, or with aged parents dependent upon them for support; and many young men like himself, on whom reposed fewer of the responsibilities of home-life. He saw, too, the shameful record that must be read in future if the young men of his class now quailed before the mandate of duty, and sought inglorious shelter from the danger that lay in its path; and also the happy greetings of after-time, should the present bear noble testimony to fidelity. His convictions were strong; and no regrets now mingle with his experiences of the trials of army-life to cause the faintest wish that he had decided otherwise.

He was of robust frame, of dark complexion and eyes, with black hair, and was five feet eleven and a half inches tall. His chief business had been agriculture.

He was the son of Joseph and Harriet Bullard; born at Wayland, May 20, 1841. Sept. 24, 1862, he left the State with his regiment for the seat of war. Two or three weeks were spent in Maryland before embarking on the boat "Baltic" for Fortress Monroe. Five weeks of most uncomfortable delay occurred here, awaiting orders. The crowded boat became the home of much sickness, and much ill-suppressed discontent among the men; but relief came, when, on a bright morning (Dec. 4, 1862), the steamer weighed anchor, and proceeded on a southerly course with its companion fleet of fourteen transports.

The storm-reputed coast of North Carolina was not passed, however, without a visit from its "king," who, for twenty-four hours, howled destruction at the fleet. Strong men, whose pride of character hitherto forbade them to recognize that foul-mouthed visitor, sea-sickness, succumbed for a time to his enticements, and let him have entire control of their gastric department.*

The troops were permitted to land, and rest themselves for two weeks on that snowy-looking bank of sand, Ship Island.

Leaving this place Dec. 29, they were landed, on the first day of the new year (1863), at Carrollton, on the Mississippi River,—four or five miles above the city of New Orleans. Here they had an excellent camp, and enjoyed the mild winter of Louisiana to their hearts' content, until March 6; when they joined an expedition up the river to Port Hudson,—about a hundred and sixty miles above New Orleans; the object of this movement being to draw the attention of the rebel forces guarding the river at that place, so that Admiral Farragut's fleet might run by to co-operate with the upper flotilla. This was done with the loss of "The Mississippi" (frigate), which was burned in the attempt.

* "All but five vessels of our fleet were scattered; and some of these were obliged to put back into port for repairs." — *Letter*, dated Baton Rouge, Jan. 26.

On the 10th of March, our troops returned to New Orleans, and encamped at Algiers, — two miles south of that city.

Nothing further of importance occurred until April 10, when orders were received to join Gen. Banks's Western Louisiana expedition.

Cars were taken to Brashear City, about a hundred miles from New Orleans, in a westerly direction. Crossing Berwick Bay in a boat, the march was begun; and soon our forces came upon rebel pickets, who fled in haste. After proceeding about thirteen miles, the enemy was found in force behind strong intrenchments at a place called Bisland. Their line extended across a level piece of ground lying between two bayous; so that it was impossible to flank them. Thus the first trial of arms with the rebels was to face them, with the advantage of good breastworks on their side.

The first day's fight (April 12) was by the artillery. The next day, our lines were moved up to good rifle-range; and infantry firing began. The Thirty-eighth occupied part of a cane-field; the canes being a foot or two high, planted on ridges five feet apart, and raised a foot or more. This afforded our men some protection while loading their muskets. The firing continued nearly all day; our lines being advanced from time to time nearer the rebel fort. In the afternoon, one of the Wayland soldiers (John Mellen) was shot through the heart, and died instantly.*

The rebels did not wait for further compliments. They evacuated during the night; and we took possession the next morning, capturing a few prisoners that loitered too long.†

After the battle, the pursuit of the enemy commenced briskly. Never will those forced marches of from twenty-two to thirty-

* "It was a sorrowful loss to his company; for he was a brave soldier, and a friend to all that knew him." — *Letter.*

† Mr. Bullard was promoted to a corporalship after this engagement.

five miles per day be forgotten ; sometimes knee-deep in mud, or up to the armpits in water, living on four to six "hard-tack" per day, and with no chance to forage. The country was scoured by guerillas on horseback, who were sure to pick up as prisoners all who strayed beyond our protection, or who chanced to fall in the rear from fatigue.*

On the 20th of April, Opelousas was reached, — a distance of three hundred miles. The men were nearly used up with fatigue, and their feet badly blistered. Here a halt was made for two weeks, to recruit, and gather as much cotton as could be secured.

The troops left, May 4, for Alexandria, — ninety-seven miles north, on the Red River. This march was accomplished in three days and a half. Another fight was expected here ; but the Union gunboats had taken possession before our arrival.

After living on the property of Gov. Moore for two weeks, our troops were ordered to Port Hudson. We reached the great river, twelve miles above that place, and crossed over in boats to Bayou Sara ; and the next day brought us, by a hard march in a severe storm, into position with Gen. Banks's other forces, then investing this stronghold of the rebels, commanding the Mississippi River, second in importance only to Vicksburg, which was at the same time invested by the Union forces under Gen. Grant.

The bluff on which the rebel batteries were erected was from sixty to eighty feet above the surface of the river ; and the batteries extended for about two miles on its banks. They were protected by two well-constructed lines of breastworks in irregular shape, conforming to the natural formation of the ground.

* "It was amusing, while on this march, to see the white flags raised at every house we passed. The people were all for the *Union* until our rear-guard was out of sight ; then they were real *secesh*, and acted the guerilla on any of our men that chanced to fall behind." — *Letter*.

The Thirty-eighth held various positions in support of batteries, engineer-corps, &c., till the 27th; when it took part in the general but ineffectual assault on that day. The ground over which the regiment passed in the assault was covered with fallen trees, forming in some places a strong abatis. "We charged up to a deep ravine, which afforded protection from the terrible fire of grape and canister, which was so fearfully destructive, that, although we were within talking-distance of the rebel lines, no further attempt was made to reach them; and we retreated at nightfall to our old lines."

The daily routine of cannonading was again resorted to, with no further attempts to assault until June 14; when a grand charge along the whole line constituted the military programme. The Thirty-eighth was now in position on the right centre, — a point of peculiar exposure, because there was no room in the nature of the ground for defiling. Its line must move over a ridge in the face of infantry and battery fires.

The charge was sounded just at daylight. A ravine was gained that formed a natural ditch to their works; but we could go no farther. The carnage was awful. In fifteen minutes, Company F lost eighteen men out of the thirty-four that went in. "We lay there during the day under a broiling sun. The rebels did not dare to show their heads to us; and we as carefully kept ours out of their sight. The darkness of night allowed us to fall back in safety."

This assault was on Sunday. A flag of truce was sent out on Monday morning, with a request to remove the wounded that could not be recovered, and to bury the dead. It was refused; and though repeated twice again on that day, and three times on Tuesday, the request was not granted until Wednesday, when the dead bodies had become very offensive.

Previous to this last assault, the regiment had been ordered

out to Clinton, about twenty-five miles distant, to break up a rebel force that threatened the Union lines in the rear. Owing to the intense heat, this was the severest trial of marching yet found. On the first day, there were about forty men sun-struck within half an hour.

After receiving intelligence of the fall of Vicksburg, the surrender of Port Hudson inevitably followed, July 8, 1863, with its men, and munitions of war. The Thirty-eighth had been here forty-three days, the incidents of some of which will never fade from memory.

The greater part of Gen. Banks's army was now ordered to Texas. Our regiment started on the 12th of July, in charge of a baggage-train, for Baton Rouge; and thence by steamer to Donaldsonville,* sixty miles below, where it camped till July 31; and then returned by steamer to Baton Rouge, where it remained for the defence of the place until the close of the year.

While stationed here, Mr. Bullard received an injury by a fall from a horse he was endeavoring to tame, which produced so great a degree of disability for field-service, that he was transferred to the "Veteran Reserve Corps;" in which branch of service he remained to the close of the war.

Until May, 1864, he was stationed in the barracks below New Orleans: at this date he was assigned to Company H, Twentieth Regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, then stationed at the rendezvous for rebel prisoners at Point Lookout, Md. Guard-duty over the prisoners was the monotonous and wearisome business which now occupied his time.

Under date of Jan. 25, 1865, he writes, "We had here at one time twenty-five thousand prisoners: just now, we have eighteen

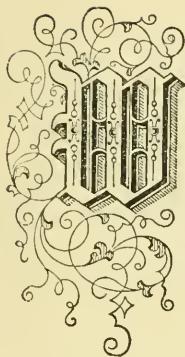
* "While at Donaldsonville, Dennis Mullen, a soldier from Wayland, was taken prisoner. On being exchanged, he was transferred to the First Louisiana Cavalry." — *Letter.*

thousand. Of the fourteen hundred sent here three days ago from Fort Fisher, about five hundred were boys from fifteen to eighteen years old, many of whom cried to go home. They were exchanged after keeping them three days. Some prisoners have been here over two years. We find thousands of them who say they were forced into the rebel service; and many beg of our officers not to exchange them. They work willingly for us, and have now voluntarily built three large forts and about forty hospital-buildings. Very few try to escape. They do not seem to have the kind feelings towards each other that our men manifest. Nearly half of them cannot write their names."

One prisoner demands special notice. A person of slender form and officer-like demeanor, a lieutenant of a Virginia battery, was kept for several weeks before it was discovered that underneath the male garb was a female form. She had been in the military service of the rebels for four years. She belonged to one of the most respectable families, and apparently from purely patriotic motives disguised her sex, and patiently endured the hardships and braved the dangers of military life. She was believed to be a pure-minded though mistaken woman; and, when her sex was discovered, was detailed as a nurse in the hospital, the duties of which station were cheerfully and faithfully done.

Mr. Bullard is now a resident of Weston, Mass.

WILLIAM HENRY BUTTERFIELD.



WILLIAM HENRY, the eldest son of John C. and Mary (Ward) Butterfield, was born at Wayland, Dec. 25, 1840.

He was among the few, who, at the *outbreak of the war*, saw an imperative duty resting on the young men of our country to defend its imperilled integrity by force of arms; and he resolved to render such service as was in his power.

He enlisted as a private soldier in Company H of the Thirteenth Infantry Regiment on the 17th of July, 1861. Of this company Capt. William L. Clark was commander.

In stature, Mr. Butterfield was five feet five and a half inches, with dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and a cordwainer by occupation.

He joined the regiment at Fort Independence, Boston harbor, and, on the 30th of July, proceeded to the seat of war; being assigned to duty in the northern part of Maryland, near the Potomac River.

Here, during the pleasant season of the year, the military *régime* was by no means difficult.

At the close of the year 1861, Company H, with three others, was stationed at Hancock, and was under expectations of a

fight with the rebels, who had gathered in large force, and were destroying the railroad in that vicinity. These four companies were entirely inadequate to contend, and a re-enforcement was ordered by Gen. Kelley; but, before their arrival, the rebels had accomplished their work, and retired.

Alarms were sufficiently frequent to keep the "boys in blue" awake; and they were hungry for a chance to show their courage in actual combat.

A large part of the winter was spent at Williamsport. From this point, various company-movements occurred in the performance of outpost-duty, which gave our soldiers some opportunities for skirmishing lightly with the "gray-backs."*

Early in March, offensive movements were started by our forces, under Major-Gen. Banks, on the rebel side of the Potomac; and the Thirteenth was ordered to the scene of action. Crossing the river, it proceeded by way of Martinsburg and Bunker Hill to Winchester, where it joined the main body of Gen. Banks's command on the 12th of March. This was a hard march. The roads were in bad condition; and, being without tents, some of the nights were spent in a very uncomfortable way. But all the fighting about Winchester was done the day before its arrival. The rebels had been driven; and the Thirteenth was ordered to provost-guard-duty in the city. On the 20th it was joined to Gen. Abercrombie's brigade, and marched through Berryville to Aldie, and thence to Centreville and Bull Run.

During April, and until the middle of May, the chief duty was to guard the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

The latter part of May, a seemingly useless circuit was performed. Starting from Catlett's Station, the regiment reached Aquia Creek on the 25th by way of Fredericksburg and Fal-

* The uniform of the rebel soldiers was of a mixed or grayish color; and that of the Union soldiers, blue.

mouth; thence by boat up the Potomac to Alexandria, Va.; and from this place by rail-cars to near the starting-point. The boys were glad to see so much rebel territory, but protested against making such visits in future with the burden of all their camp-furniture on their backs.

Not much occurred in June and July; and headquarters were chiefly at Front Royal and Manassas Gap. After this time, however, various and sometimes rapid movements were frequent; for the military elements were in a state of unusual perturbation. Gen. McClellan had failed in the great movement on Richmond; and the rebels, thus relieved, turned their attention towards Washington. Gen. Pope's command was the interposing Union force; and under the rebel pressure he was compelled gradually to retire, and concentrate his force. This concentration culminated in the vicinity of Centreville; and the Thirteenth found itself among the direct opponents of the approaching foe. The exultation of their proud advance was checked by Gen. Pope's victorious battle at Centreville on the 28th of August; but on the renewal of the conflict on the 30th, when the rebel ranks had been strongly re-enforced, the Union army was compelled to retire in defeat. In this second Bull-run battle, as it was called, our soldier sustained his part through the hotly-contested day.

As he was about leaving the field, he discovered his friend, Sergeant Bacon of Natick, badly wounded by a ball that had passed nearly through the upper part of his chest. He immediately took charge of him, and assisted him to a place of safety. With a pocket-knife he opened the flesh, and extracted the ball, which had lodged in a position to cause great pain.* Having dressed the wound as well as he was able, he took him to what

* Mr. Bacon survived, and has the ball now in his possession. He is confident that he owes his life to Mr. Butterfield's kind attentions.

was called the "Stone House" for shelter during the night. There was a large number of wounded men already there ; and, more than any thing else, their cries were for water to quench their thirst and bathe their wounds.

Mr. Butterfield saw it to be his duty to remain, and alleviate the sufferings of these men. All night he employed himself in drawing water, and taking it in canteens to the wounded ; for which he received many a "God bless you ! "

Early the next morning, a squad of rebel cavalry passed by the place ; and, concluding to make a call, they found our soldier at his duty among the wounded. But, not recognizing the necessity of having Union soldiers cared for in such a humane manner, they summoned Mr. Butterfield to take a "double-quick" march with them. He thus became a prisoner of war.

Fortunately for him, the prison atrocities of the rebels had not yet been developed ; and he looked forward to only a few weeks of detention from service, with no extraordinary hardships to endure. He was taken first to Haymarket, where he remained under guard four days. He was then paroled, and sent to camp near Columbus, O.

This might be considered all well enough, and a happy exemption from field-service ; but our soldier did not regard it in that light. The style of living did not agree with his sense of fitness : so, one favorable night, he, and a comrade named Shattuck, successfully eluded the vigilance of the guard ; procured, in some way, suits of citizens' clothing ; and came into the city of Columbus, seeking for employment at their trade. In this they found no difficulty, and soon earned money enough to pay their passage home, with no suspicion of their being at the same time soldiers in Uncle Sam's employ.

Their arrival home excited great amazement among their friends. They proceeded at once to the office of Adjutant-Gen.

Schouler, and stated frankly what they had done, asking his advice. He admired their sagacity and frankness, even if a little to the prejudice of good military discipline; and, on assurance of their desire and intention to return to service as soon as possible, he bade them go to their homes till notified of their exchange, and then report to him.

It was nearly three months before the exchange was effected; and they were then ordered to Washington, to proceed thence to their regiment.

On reaching the capital, the same daring spirit which prompted an elopement from parole-camp seized our soldier again, and suggested a little "extra service" before going to the front.

His father and younger brother were also soldiers in the Union army, and were stationed at Offutt's Cross Roads in Maryland,—about fifteen or twenty miles north of the city. He resolved to pay them a visit. To do this, he had guards to pass before leaving the city, and before entering their camp, whose countersigns were unknown to him, and whose vigilance he could not expect to elude. But, to a determined spirit like his, the probabilities of an arrest did not outweigh the pleasure of seeing his friends; nor was the excitement of such an adventure without its allurements.

Our soldier does not relate the narrow pathways he trod while stealing a march on some of the watchful sentinels, nor the statements he made to others whom he was obliged to confront at the word "Halt!" and the ominous "click" of the hammer make ready for effective use. It must suffice to say, then, that he reached the camp of the Thirty-ninth in safety; had the pleasure of seeing his father and brother; and then, by such artful dodges as but few have the ability to carry out successfully, he returned to Washington, and the next day proceeded,

according to orders, to Alexandria, where he reported to the authorities at Convalescent Camp.*

Making acquaintance here with one of the officers, he was invited to become cook at headquarters, and was soon detailed regularly for that position. He fulfilled the duties of this appointment for about four months.

He had for some time been troubled by what was supposed to be a liver-difficulty; and it began to appear that he was un-fitted for further field-service. An examination by the surgeon of the department resulted in a discharge for disability, signed Feb. 5, 1863.

After his return home, he re-enlisted for one hundred days, Aug. 6, 1863; and served his time as patrol in the city of Alexandria, and as picket on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, without incident of much note. His final discharge was given Feb. 11, 1864.

Mr. Butterfield resides in Wayland, engaged in shoe-manufacturing. He was married to Mary Hersey of Wayland in 1866.

* On reaching Washington, he went to the provost-marshal, and told him just what he had done. The officer was in good humor, and cautioned our soldier against repeating such an offence against military rules. "But," said he, "seeing you have done it so adroitly this time, I will excuse it;" handing him at the same time a pass to proceed.

JOHN CALVIN BUTTERFIELD.



S introductory to the narrative of Mr. Butterfield, there are two points of interest worthy of mention, — first, he was the only Wayland soldier who volunteered when beyond the period of life required for military duty ; and, second, his is the only instance among the citizens of the town where the patriotic spirit so pervaded a family as to prompt the father and two sons to voluntary service in the army at the same time.

Other men could have been far easier spared from their families than Mr. Butterfield : but he paused not to debate relative positions and obligations ; he chose, instead, the nobler part of setting an example of patriotic devotion, by enlisting with his second son as a private soldier in Company I (Capt. Brigham), of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry, Aug. 1, 1862.

His parents were William and Lavina (Case) Butterfield ; and he was born at Antrim, N.H., on the eighteenth day of April, 1816.

He was five feet five and a half inches tall, of light complexion, with gray hair and blue eyes.

Not the least painful period in the life of a soldier whose matured mind and family relationships lead him carefully to count the cost, and look fairly at the chances of ever seeing his loved

ones again, is when the last adieu must be spoken before the uncertain pathway is finally taken. To see the tearful group of wife and children, and to utter the parting word, makes emotion both manly and heroic.

This trial overcome, we pass on with our soldier to the capital of his country; which was reached on the eighth day of September.

The next day, the regiment proceeded, under order of Gen. Casey, to Camp Chase, on Arlington Heights. Mr. Butterfield and some others had already found the weight of their well-stuffed knapsacks to be a serious drawback to their comfort on a march, and, with a wise sagacity, chartered a team to relieve them on their first tramp. On their way, they met the return of our defeated forces at the second Bull-run battle. "It was not a very inspiring idea, that we, who now looked so fair in our 'suits of blue,' might soon become war-stained and rough like the veterans who passed us." — *Letter.*

Orders soon came to march into Maryland. Recrossing the Potomac by the chain-bridge, the regiment proceeded in light marching-order to Poolesville, Md., and was assigned to picket-duty chiefly, for the remainder of the month of September, on the Potomac River, that separated the hostile ranks.

The first "screwing-up of courage" to meet the foe was one day during the second week of October. Stuart's rebel cavalry had crossed the Potomac at a point about three miles above Conrad's Ferry; and the Thirty-ninth was ordered to move up, and intercept their return. At this news there were some pale faces amidst a general and commendable readiness to do marvellous deeds of daring; but the rebels wisely withdrew before our boys could get a sight of them.

While Company I was on picket at Muddy Branch, near Seneca Falls, the Wayland boys were much gratified by an unex-

pected but brief visit of their townsman, Mr. William Heard. It was long remembered with pleasure.

About the 1st of November, Col. Davis was intrusted with the command of the brigade; and Lieut.-Col. Pierson became the regimental commander.*

While at Offutt's Cross Roads, Mr. Butterfield was detailed to take care of the sick. Pneumonia had become fearfully prevalent and fatal. Not less than six of the regiment died of that disease in a week.

The gloom resulting from this condition was partially lifted by the reception in camp of citizens Sherman, Kimball, and Fay, who brought as a token of friendly interest from the people of Natick a substantial Thanksgiving dinner for the regiment.

While in this vicinity, Mr. Butterfield had the satisfaction of rescuing from drowning his first lieutenant, who, on a "pitchy-dark" night, had stepped from the side of a lock into deep water in a canal; but his comrade, John Flynn, could not be saved by his exertions.

Winter-quarters were fixed near Poolesville, Md. Under date of Feb. 24, 1863, Mr. Butterfield writes, "We have a very pleasant camp on a high plain close to the little town of Poolesville. We owe much of our comparatively good health at present to the excellent locality, and no less to the cleanliness enforced by our officers. Every morning, each street must be swept; and occasionally all the tents must be taken down, and thoroughly aired."

* In a letter dated at Poolesville, April 6, 1863, Mr. Butterfield writes, "Col. Davis is always kind, accommodating, and pleasant, yet strict in discipline. He has made himself beloved by all. He has shown by his methods that the best discipline is better attained by love than fear.

" He has a tall, commanding figure.

" Lieut.-Col. Pierson is the opposite of Col. Davis in many respects."

Extensive plans for mutual improvement were here arranged, chiefly under direction of Chaplain French.*

During the winter, Mr. Butterfield was detailed to cook rations for the company.

Orders came the middle of April to march for Washington ; and the movement began in the midst of a drenching rain.

On arriving at the city, the Thirty-ninth was assigned to the Martindale barracks for quarters, on the north side of the city.

The renovation of these barracks from their unhealthy surroundings and untidy appearance was the first duty ; mingled with which, and constituting the reason of this occupancy of the capital, was patrol duty and guard at the public buildings.

Opportunities abounded of seeing the dignitaries of the nation and the public edifices of the place. The regiment was, for the time being, the *élite* soldiery of the city, with polished arms, bright uniforms, and white gloves.

But these halcyon days were soon over. On the 9th of July, orders were received to take cars for Harper's Ferry ; and from there the Maryland Heights were reached. Here the Thirty-ninth was brigaded anew, under Gen. Briggs, with the Eighth, Forty-sixth, and Fifty-first Regiments ; and formed a part of the second division of the First Army Corps.

In about a week, the brigade crossed the Potomac on pontoon-bridges at Berlin, and passed by rapid marches to Rappahannock Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. In this march, which ended on the 27th of July, several streams were forded ; and the effects became evident in the person of Mr. Butterfield by rheumatic affections, and, what at this time was more serious, congestion of the lungs. He was taken to the division-hospital. Four days elapsed without improvement in

* "Our religious privileges are very favorable ; and we are trying to establish a regimental library." — *Letter.*

his health ; and he was then put on board freight-cars for Washington. It was a long and hard ride for our sick soldier ; and it was hard too, after he arrived weary and faint, to be obliged to wait three hours, until near midnight, before ambulances came to take him and his comrades to hospital. One alleviating circumstance should be mentioned. He had crawled out of the cars, and was reclining, late in the evening, on the sidewalk. A good lady came along, and, seeing his sorry plight, took him into her house near by, gave him a cup of tea, and the use of a lounge until the ambulances came. It will be remembered of her in the language of the Great Teacher, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

At Emory Hospital our soldier found good treatment, which he so much needed. The bath, the nice cot-bed, and the clean hospital-clothing, made him feel like a new person ; while the repose, the medical attention, and the nursing care, revived his energies, and he soon began to amend.

He found here that the matron and the superintendent of wardrobe (Mrs. Freeman and daughter) were Massachusetts women, who were happy to give him their best attentions. Senator Wilson, with whom he was personally acquainted, made him frequent visits. As soon as he was able, Mr. Butterfield was detailed to take charge of the culinary department of the hospital.

He occupied this position, with full acceptance, for several months, and until his discharge for disability, which was signed Feb. 11, 1864.

While in the army, Mr. Butterfield held in great detestation those men at the North, who under cover of a desire for peace, and in other ways, betrayed their sympathies for the rebels. One of his letters from the army has the following : —

" He professed to be a good Union man, yet all the while was

abetting and encouraging the rebels. Now that he is caught, I hope he will be punished. Such as he surely deserve it more than they who openly and avowedly are traitors to their country.

“Copperheadism at the North is more disastrous in its results than a severe defeat in battle.”

Mr. Butterfield was married to Mary Ward of Wayland, July 19, 1836; and was the father of eleven children when he enlisted.

CHARLES BENJAMIN BUTTERFIELD.



CHARLES BENJAMIN was the second son of John C. and Mary (Ward) Butterfield. He enlisted as a soldier in the Union army on the same day with his father; viz., Aug. 1, 1862. He had just passed his eighteenth year; and it is to be presumed, that, in common with all young men of his age, the natural desire for novelty, and especially the inspiriting effect of military display, with its promise of glory, had their legitimate effect in drawing him into the ranks. But, on the other hand, it is not to be doubted, that, whatever motives urged him at first, no man would "hold to the grit" through tramp and battle and prison-pen as did this soldier, true as steel to his country, without a genuine patriotic love for that country, and a vital determination to preserve its integrity at whatever hazard of personal interest.

In the same company with his father, and passing through the same general experiences with him, until sickness at Rappahannock Station removed him from the regiment at the close of July, 1863, it would seem a needless repetition to recount in this what has just been related in his father's narrative.

Taking up the story of his army-life from that point, we find, that, for several months subsequent to the Gettysburg fight, the two great armies in Virginia were in constant manœuvre to gain

advantage of each other, without coming to any general battle, though with frequent skirmishing and minor engagements. The Thirty-ninth was exempt from actually meeting the enemy ; but it is believed that no body of men did more tramping in the same period.

The *twenty-eighth distinct march*, after leaving Rappahannock Station, Aug. 1, brought the regiment, with the five army corps composing Gen. Meade's command, in front of Gen. Lee's army, strongly posted on the east side of Mine Run. This was on the 28th of November. Every thing foretold a terrible battle ; and the men were held in suspense in line of battle for two whole days and nights, and until the afternoon of the third day, when Gen. Meade declined the contest, and withdrew his forces.

The month of December was spent on the banks of the Rappahannock, till near its close ; when a movement was made to the railroad at Mitchel's Station for winter-quarters. For several days, no tents were provided : the weather was cold and stormy, and there was much suffering in consequence. But the boys were lively in the construction of log-huts, and, in two weeks, were well fitted up for winter. Several miles of the north bank of the Rapidan River were assigned them for picket-duty ; it being the extreme extension of our army-line in that direction. It was a long and wearisome encampment of nearly five months ; and the movement out of camp at the close of April was heartily welcomed.

It was soon rumored that the next campaign would be under Gen. Grant's direction ; and every one knew that he was for solid work, at whatever cost. That work soon began ; and the whole territory in the vicinity of the Rapidan seemed to swarm with masses of armed men, moving in a southerly direction.

Having crossed that river, and proceeded several miles, the

front lines of Gen. Lee's army were encountered ; and, on the 5th of May, the rapid firing a short distance in front told of the work of war. In the afternoon of that day was the first regular experience of a battle to the boys of the Thirty-ninth. They were supporting a front line, which was being driven by the foe ; and their turn soon came to take the front, and make a charge on the enemy. It did not prove very successful. The firing was terribly rapid ; but the protection afforded by trees saved the men from severe harm. The regiment was at the front again the next day, but had no engagement.

On the following night, a hard march brought our forces to confront the enemy at Laurel Hill. Here, with fixed bayonets, the enemy's cavalry and batteries were driven : but their infantry line proved much too strong for us ; and a retreat in confusion resulted in severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. After two days of rest, the regiment was again ordered to the front, and had a very exposed situation : for six or seven hours, it received a severe artillery and infantry fire.

Spottsylvania was reached on the morning of the 14th, after several hours' marching in the darkness so dense as to render all objects invisible. The fighting was here done by others, although our regiment was exposed to shells and bullets.

There was from this time to the 23d of May continual movement and cross-movement to the left, with much labor in throwing up breastworks, of which the Thirty-ninth did its full share.

At that date, and on crossing the North Anna River, the enemy was encountered in force. Our line was charged by them ; but, with the aid of a battery, their ranks were completely shattered. A line of works on the river was erected, and occupied the next three days ; when a further move to the left brought a renewed conflict with the foe at Bethesda Church on the 29th. The line of battle was formed, and our regiment

detailed as skirmishers. Unable to hold the line, our men were driven back in confusion. Works were thrown up in defence, and occupied the next five days, under some shelling, but no assault.

Several minor movements occurred during the following week, of no special consequence, but having the usual accompaniments of shells, bullets, and breastwork-making.

On the 12th of June the Chickahominy River was reached, and crossed at midnight; and our column moved up its southern bank to White-oak Swamp, where the enemy was partially engaged and driven. Breastworks were built, which were evacuated during the night; and the march continued to the James, which was crossed the next morning.

Soon after arriving in front of Petersburg, the regiment was massed in readiness for a charge on the works near the Norfolk Railroad: but, for some reason, the attack was postponed; and the men were set to intrenching near the Marshall House. It was an exposed place; and they had to lie under cover by day, and work at night. Such was the position until June 24, when a movement to the left was made under severe shelling. Here the regiment built heavy works of defence at their quarters, and did their full amount of picket-duty at the front until July 11.

It was in these works that Col. Davis lost his life by the explosion of a shell.

The Weldon-railroad battle occurred on the 18th of August, in which the Thirty-ninth took a conspicuous part, and was subjected to a most terrific infantry and artillery fire. Our line, however, did not flinch until it was ascertained that the rebels had penetrated its rear.

Temporary works were constructed, and held through the night. On the 19th, our line was charged; and the enemy were handsomely repulsed in front. The infantry-firing had ceased;

and our soldier was sitting in the trench, enjoying a drink of coffee, and at the same time perusing a letter received from a sister the previous evening. He had just read her kind caution, "Charlie, don't let them take you prisoner," when the bullets came whizzing through the air from the rear. The rebels had found openings on the right and left of our position, and were close upon our regiment. The order from its officers was, "Every one take care of himself."

Mr. Butterfield seized his gun, and started for the rear. He had gone but a few rods, when he saw a comrade attacked by two rebels. He thought it a good chance to secure perhaps two prisoners, as well as release his friend. When within a few feet, the rebels called on him to surrender. He returned the compliment, at the same time cocking his gun. But one of the rebels was too quick: his piece was levelled and discharged first; but the only effect on our soldier was from the powder that blackened and scorched his neck. He then levelled, and fired at his foe, but did not stop to see who was killed or wounded. He now started to run away from an approaching squad, but came face to face with another.

"That's a fair *catch!*!" shouted their officer. "Yes," said our soldier, "it is," as he handed them his gun. This squad had captured a dozen or more of our men. Very soon, our soldier's eyes being wide open for chances to better his condition, he was among the missing, and was congratulating himself on a lucky escape, when he came upon a company of about seventy rebels, whose orders for him to halt, seconded by several levelled muskets, made it a matter of expediency to comply. He was now, indeed, a prisoner of war.

With others, he was taken about a mile to a prisoners' camp, where he found nineteen of his own company, and about two hundred others of his regiment. The old adage, that "misery

loves company," was here verified. It was certainly an alleviation to know that the misfortune of being prisoners was not due to their special fault.

In the afternoon and evening, it was rainy. Some of our men had retained their blankets; and, by sharing these, nearly all were nicely in bivouac; when the corporal of the guard came round, and, like an inhuman wretch, demanded and obtained every blanket of our men; and, the next day, every thing but cap, blouse, shirt, and pants, had to be given up.

The prisoners were then marched to the city of Petersburg, and placed in a large building. It was now the third day since their capture, and they had taken nothing to eat. Here they received three hard-tack apiece.

The next day the prisoners were crowded into freight-cars, and kept standing until three o'clock the next morning, when they were conveyed to Richmond, and put into the notorious Libby Prison; the equally notorious ruffian, Dick Turner, counting them at the entrance, and giving each a kick or a push, or both, as they entered. A wash-tub of bean-soup was brought in; and each one helped himself as best he could. There were seventeen hundred prisoners entered the same day; and they occupied two floors of the building, which was in a most offensive condition.

Much to Mr. Butterfield's relief, he remained here but one night. With three hundred others, he was removed to a building across the street, where they were stripped to the skin to be examined for valuables (especially money) that were thought to be secreted. Among other things he had a "housewife," in which he kept some choice photographs of his friends, and other articles. He asked that he might retain it; and, though refused at first, he afterwards found it on the floor, and kept it. This, with a tin mustard-box, was all, besides the clothing he wore, that

he now possessed. The search being over, the prisoners were taken to Belle Isle, around which flowed the waters of the James. Its area was about five acres. It was entirely destitute of buildings. A guard of old men and boys, who were unfit for field-service, was stationed every twenty feet; many of whom seemed desirous to catch a prisoner across the "dead-line," that they might have the honor of shooting a "damned Yankee," as the Union soldiers were almost invariably called. A plank reached across a ditch (within the dead-line), over which they passed to get water. One day, as Sergeant French of Company G was crossing, he lost his balance, and fell into the ditch; and while he was getting out, he was shot dead by a boy fourteen years old. The same boy, the next day, ran his bayonet into the leg of a prisoner named Hardy, for no offence whatever.

The prisoners were without shelter for two months; but, the weather being warm, they did not suffer much, except in storms, and on some of the November nights. The last month of the three that they were here, a lot of old canvas was brought to them to be used for shelter in the best way their ingenuity could devise.

Their greatest trial was want of sufficient rations. One-quarter of a pound of coarse corn-bread, and about two ounces of meat, if it could be called by that name, made a day's supply to each man. Mr. Butterfield had several times the single eye of an animal served to him, which hunger forced him to eat. Diarrhea was a prevailing sickness; and, towards the close of the time, ten or twelve deaths per day would be the average.

One prisoner, a New-Hampshire man, had volunteered to aid the rebels in raising a flagstaff. The patriotism of his fellow-prisoners could not stand this; and they gave the man a severe pounding, which cost them, in turn, the absence of rations for three days.

At the end of three months, several hundreds were packed into freight-cars, — seventy men in each, so that it was impossible to maintain any other than a standing position, — and started thus for Salisbury, N. C. On reaching Greensborough they were released from their torture, and marched into a field without food or shelter. It was very cold ; and one man was found chilled to death the next morning. Without rations, they were started for the cars the next morning, more dead, and stiff with the cold, than alive. Mr. Butterfield had a thimble, which he swapped with a boy for four small apples ; and these helped allay the gnawings of hunger.

Salisbury prison-pen was reached at about five o'clock, P.M. The men had been told that they would have barracks for quarters here. Imagine the disappointment, when, on being turned into the yard, they found about four thousand prisoners already there, more than three-fourths of whom were unsheltered, and looking more miserable than themselves ! If indignation could have availed, it would have burst in vengeful fury on the guards ; but, being weak and defenceless, nothing could be done but to submit to the rough fortunes of war.

Holes were dug in the ground, using hands for shovels, and side-chambers excavated, to make shelter from the freezing cold. Snow and hail, and cold rain-storms, were frequent.

A day's rations here was a half-pound of bread per man, with a small piece of meat once in three or four weeks. Rice-soup was served out about as often also as the meat. It was insufficient to support life ; and, day by day, the squads were thinned by deaths. These squads, of one hundred men each, were the basis on which rations were issued ; and the boys soon found devices by which they could draw rations for their dead comrades by what they termed "flanking" during the count : in other words, some of the first counted in the files would slyly

pass to the rear, and be counted a second time under another name.

Our soldier made up his mind to live through it, and to make the best of circumstances. He was well acquainted with the sergeant of the ninth squad (his was the eighth of the fifth division). He found means to appropriate a pair of shoes that had belonged to a dead comrade; and these he gave to the sergeant, who was bare-footed, on condition of being allowed to fall into his squad after being counted in his own, and thus secure an extra ration. He answered to the name *Butterfield* in the eighth squad, and *May* in the ninth. He also secured another extra ration for a dead man, for whom, while sick, he had drawn, by calling his name "R——, sick in a tent." This call was continued for several weeks after the man had been buried. Our soldier ate two rations himself, and gave the other to a friend.

Mr. Butterfield had the reputation of being the liveliest boy in the yard, and held the title of Colonel among the prisoners. It is not to be supposed that all his tricks are told; but the following will serve as another specimen of getting an extra ration:—

The nurses in the hospital-quarters were in the habit of taking the rations of the sick, always when not wanted, and sometimes when otherwise they would have been used, and selling them to their fellow-prisoners in the yard for any thing they had to offer in exchange. Having a stick which he used as a cane, our soldier approached one of these bread-sellers, who, on presenting a loaf for inspection, received a smart cut across the wrist with the cane. The loaf dropped, and was seized by our "lively boy," who made good his retreat.

It was one of the worst features of prison-life that it tended to harden the best sympathies of human nature, and stifle the

moral sense. Men would steal from each other without remorse ; and all new-comers were the special prey to the old residents.

One other feature of rebel treatment was to deprive the prisoners of two and sometimes three days' rations on such public days as Fasts or Thanksgivings, and then try to induce them to enlist in their army, or serve them in some way, with promises of better fare. Catholic priests were especially active on such occasions to induce foreigners (Catholics) to leave the prison ; and they were too often successful.

The rebel general Johnston, also, came into the prison-pen, endeavoring to persuade the men to join the rebel service. The "dead-cart," loaded with bodies, was passing out at the gate ; when our soldier, pointing to it, said to the general, "I'd sooner take my chance on that cart than go with you !" which brought a hearty cheer from his comrades. Gen. Johnston only replied, "You'll probably have your choice complied with."

The weather became so cold, that frozen hands and feet were frequent ; and many were found actually chilled to death. As a partial alleviation, some fragments of old tents were distributed ; and, late in the winter, some large tents made their appearance, much to the relief of the men.

To be sick there was to die ; and death was a welcome relief to many a poor fellow. The average number of deaths was about fifty per day. On one day, a hundred and twenty-four were reported as having died within twenty-four hours.

The same strictness of guard, and an unfeeling desire to shoot defenceless men, pervaded this place as at Belle Isle. A lively time occurred on one occasion, when the relief-guard was attacked by the prisoners armed with sticks of wood. Twenty or thirty muskets were secured, and used effectively for a short time ; but the disturbance was quelled by a free discharge of rifles from the guard, and of three cannon, which sent grape and canister

among the prisoners. The plan for escape totally failed, with a loss of several prisoners killed, and a large number wounded. Two rebels were killed, and others wounded. It was a pitiful affair, resulting in greater strictness of regulations, and consequent discomfort to all the prisoners.

But the darkest night must yield to dawn; and the dawning of the day of release was at hand for these prison-tortured men.

On the 22d of February, about five thousand of those in the worst condition were ordered into line, and the news communicated to them that they were to receive two days' rations, and be paroled. Many of these men were in a most wretched state of destitution, sick and weak, haggard and ghastly.

To some, the news of their release was completely overpowering: between twenty and thirty dropped dead in the ranks from the excitement. An inexpressible thrill passed through every heart.

Our soldier, up to the last, secured his double rations; and, as he passed out for the last time by Major McGee (the commandant of the guard), he tauntingly held up his extras, and with bitterest feelings of indignation gave him his last words of malediction.

A day's march of eight miles brought them to bivouac in the woods, where fires were made for the night. Here Charlie Williams, an intimate friend of Mr. Butterfield, gave out, and was left the next morning to perish alone.

The march was resumed in a cold rain and hail storm. Mr. Butterfield had nothing on his feet; and, during the fifteen miles of tramping this day, he left tracks of blood at every step. In their eagerness to get on, the prisoners crossed a railroad-bridge by a plank so narrow, that their guard dared not follow. The bivouac the second night was under chilling circumstances. But the rebel colonel in charge was a humane man. He ordered

the men to take a new picket-fence for fuel, notwithstanding the protest of its rebel owner. On the third day, Greensborough was reached. It was still storming and cold; and the men were marched to a woods three miles from the city, where rousing fires were kindled, by which they passed the night.

Cars were taken the next day; and, on reaching Raleigh, they had their choice,—to either stop until rations could be procured, or to proceed at once on their way to the Union lines. The desire to be restored to the protection of the stars and stripes prompted an acceptance of the latter. At noon the next day, the glad sight of the old flag greeted them. Our rebel guard cursed the “niggers,”* while the prisoners shouted “hurrahs” to the best of their ability.

Their deplorable condition elicited commiseration on every side. A cup of coffee and two hard-tack to each man was all that the prudent advice of the surgeons allowed for the first Union meal, with promise of a regular increase, which was duly performed.

After four days at Wilmington, Mr. Butterfield and eight hundred others took passage on a steam-transport for Annapolis, where, after three days spent in trying to cross the bar, and a very rough voyage of eight days, a landing was effected.

On nearing the pier, a gentleman called for the names of Massachusetts men among the prisoners. No one knew the reason, but supposed some good thing was to happen. When our soldier gave his name, “That’s the man I want,” said the stranger. It was Mr. E. E. Kelley, a friend of Mr. Butterfield’s father, who had been telegraphed to look out for his arrival.

This friend took our soldier to a comfortable home, where he found Miss Freeman,† who was greatly interested in his welfare; and every thing was done for his comfort.

* It was a division of United-States colored troops that they first met.

† Named in his father’s narrative.

A thorough cleaning-up, with a suit of new clothing and good diet, made such a change as cannot well be imagined.

After about three weeks, he returned home for thirty days. In the midst of the excitement of congratulations from friends, he was prostrated by an attack of fever, during several days of which his life was despaired of. His furlough was extended; and on his recovery he reported to Surgeon-Gen. Dale at Boston, who sent him to Worcester. He was an inmate of a hospital here for about three months, until he received his discharge, with the exception about to be related.

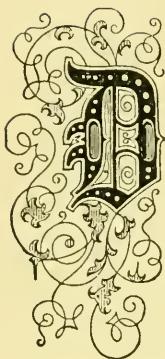
Not recognizing the absolute necessity of remaining here when he was well enough to be elsewhere, and being tired of acting in the capacity of cook, he suddenly disappeared one morning, and made his way home. A day at home sufficed to gratify his wishes in seeing "the folks:" and he returned by the same way he passed out; viz., over a breach in the enclosing fence; in which act he was arrested, taken before the surgeon, and committed to the guard-house. It was the first time he had been under military arrest: but he did not care; for he felt sure that one result of his visit home would be an early discharge. And, true to his expectations, he received an honorable release from further military service the next day, duly signed, and dated July 20, 1865.

Thus ended the army-life of this soldier, whose varied experience will mark him as having endured much more than the average for his country's salvation in her years of peril.

He was born at Wayland, June 17, 1844; was five feet five inches tall, of dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and by occupation a shoemaker.

He was married, Feb. 5, 1868, to Caroline D. Fairbanks of Wayland, and is now a resident of that town.

CHARLES HENRY CAMPBELL.



URING the earlier stages of the war, there were men whom neither the love of novelty, nor the prospect of large pay, nor yet the desire of military fame, could tempt to leave their business, their quiet homes, and the endearments of family, for the smallest possible period of army-life, with its uncivilized conditions of harsh and cruel experience. And there were men, too, whose sense of duty was so strong, that in view of all that army-life had to offer of peril, of discomfort, and chances of death in its worst forms, they could not be persuaded by friendship, nor hired by money, to remain at home when their country was in danger. To both these classes belonged Charles H. Campbell.

He had a "will and a way of his own;" and that "will" was, first to see that he had a country, in which he and others could enjoy all the sacred rights of freedom as citizens while living, and, dying, bequeath it as the richest inheritance to their children. And his "way" was, to dally not with circumstances, but go at once to the front, with the patriot's determined ardor to do or die in the conflict for right and justice and good government against the armed anarchy that madly rushed for their destruction.

Loving hearts sought to persuade him to accept a substitute.

One friendly hand proffered him a tempting sum of money if he would remain at home, and allow himself to fulfil the duties of a son, on whom the waning life of a widowed mother might lean for comfort and support. "No, no!" came from his lips, though it agonized his heart to feel that the higher responsibilities to his country demanded such sacrifices at the outset.

None who heard the brief statement of his fixed determination, at a public meeting of his fellow-citizens on the 30th of July, 1862, and his simple invitation to others to come forward and enrol their names as volunteers, can ever forget the scene, as he led the way, followed by other young men, to the desk of the recruiting-officer. The hall, so still the moment before, now shook with bursts of prolonged applause. Thus did his soldier-life begin.

It should be stated that he provided a substitute, not for his place as a soldier, but to take charge of his large farm, and so far as possible, in the person of a friendly family connection, to occupy his place at the beside of sickness, and in aid of his wife in her arduous duties in a family of four children, the youngest of whom was three years of age.

Under such circumstances, he went to his duties in Company D, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, as a private soldier. Mr. Campbell held a prominent place in the feelings of respect among the boys from Wayland (there were thirteen Wayland soldiers in this regiment); and they ever found in him a reliable friend to counsel them in difficulty, and to sympathize and comfort them in their hours of sickness and trial.

While in camp, and passing city after city *en route* to the capital, he saw but little to record. He could behold a dismembered community of States; he could see the haughty Southrons banded together at first in secret, and now, by open declaration and act, engaged in destroying the best of govern-

ments ; he could observe with care the dark cloud of slavery, on which was based their unhappy designs : but he could scarcely see aught else while the great work was before him of aiding to crush the Rebellion and harmonize the discordant elements. The first week's encampment on hostile soil brought ample experience in company-drill, and no small amount of fatigue-duty in constructing lines of defence.

He was not averse to adventure, and volunteered, while at Arlington Heights, to join a scouting-party for the capture of two rebel officers seen lurking in the vicinity. But two days and nights of tramp and vigil failed to secure the prizes sought.

Leaving tents, and, in light marching-order, proceeding to join Gen. Burnside's corps in the north of Maryland to expel Gen. Lee's forces, was full of incident, and, in some sense, of pleasure, to our soldier ; for he saw the probability of soon having a chance of striking heavy blows at the Rebellion. After he was fairly in the midst of avowed rebels, he recognized the propriety of making the best of the circumstances for his own comfort and that of his comrades, even if the foe were sometimes the loser. To conquer an enemy implies more, sometimes, than mere strength, or skill of arms. His force may be weakened by cutting off supplies of sustenance, no less than by thinning his ranks by well-directed shots. And it was also in accordance with Col. Wild's orders and instructions, that foraging in an enemy's territory, to the extent of all needful demands, would be permitted, while all *wanton waste* of material would be discountenanced, that our soldier occasionally helped himself, and aided his comrades, in procuring some extra supplies.

His first prize, however, called forth no little bantering from his comrades. The rooster taken so slyly one night, and giving promise of such a nice breakfast, proved so refractory in the culinary operations, that the carcass of the aged victim escaped

mastication entirely; and a frugal meal of hard-tack and coffee had to suffice: it was well spiced, however, with jokes. Before reaching South Mountain, the Thirty-fifth was brigaded under Gen. Ferrero. When within about a mile of the enemy, the brigade halted for the night without fires; but their position was discovered by the enemy, who commenced shelling, but doing no damage that night.

The fighting began the next day (Sept. 14). The Thirty-fifth was ordered in late in the afternoon. There was no flinching by any one. Mr. Campbell says, "I experienced none of those peculiar feelings said to be so prevalent on a first fight. I felt perfectly cool and self-reliant." As the first advance was made on the enemy, Col. Wild's orders were reiterated by the line and non-commisioned officers, and finally by every private; and it is said that the noise thus made frightened the foe from his position, "under a belief that a whole division was advancing instead of a regiment."

During a part of the engagement, the Thirty-fifth was sheltered behind a stone wall, within good range of a line of the rebels; and the men delivered their fire with rapidity and success, as shown the next morning by the rebel dead left there. Mr. Campbell fired thirty rounds. The action was continued until late in the evening; and he got entirely separated from his company in his eagerness to give shot for shot with the foe, aiming at a gun-flash in the evening as the most probable way to render effective service. The day's experience confirmed his theories of personal conduct in action, and gave him assurance that he was not out of place in the ranks as a soldier.

Keeping close to the retiring foe on the next day disclosed the fact of their hasty retreat by the number of their wounded left by the wayside uncared for, many of whom had died during the night.

The rebel general had resolved not to retire without a more decisive battle ; and he accordingly massed his forces in excellent position on the ridges of the right bank of Antietam Creek, — a mountain-stream quite deep in some places, but fordable in others. With this creek between him and the advancing Union army, and the natural advantages well improved by his batteries and troops, he had a reasonable expectation of a successful encounter ; but the fierce trial on the 17th proved otherwise, even with one entire corps of our men (Porter's) held in reserve, which, had they been judiciously used, would have placed Lee's entire force in our hands. Ferrero's brigade lay exposed to random shots and some direct shelling until about noon, when they were ordered to cross a bridge, and take and hold a position in front of the rebel right. The left bank of the creek was reached by a gradual descent directly exposed to rebel batteries and infantry posted on the steep bluffs of the opposite bank. Headed by the Fifty-first New-York, our regiment passed down through a cornfield to the bridge. Here, for some reason, the leading regiment halted. An instance of coolness amid danger was seen at this juncture in Lieut. Hudson of Company D * (acting for the day as a staff-officer), who passed between our column and the rebel line to transmit orders to the front, entirely regardless of the bullets that were striking thickly all around him.

The column moved, crossed the bridge, scaled the bluff (some sixty feet high, and very steep), and came into line on the crest. No line of rebel infantry appeared to oppose an advance : but a battery within easy range opened on our men at first with over-reaching shot ; but their next discharge was in exact range, and the destruction was such as to compel a retirement over the crest. Later in the day, our line was ordered to an advance in

* This officer was afterwards promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and held command of the regiment during the latter part of the war.

a south-westerly direction to dislodge a rebel force posted three-fourths of a mile distant behind a stone-wall defence.

A position was gained, partly protected by a lane, and fence of rails; and a brisk fire was opened on the rebels, which was as briskly returned, and continued for two hours or more, until our ammunition was used up (sixty rounds per man); when the rebels, perceiving our slackened fire, came out from their defences preparatory to a charge. Our line was now ordered to retire. It was here, that, the regimental color-guard being shot down, Capt. King of Company K bravely sustained the colors, receiving seven or eight bullet-wounds in consequence. In the latter part of the engagement, Company D was under command of Sergeant Gotleib, the commissioned officers being disabled.*

During the two battles (14th and 17th September), the regiment lost in killed and wounded about one-third of its rank and file, and two-thirds of its officers. In the last engagement, its conduct was characterized in the report as "magnificent."

During the night, and also the next day, the brigade remained on the rebel side of the creek, expecting a renewal of hostilities, but receiving no re-enforcements; Gen. Ferrero fretting like a caged lion under the suspense. But the rebels withdrew; and our hard-earned advantages were not followed up by the commander-in-chief (George B. McClellan), which elicited not a little indignation from such determined spirits as our soldier.

After the rebels had withdrawn, Mr. Campbell took occasion to visit the battle-field. The carnage was awful: on one line there were not less than two hundred dead bodies, that lay in piles as they fell.

Camping-ground was now occupied on the east side of the creek, where the army was reviewed by President Lincoln with the chief officers.

* Capt. Dolan was absent on leave.

After several days, the army moved a few miles into Pleasant Valley. Here shelter-tents were distributed; and a "masterly inactivity" prevailed under various pretexts offered by the general commanding.*

But the movement finally came; the Potomac was crossed; and, over roads in execrable condition from rocks and mud, the great army proceeded southward. The weather was inclement; and not seldom were the men obliged to improvise a bed of rails, or even of stones, to keep their bodies out of water while they tried to sleep. It was a pitiable picture to see some of the boys at night, too tired and footsore to move, waiting for a point of desperation to be reached, when they must either "do or die" with the cold. Foraging here was nearly impracticable; for the rebels were on either flank in heavy scouting-parties, and closed upon the rear every morning as soon as the march was resumed.

A very unexpected and agreeable surprise occurred one morning, after a snow-storm, in the appearance of Mr. William Heard from Wayland (uncle of Mrs. Campbell). He remained only a few hours.

After fording the Rappahannock at Waterloo, and reaching the village of Annisville, our soldier, with two or three others, visited a fine-looking house, and asked to purchase something to eat. The lady, with haughty airs, declared her destitution, but finally offered some apples at an exorbitant price. They next visited the huts of her slaves, who furnished a good repast of "johnny-cake," and such other things as they had; for which they refused compensation. Observing the lady's piggery to be well stocked, a little fun and fresh pork was proposed by Mr.

* "It is believed, that, could he have heard all that was said of his dilatory course, he would either have resigned, or pushed us into activity, before he was driven to it by his superiors at Washington." — *Letter*.

Campbell for the evening's entertainment; and the transfer to camp of several good-sized porkers was effected with disturbing only one of the rebel woman's "home-guards," who, on hearing a noise among the hogs, lustily called out, "Wat doin' down dar?" Mr. Campbell quieted the fears of his comrades by saying, "That is not the voice of an enemy."*

The following night, after being snugly quartered, and many of the boys asleep, they were roused up with orders to move "three miles" to Jefferson. A division immediately occupied their ground. By this move they escaped a severe shelling that was opened the next morning on the division named.†

At White-sulphur Springs, the encampment on a hill disclosed a wide extent of nearly barren territory, made so by repeated croppings of tobacco. Passing thence, Company D marched in the rear next to the wagon-train; upon which a brisk shelling was opened from a battery across the river, and at the same time a movement of rebel sharpshooters towards the bridge was observed. The company was ordered back to protect the bridge. This movement was in direct range of the shelling: but it was not of long duration; for our batteries gained a good position; the firing soon ceased; the sharpshooters retired; and "we marched on."

* This incident, and the unexpected appearance of some "feathered bipeds" in camp a few days after, drew from our soldier's pen a short poem, of which the following is a sample:—

" And rebel fowls are just as sweet
As the most loyal turkey-hen;
And Dixie's pigs make as good meat
As grunters fed in Northern pen.

Then put the porker down to roast;
Be gay, whate'er with morning come:
' Long live the Union !' be our toast,
' A speedy peace, a welcome home !'"

† While at Jefferson, Gen. McClellan was relieved of his command by Gen. Burnside, by orders from headquarters at Washington.

While at Sulphur Springs, Adjutant Wales had made acquaintance with some ladies at a house near by, and was invited to dine. He took with him also Lieut.-Col. Carruth, and a provost-guard of two. But the rebel ladies displayed their signal; the signal was answered; and our officers and their guard took an involuntary march to Richmond as prisoners.

Falmouth was reached on the 20th of November. Here a three-weeks' delay occurred, waiting for pontoons on which to cross the river; while the rebel fortifications grew day by day, portending death in the delayed advance. And, while waiting, unnecessary suffering also was endured in camp from inadequate protection against the early approach of winter.

Preparations were completed for an assault on the rebel lines on the 11th of December; and that day was ushered in by the thundering of all our artillery, while the pontoons were being laid, on which our army crossed the following day, and massed in readiness for action. A few days previous to this, the Thirty-fifth had been ordered two miles to the left to support a heavy battery; but, at the time fixed, they crossed with the other troops for the fearful work of Saturday, Dec. 13.

At ten, A.M., the brigade left the protection of the streets in the city, and deployed into line of battle in the open ground. The order to charge up the hill was given. From the time of this exposure until they had gained the slight protection of a knoll, the angry shot and shell ploughed and plunged with well-directed aim from batteries that crowned the summits in front and to the right; while a constant rattle of musketry from the intervening rifle-pits sent hissing bullets thickly through the air. Said a comrade to Mr. Campbell as the charge was ordered, "This is a hard place to put a man in." — "Yes," replied Mr. Campbell. "*But let us go in like men. If we come out of it, we shall know that we did not flinch from duty; and, if we die, we shall die like men who love their country.*"

The rush was made. The ranks were thinned. Major Willard fell, mortally wounded. The point of protection was reached: it was a point beyond which but very few passed during the conflict. Here the brigade paused, and expended its ammunition on the rebels in the nearest rifle-pits until relieved after dark.*

On the night of the 15th, the regiment again occupied the same position. Rain had fallen; the ground was trodden into mud; and the air was chilling. Orders to remain quiet in such condition were almost as hard to obey as facing the enemy's bullets, and told on the health of our men; more than half of whom were on the sick-list for weeks after in consequence. Mr. Campbell's physical system was essentially undermined; and to this day the effects are painfully felt. Gen. Burnside had withdrawn his troops during the night; and the Thirty-fifth was the last regiment but one to cross the river.

Thus closed this scene of human slaughter, that cast a cloud over the Union prospects, which months could not dispel. Mr. Campbell says, "It was the only time that I ever felt really depressed in the hopes I had cherished for the speedy overthrow of the Rebellion." But, as the causes of the failure developed themselves, he soon regained his elasticity of spirits, and was equally ready for another encounter with the foe.

But that was not soon to be. The remainder of the winter was spent at Falmouth, with nothing accomplished by the army to cheer the heart of a patriot soldier.

In the midst of this state of things came the news of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863.

Mr. Campbell entered the war with no definite designs to be

* During this firing, Mr. Campbell had loaded his musket; and, as he stood with it in front of him, a bullet struck the bayonet, bending it, and throwing the gun forcibly against him. The averted bullet was in the exact range of his head.

outwrought with respect to slavery. But, as the schemes of the slave-power were developed more fully, he gradually saw more clearly that not only was the institution (as it was called) the chief cause of the outbreak, but that it constituted the sole object of the South, in building up their new confederacy, to make it the chief "corner-stone;" and that, with such a disturbing element remaining, there could be but little hope of a permanent peace.

Such being his convictions, he hailed with joy the proclamation as a necessary and efficient measure in prosecuting the war.

Orders to proceed by cars to Aquia Creek were carried into effect on the 9th of February, 1863; and the Thirty-fifth then embarked on the steamer "Louisiana" for Hampton Roads, and landed at Newport News on the 14th.

This proved a most grateful change. The pleasant beach, the abundant provisions, and the prospects of a new campaign in the Department of the Ohio, were exhilarating. Mr. Campbell took a trip to his home on a furlough of ten days, every moment of which was enjoyed to the fullest extent; and his return was accomplished only two hours before the regiment was taken on board "The John Brooks" for Baltimore, *en route* for the West, — a trip, that, but for the over-crowded box-cars with plank seats, would have been exceedingly pleasant. Hatchets and jack-knives soon made openings in the sides of these cars, through which glimpses of a beautiful and sometimes picturesque country were caught, with the cities and villages of the long line traversed between Baltimore and Cincinnati; while occasional halts to partake of the hospitalities of the citizens gave tokens of a hearty friendship in our broad country, that will long be remembered by its defenders.

From Cincinnati, the Ninth Corps crossed the Ohio to the

borders of Kentucky, over whose fertile soil it was its destiny to tramp during the next three months to defend the loyal citizens from the hordes of rebel raiders that were stealthily roaming for plunder. In discharging this duty, sixteen distinct marches were made by the regiment, some of them unequalled for rapidity, and all affording opportunity for an acquaintance with the State and its people. Among the places visited were Covington, Paris, Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Nicholasville, Lancaster, Lowell, Crab Orchard, and Stanford.

On the march from Mt. Sterling, our soldier called for refreshments at the house of a lawyer of rebel sentiments, who declined affording such aid to the Union defenders. Some warm but honest words passed between them. Meanwhile the lady of the mansion had set a table well loaded with substantial food, of which our soldier was invited to partake freely with genuine Kentucky politeness.

On another tramp, a "lone" Union woman's house was passed, whose kind offers of entertainment were most acceptable. She had never denied a Union soldier, and had many times secreted them when pursued by the rebels.

At Winchester, Mr. Campbell was detailed for service in the regimental hospital. His sympathetic nature, and the tender care he had often bestowed on his suffering comrades, singled him out as a well-qualified nurse, whose duties, faithfully done, would bring to him anxious hours of unrest while others would be reposing, but would bring also the satisfaction of believing, that in saving human beings from suffering, and perhaps lives valuable to the country from a needless sacrifice through neglect, he would be rendering as acceptable a service as could be attained in the ranks. He occupied this position until the close of the war.

While at Stanford, orders were received to proceed at once to

Cincinnati. It was accomplished on the 5th of June. It now appeared that the destination of the corps was Vicksburg, Miss., to aid in the reduction of that important place.

Passing by railroad-conveyance through the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, over the rich but tiresome prairie levels, the city of Cairo was reached on the 7th. Waiting here a day was improved by inspecting all that the place afforded of interest, — among other things, a huge Columbiad, thirteen feet long, with eleven-inch bore, and weighing, without its carriage, 15,876 pounds. But by far the most thrilling spectacle witnessed by our soldier was that of over four hundred Union refugees (women and children), from infancy of a few days to the bowed form of ninety years, miserably clad and destitute. They had been compelled to flee from their homes by the rebels, who had either impressed the husbands, fathers, and brothers into their service, or driven them to hiding-places in the mountains, or, as in some instances, subjected them to imprisonment and death. It was a most touching scene. "Never," says Mr. Campbell, "did I feel such a determination to do all in my power to subdue the Rebellion as I then experienced; and never did I so perceive the value of money to relieve human necessities as when the little I had was freely bestowed on these forlorn sufferers."

On board "The Imperial," the regiment steamed down the famed Mississippi. Mr. Campbell, who had a taste for the picturesque, found in many of the bluffs, that rose here and there in contrast with the plain intervals, much to interest.

But, even to his skilful eye, the interminable windings of the current, through so many hundreds of miles of similar views, became at last so monotonous, that he was thankful to reach the landing-place, a few miles above Vicksburg, on the 14th of June, in the midst of the sights and sounds of the war-besieged city.

A fruitless march across Young's Point; an embarkation

on "The Forest Queen," whose many shot-holes through her sides showed the perilous places she had passed; and a return, under countermanded orders, to the first landing,—made the occupation of June 16.

On the following day, the troops re-embarked, and steamed up the Yazoo to Hayne's Bluff, where a landing was effected; and a march began, which terminated at Milldale, in the midst of a flat, swampy, desolate tract of country, where sickness began its work upon our men, who were unaccustomed to the miasms drawn from the lands by the powerful June sun.

The regiment soon joined in a movement with the entire corps into the interior; leaving our soldier, with the steward, in care of eight of their comrades seriously sick of malarial fever. Night and day he attended with unwearied watchfulness the wants of these men. Two of them died, and were buried with sadness by Mr. Campbell, assisted by the steward. During twelve days, all the sleep he obtained was while standing leaning against the tent-pole.

The return of the regiment, on the 23d of July, brought to the hospital a large number of sick and wounded, ten of whom were assigned to Mr. Campbell's care, day and night, for more than a week. "It is one of the evils of war," says Mr. Campbell, "that, by the constant presence of suffering, the humane feelings of the heart are blunted, and the sufferers become neglected." Such results he frequently saw in the surgeons, who at first were patterns of care and sympathy, but who finally came to look with indifference upon cases of sickness and pain. Such was the case at this point of his experience. He appealed in vain for aid for a man whose fractured arm required attention by surgery, and, for the want of which, gangrene set in with fatal result, and under circumstances of aggravated pain from another cause, which surgical care might have mitigated.

The second day of August saw all the sick and wounded on board transports for the North. The excessive care and watching of Mr. Campbell had begun to produce their legitimate effects on his health. He was excused from attendance on these transports, and proceeded with his regiment up the river to Cairo, and thence to Cincinnati.

The men were all nearly "used up" by the Mississippi campaign; and about one-half were allowed to remain for rest at Covington, while the remainder proceeded once more to duty in Kentucky; marching as guard of a wagon-train to Paris, thence through Lexington, Nicholasville, Lancaster, Crab Orchard, to Mount Vernon.

Rockcastle River was forded Oct. 3; and the regiment camped near London, where several days were spent waiting for batteries.

The march was resumed, Oct. 10, through Barboursville, across Cumberland Ford; and on the 14th the Gap was passed. The hills here are fourteen hundred feet high, and rugged in the extreme. Here is the corner boundary of the three great States,— Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Mr. Campbell climbed to the summit to take a view at once extensive, picturesque, and of a wild grandeur; risking his neck in a descent on the southerly side, seldom attempted by man. The adventure satisfied him; and it is entered on his note-book, "The wild and the sublime must be sought with toil and difficulty."

Knoxville was reached on the 19th; and cars were taken for Loudon Bridge to protect the crossing of our troops. "We were without tents; and for several days, during a cold rain-storm that completely drenched us, we were in a most uncomfortable condition: add to this, we were reduced to such short rations, that a field of sorghum was almost our only source of sustenance, the succulent stalks of which were eagerly eaten

by the men. Our labor was also excessive in removing the pontoon-bridge, the planks of which were carried by hand half a mile to reach the cars." — *Letter.*

It became evident now that a rebel force was concentrating, under Longstreet, that could not be opposed successfully at this point; and our troops began to fall back on Knoxville. It was a movement of great hardship. Skirmishes were not to be avoided. At Campbell's Station, a line was formed to oppose the rebel advance. There was considerable infantry-firing; and our batteries did good service in keeping the rebel line back until the retreat could be safely made to Knoxville, which was accomplished on the 17th.

Active operations now began for the defence of the city. The Thirty-fifth not only built many rifle-pits, but constructed a dam, by which the waters of a "run" were turned to a channel of defence for nearly a half-mile on the borders of the city.

The rebel forces closed in upon the city; and it was in a state of actual siege from Nov. 17 to Dec. 5, with daily skirmishes, sharpshooting, sorties, and shelling; which, with building defensive works, made a busy time. Rations were very scanty; there was no coffee nor sugar to be had; and, had it not been for a few boat-loads that were smuggled down the river at night, there would have been great suffering.

"The excitement, as the rebels charged our lines on the 29th of November, was intense. Could they have secured Fort Saunders, we should have been prisoners of war; but failing in their first assault, and finding the garrison to consist of veterans of the Ninth Corps, instead of raw troops as had been represented to them, the men could neither be persuaded nor driven to renew the attack. Thus we were saved."

From the 5th of December to the 20th, Gen. Ferrero's men were in motion, without tents, in the vicinity of Strawberry

Plains,—fifteen or twenty miles north-west from Knoxville. The weather was intensely cold. The men were barefoot, many of them; and it was pitiful to see their cringing forms as they limped across the frozen fields to cut wood to keep them from freezing. Cold rain-storms occurred on five of the days and nights. On one of these nights, the best shelter that our soldier could find was the leeward side of a large tree, against which he leaned, and slept in a standing posture, while the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew a gale. Rations for several days were only half a pint of cob-meal per man. Mr. Campbell, with others, resorted to foraging. With a team he obtained a load of corn and other articles, that came in the right time. He found a sutler who had half a dozen pairs of shoes: these he bought with his own money, and distributed them in camp. He also proved his sympathy for his suffering comrades by lending them all the money he had to spare to supply their necessities. Horses and mules were starving every day. The men were compelled to drag the field-ordnance for want of teams; and during this period, up to Feb. 1, alarms were frequent of attacks from rebel detachments, resulting in several severe skirmishes.

The state of society in Tennessee at this period was most deplorable. Unionists and rebels in the same neighborhood became deadly foes; and the sharpest atrocities were perpetrated on both sides. As a sample, the following incident may be relied on as truly stated. An elderly lady of Union sentiments had a son, whom she had secreted for some time in expectation of a chance to send him to a place of safety. This came to rebel ears; and a party of cavalry, dressed in "blue," paid the lady a visit, declaring that they came in her interest, having learned that she wished to send her son to Kentucky. "They were going there, and would gladly take him in charge." She

trustingely acceded, providing him with ample rations and fixtures. He was taken a short distance, tied to a tree, and shot dead in the sight of his agonized mother.

At the close of February, orders to return to Cincinnati, and thence to Baltimore, were most cheerfully complied with.

On leaving the city, it was surprising to observe the number of carcasses of mules and horses that had perished from cold and starvation. Fields were covered with them, to the extent, in some cases, of two hundred to the acre.

The road taken was through Jacksborough ; " the very worst," says Mr. Campbell, " that I ever saw ; so rocky and zigzag, that it seemed impossible for teams to traverse it."

Three weeks at Annapolis, Md., served to recuperate and prepare our veterans for the duties of another campaign.

One of the most agreeable surprises during the war, to Mr. Campbell, was the arrival in camp, at Annapolis, of his wife : her visit of three days, with another friend of the soldiers from Wayland, formed an oasis in his army-life not to be overlooked.

On the 23d of April, the Ninth Corps moved for Washington, which was reached in two days; and then passed on into Virginia through Fairfax, Centreville, Manassas, and Warrenton Junction, to Bealton Station, where a few days were spent in camp. The great movement of Gen. Meade's army, under the personal supervision of Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, was now at hand, that was to culminate in the closing of the war.

Marching-orders were received on the first day of May ; and the regiment took its place in the grand movement three days later by crossing the Rappahannock, and fording the Rapidan on the 5th. Here the regiment was detached, and ordered to guard the division-train ; and the hospital corps (Mr. Campbell included) was ordered to the front for service.

The fighting had already disabled more men than could be

taken good care of. Mr. Campbell says, "There were at least two acres covered with them in this vicinity." The most that could be done for them was to supply water to quench their thirst, and keep their wounds covered from the air. Many must have perished for want of timely attention. Some were found in the woods a week after, still alive, with festering wounds, but too late to save life.

The hospital-tents were well up to the fighting-lines; and bullets came uncomfortably near the wounded men.

Under orders received at midnight on the 7th of May, all the wounded were removed to a safer place; which, by almost superhuman exertions, was accomplished before sunrise. But scarcely had the new quarters been occupied, when, by another order, the disabled men were started for hospitals in Washington.

The daily conflicts brought their daily products of wounded men for hospital-treatment. Surgeons were weary in the use of the saw and scalpel; and nurses lost their vital energies in the constant strain of the required watching and attention.

The extreme heat, though favorable to such as had no night-shelter, nevertheless added to the fetor in the air by promoting the stenchful putrefaction of oozing sores and scantily-buried bodies. Such, from day to day, was the experience of the battles of the Wilderness, and thence onward to the rebel capital. Let the details of such sufferings as then and there were seen and felt be revived in imagination (they cannot be properly told) only to show the cost of the sacrifice by which our national integrity was secured.

On the 17th of May, the Thirty-fifth was ordered to join the brigade at the front; and Mr. Campbell, with the usual corps of hospital officials, resumed his old regimental position.

It was hard for him to see two of his intimate friends, Ser-

geants Holmes and Wright, brought in on the 18th, fatally wounded; the former nearly cut in two by a shell.

The regiment was sharply engaged on the 21st of May. On leaving their works with the division for a night's march, they were unexpectedly charged upon by a force of rebels that nearly surrounded them. It was a perilous time; but, nothing daunted by the prospect of being taken thus under rebel care, they boldly faced the foe, successfully repulsed him, and captured about seven hundred prisoners.

The next severe fight was at North Anna River, May 24; in which the regiment took a prominent part, with some loss.

Two days after, the Thirty-fifth was again detached, and constituted a pioneer corps, and equipped with the usual intrenching tools in addition to their arms as privates.

Not less were their exposures now, and their toil was greatly augmented; but none were found to murmur.

The quiet duties of Mr. Campbell were faithfully done by night and day as the grand movement progressed. As a singular freak in the course of a bullet, he mentions the case of a soldier hit in the lower part of the chest in front; and the ball passed beneath the skin, around his right side, to a position just above his left hip, and was then extracted by the surgeon,—the purple stripe of extravasated blood marking its course.

The James River was crossed on a pontoon-bridge of a hundred boats, covering a distance of three thousand feet, on the 15th of June, at night; and our regiment pressed on for Petersburg. Here work awaited the boys all night, on their arrival, in reversing an earthwork taken from the rebels the day previous; and not only so, but almost every succeeding night was occupied in a similar way. Mr. Campbell was frequently at the front, helping on the work, when not required at his allotted place.

On the 23d, all regimental hospitals were merged in those of the divisions; but Mr. Campbell had a preference for duty among his comrades, and was permitted to remain with his regiment for further field-service.

Here his time was devoted to the care of the slightly sick and wounded, whose cases would not require a regular surgeon. He had by experience acquired a skill that was well known among his comrades, which prompted them many times to submit themselves to his care rather than go to the division surgeons for treatment. And in this way he continued to minister to the soldiers' wants through all their trying exposures at the Mine-Explosion, the Weldon-Railroad, the Poplar-Spring-Church, the Hatcher's-Run, and Fort-Sedgwick engagements, as well as all the unnamed times when work at the front as engineers laid them open to the perils of shells and other missiles of destruction and death.

His duties cannot be blazoned forth with the same exciting effect as those of the fighting soldier; but they were no less necessary in the production of the grand final results of the war.

Had he sought promotion, he could have easily obtained it; for none knew him but to feel a respect for his character and talents. But the choice he made of the humble position of a private reflects more credit on the man than to have recorded him as an aspirant for army preferment.

He was the son of Joseph and Mary Campbell; born in Mercer, Me., Oct. 19, 1823.

He was united by marriage with Sarah Heard of Wayland, Oct. 27, 1847.

In stature he was five feet eight inches; of light complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes. His discharge at Alexandria, Va., was dated June 9, 1865.

He resides in Wayland at date.

ELBRIDGE AMBROSE CARTER.



OVE of country may be considered as closely allied to the natural instincts of man. Hence the spontaneous rush to arms when the war-cloud of 1861 gathered with such threatening aspect. Before the close of a year, hundreds of thousands had voluntarily left their homes at the North to join the Union armies for the overthrow of the Great Rebellion. Great battles had been fought, with heavy losses and frequent repulses; and still the war-spirit was brooding over the whole land, calling for fresh sacrifices on the altar of human freedom.

President Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years, issued July 2, 1862, was followed, Aug. 4, by another for the same number for nine months' service.

To these calls the loyal spirit of our young men freely and promptly responded. Among them was Mr. Carter, who enlisted as a private in the Fiftieth Regiment of Infantry (Company K), Aug. 18, 1862. He was the son of Elbridge J. and Lucy J. (Dudley) Carter; born in Wayland on the 5th of April, 1842. His stature was five feet eight inches, with light complexion and hair, and blue eyes. He was a shoemaker by occupation.

He was united by marriage with Mary Dorman of Georgetown, Sept. 25, 1862.

The regiment was recruiting at Camp Stanton, in Boxford; which place it left for the South, Nov. 19, by way of New York. It was quartered in that city and on Long Island, awaiting transports, until Dec. 11; when Company K, with two others, embarked on the steamer "Jersey Blue." This boat was unseaworthy at the start; and after encountering a severe storm, during which she was expected to go down, she went ashore at Hilton Head, S.C. After a detention here of three weeks, the bark "Guerilla" received the troops, and conveyed them to New Orleans: they were landed at Carrollton on the twenty-first day of January, 1863.

Early in February, these three companies took a steamer, and passed up to Baton Rouge. Here, in good tents with floors, and mild weather, the winter was passed very pleasantly. The remainder of the regiment soon arrived by other boats, and was attached to the third brigade, first division, of the Nineteenth Army Corps. The duties of camp and picket were duly attended to; and some opportunities were presented to gain acquaintance with citizens, the greater part of whom were rebels, and were sometimes found to be extremely uncourteous to the Yankee soldiers.

Preparations were made towards the close of winter to invest Port Hudson,—an important post twenty miles above Baton Rouge. On the 14th of March, the camp was vacated; and a march brought the troops to the vicinity of the former place. On the first night after their arrival, Admiral Farragut was enabled to pass the rebel forts with two of his gunboats; while a third, the ill-fated "Mississippi," was blown up in sight of our regiment. This being accomplished, the Fiftieth returned, amidst a heavy rain, to its camp at Baton Rouge.

May 12, it again marched towards Port Hudson, now under investment by Union troops in command of Major-Gen. Banks.

A halt was made several miles south of the place, under orders, to prevent a flank movement of the enemy.

Early on the morning of the 26th of May, the regiment was ordered to the front, within range of the enemy's batteries. It was the first time our soldier had been under fire; and it proved a severe ordeal even to veteran skill and courage.

Port Hudson was a strongly-fortified place on a high bluff of the Mississippi. On the land-side, Nature had also made its approaches very difficult by the corrugated surface; there being a succession of ravines and corresponding ridges for miles around. An advance over these had been made still more difficult by the abatis-work which the diligent axes of the rebels had constructed on every side; and, most of all, those frowning batteries were ready to pour destruction in all directions.

In the face of such destruction, and over such impediments, on one of the hottest days of the season, our troops were ordered to advance. Thoughts of home and friends had a momentary place in our soldier's mind; but the excitement of the mad rush soon drove them away, together with every sense of fear; and hopes of a victory nerved every fibre to its utmost exertion. Nearly one-third of a mile had been forced, and the rebel lines were yet thirty rods off, when our advance halted in a deep ravine sheltered from the rebel missiles. It was deemed by officers in command that any further attempt would not only be useless, but would cost a heavy loss of life. Here, under a scorching sun, and without drink or rations, the men remained until the darkness of night permitted their retiring with safety.

After this, Company K was detailed to support Mack's New-York Battery for about a week.

On the 13th of June, the Fiftieth was ordered to the right of our lines; and, the next day, another general charge was made.

The regiment fell into the line of supports, and so escaped the severest part of the assault. In this engagement, Company K went in with only thirty men, five of whom were killed or wounded. This assault proved unavailing also.

The term of our men expired on the 1st of June; as did also that of one other Massachusetts regiment, which stacked arms, and refused further duty. Gen. Banks, and Gen. Dudley, commander of the division, united their efforts to persuade the Fifteenth to remain for fourteen days longer, promising that Port Hudson would then capitulate; and the boys all concluded to re-enlist for that time.

Supporting batteries was the chief duty. The bombardment was diligently kept up until the 9th of July; when the garrison surrendered, with all its armament.

There was one church in the place, and about twenty other buildings; all of which were thoroughly riddled by our shot.

Two weeks later, and Mr. Carter was taken severely sick. He remained in hospital-care until the 29th of July, when he was removed to the steamer "Omaha," with the regiment, to proceed up the river on its way home. It was a rare treat to him, though enfeebled by sickness, to be placed on the hurricane-deck of the steamer, and thence look out upon the rich and luxuriant fields that border the great river.

Stops were made at Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Galena. Cairo was reached Aug. 5.

The overland route by rail-cars soon made our soldiers feel at home, the contrast in the visage of the people being too great to escape observation; and the generous hospitality that awaited them at Belle Fontaine, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other places, spoke the spirit of gratitude instead of hatred. Even the means of conveyance declared the progress of the same spirit,—from the seatless and filthy cattle-cars taken at Cairo, to the splendid equipment that awaited them at Cincinnati.

The sick were particularly looked after by hospitable ladies, and treated to delicacies not seen since their departure from Massachusetts.

The route along the shores of Lake Erie, and through the Mohawk Valley, was particularly attractive to Mr. Carter, from the delightful scenery that was presented at every turn.

Boston was reached on the 11th of August; thus consummating the vast circuit of thousands of miles by land and water since the same point was left.

The men were paid off and discharged Aug. 24, 1863.

RE-ENLISTMENT.

Elbridge A. Carter, having completed his term of nine months' military service, again saw the necessity of rendering further aid to his country as a soldier. Lieut.-Gen. Grant was about to enter a decisive campaign; and it was felt by all parties that his skill and persistence could be trusted, and that the close of the war could not long be delayed.

Mr. Carter's re-enlistment bears date of Feb. 26, 1864. He entered the Fifty-ninth Infantry Regiment, in Company G, as a sergeant. It was then recruiting at Readville; which place it left April 26, reaching Washington in two days by railroad, and the next day proceeding to Alexandria, Va. It went into camp for a few days about half a mile from the city.

On the 2d of May it broke camp, and proceeded by rail-cars to Rappahannock Station. The next morning, a scene of military display opened such as this country never saw before. From the hill on which the regiment was stationed, the war-pageant was truly imposing. In every direction, and as far as the eye could reach, there was a moving mass of infantry col-

umns, mingled with batteries and cavalry, and trains of supply-wagons; and soon the Fifty-ninth mingled with the mass whose line was crossing the Rapidan at Germania Ford.

On the morning of the 6th of May, it was ordered to the front line of battle. The sight of the dead bodies of those who had fallen the day before was sickening.

The trees stood thick in the woods where our line was formed, and the enemy could but seldom be seen: they seemed to be about fifteen rods distant. The musket-firing was incessant, though with but little effect. Our line was held till late in the afternoon, when a sudden advance of the enemy compelled a retreat with considerable confusion. It was intensely hot; and several were sun-struck during the afternoon. Breastworks were then thrown up for the night.

On the night of the 11th, the regiment marched to the right under the inspiring music of bands playing national airs. "Had it not been for the grim realities of war so near us," says Mr. Carter, "that quiet march in the still hours of night would have been entrancing."

The next day, our column came unawares upon a large body of the enemy; and, in a brisk firing of three minutes, Company G lost fourteen men. Our men hastily retreated a short distance, and threw up breastworks, which were occupied, under shelling more or less every day, until the 18th of May; when a position was taken on the extreme left, and maintained for five days.

A march of seven or eight miles on the 23d brought the regiment to the North Anna, which was forded at a depth reaching to the breast.

The brigade, under Gen. Ledlie, was at once moved forward, driving the scattered lines of rebels for two miles. But Gen. Ledlie was imprudent in this advance; for "we suddenly found

ourselves confronting a heavy force of the enemy, that compelled an immediate halt. We lay there for half an hour while a drenching shower was passing over us. Meanwhile a flanking detachment of the rebels had nearly reached our rear, when a portion of our line broke, and hastily fled; the 'Johnnies' * following most uncomfortably near."

Mr. Carter started for the river about a mile lower than the point they had previously crossed; and no time was lost in wading the stream. About forty of the Union soldiers were near the same point of crossing, only seven or eight of whom reached the north bank in safety; the rebels having reached the river, and commenced firing, before the boys were half across. Some were killed outright; several were disabled and drowned; and a few surrendered as prisoners.

A general halt was made here for a few days; when the marching recommenced with daily skirmishing, until Cold Harbor was reached on the third day of June.

Gen. McClellan's old lines of breastworks had been passed; and our men had halted late in the afternoon for supper. Here Mr. Carter was the first to discover a body of rebel soldiers just entering those breastworks; and he immediately informed his colonel, who thought at first it must be a mistake: but a volley from their ranks soon afforded convincing proof of the enemy's presence.

A most effective charge was made at once; the rebels flying in every direction.

The regiment remained near the Pamunkey River until the 10th of June, when it marched for the James; crossing on a pontoon-bridge by moonlight on the 15th.

The movement was continued towards Petersburg, and a position taken for a general assault on the 17th.

* A term applied by our men to rebel soldiers.

Thus closed one of the most important movements on record. None can adequately describe the almost incessant raging of battle-sounds for five weeks, during which the highest military skill and valor on both sides were called out. It is a sufficient honor to any soldier to have it said that he passed through this fiery ordeal prompt to his duty, and fearless of results.

On the 17th, the line of which the Fifty-ninth formed a part, after the front had made two unsuccessful attempts, charged vigorously, and took a rebel line of breastworks. It was made at six o'clock in the afternoon, and constituted one of the most brilliant achievements. Company G lost twelve men. In the works thus taken from the rebels, the regiment remained under constant shelling, laboring during the hours of night to strengthen and improve their defensive character.

On the 29th of July, at midnight, our whole division, with others, was massed in covered ways and ravines directly in front of a prominent rebel fort, which most of the boys *guessed* they would have to storm the next day, but whose fate really lay in far different hands.

"At a quarter before five o'clock," relates Mr. Carter, "I overheard an officer say, 'It is time for the *explosion*,' which was the first intimation received of a mine to be sprung under the fort. In a few moments, the fort was a mass of ruins sent through the air by the terrific rumbling explosion of some tons of gunpowder, that our troops, guided by engineers, had placed beneath it. Immediately a bombardment was opened from all our batteries within range; and our division advanced to the blown-up fort. It presented a broad and deep chasm: into this a crowd entered for shelter. The rebels, at first frightened, had now opened their batteries in earnest. The crater soon began to be a charnel-house; yet it was safer there than either to advance or retreat. There was the utmost confusion. Blacks and whites

officers and privates, crowded each other under the scorching sun till near four o'clock, P.M."

At that time, a charge from the rebel lines sent our disorganized troops back to their lines, amid perils as great as when they advanced.

Mr. Carter, with seven comrades, started together on the retreat. It was perhaps a distance of forty rods, over a field thickly covered with the dead and helpless wounded.

Each one was impelled by a regard for safety to exert his utmost speed. Of these seven men, only two escaped death. The regiment lost about one-fifth of its number during this day of misfortunes.

About the middle of August, it was ordered to the left, and on the 18th was in line of battle near the Weldon Railroad. This line was repeatedly charged by the rebels, who were repulsed with great loss; but a gap was unfortunately found, by which the rebels gained our rear. Company G was favored by being in a position of less exposure than other parts of the line, that suffered severely in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

On the 21st, the troops were ordered to the rear to discharge and clean their muskets. They were ordered to discharge by regiments and brigades. The noise of this firing convinced the rebel general, Hill, that there was a fight going on at that point: so, in hope of securing a double success, he ordered his corps to charge in front. He bravely advanced his men three times, and was each time repulsed with great loss. The ground was covered with his dead.

Nothing but the usual bombardment occurred afterward until the 30th of September, when a slight repulse was experienced near Peeble's Farm by an attack of the rebels; but the ground was soon regained, and more defensive works built at that point.

Mr. Carter's feet had become much swollen and inflamed for a month or more previous to the 27th of October, and he had been advised repeatedly to go to the hospital for some proper treatment; but he had no desire to leave the ranks until there was greater necessity than was apparent.

The increased pain was sufficient, at the date mentioned, to induce him to retire, as there were also, at the time, febrile symptoms developed in his system generally. He was conveyed to City Point, and there remained under treatment until the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, and the return of his regiment on its way home. He was conveyed to Washington, and encamped with his comrades at Tennallytown, in Maryland.

His final discharge bears date of July 30, 1865.

He resides in Wayland; having been married a second time, to Julia A. Adams of Waltham, Dec. 14, 1867.

Mr. Carter speaks in unequivocal terms of approbation of the line and staff officers of both regiments in which he served,—brave and fearless themselves, yet careful of the lives and comfort of their men so far as duty would permit.

Of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, he saw such ample proofs of their beneficent operations as to warrant a hearty commendation.

So far as he could judge of the actual benefits resulting from an observance of the forms of religion in the army, through the chaplains, he cannot give a large amount of credit.

He is satisfied that the war, though a terrible thing in some, of its aspects, was, on the whole, not only a necessary evil, but an equally necessary good, settling definitely by its results the certainty that a free people can sustain a free government, even in the midst of all the confusion and peril incident to a civil war; and he feels a deep sense of satisfaction in having been a Union soldier in the war of the Great Rebellion.

EDWARD CARTER.



EDWARD CARTER was a native of Lincoln, Mass., the only son of Amos and Sophia (Child) Carter; born Jan. 21, 1839. His occupation was farming. He was five feet five inches and a quarter tall, of dark complexion and hair, with blue eyes.

Although naturally of quiet habits and a retiring disposition, yet of strong purpose when once fixed, he was found to be one of reliable service wherever duty pointed the way. While many considerations urged his stay at home, he saw in his country's peril the higher call for his service in her defence: and on the 10th of August, 1862, he enrolled his name among the volunteers from Wayland for three years, or during the war; being attached to Company D of the Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment.

Camp-life, and the marches and trip to Washington, and thence to the hostile soil of Virginia, are now looked back upon as of small account compared with the rougher experiences that succeeded. Yet, with every fibre of life intensified by the new positions into which he was thrown day by day, the memories of these early days of the war are abundantly supplied with incidents that will never fade.

The Army of the Potomac was then concentrating for the

conflict at the second "Bull Run;" and, as the war-worn veterans of the Peninsular campaign passed our newly-arrived soldiers in their unstained uniforms, the contrast drew from Mr. Carter the involuntary expression, "They are the hardest-looking set of men I ever saw."

The movement to meet the foe in North Maryland was made quite easy by the order "to leave all unnecessary equipage in camp." Thus relieved, and moving in the cool of the day, and during the cooler hours of night, through a cultivated region where they could easily obtain such additions to their army-rations as they desired, this march was not destitute of enjoyment.

The first announcement that the battle had begun, by the heavy firing which greeted their ears on the 13th of September, and doing picket-duty that night in sight of the rebel camp-fires, sent a momentary chill across our soldier's enthusiasm. He writes, "But I think the most sickening sensation I ever experienced was in seeing the wounded men borne to the rear, and in passing dead bodies as we moved to the front."

All feelings of fear, however, were effectually dispersed after actually entering the conflict. The first charge to dislodge a rebel force from a sheltered position was successfully accomplished, almost without loss; but, on re-forming the line, several volleys were received that thinned our ranks. Mr. Carter here made acquaintance with a rebel bullet, that grazed his cheek, and drew his first blood. After a half-hour's exposure here, the regiment retired to a piece of woods, where there was much confusion. Most of the Wayland boys kept together under Lieut. Hudson. Their mutual congratulations at having escaped through the perils of this their first battle-trial mingled with devout gratitude to Heaven, and gave them fresh courage.

The night following, they lay on their arms, with much discomfort from the severely chilling and damp air, destitute as

they were of overcoats and blankets. Nor were their discomforts much mitigated in closely following the enemy the next three days,—sometimes under considerable shelling, and doing picket-duty a portion of every night.

And now comes another fierce conflict. Gen. Lee had chosen his ground for a test of arms with the Northern army; and that army was by no means loath to accept the challenge, even under disadvantages of ground. The roaring batteries began the work at daylight on the morning of the 17th of September; and the battle-cloud was not removed, nor did the shock and crash and thunder cease along the bluffs and ravines of the Antietam, till Night drew her gentle veil over the sad scene of human slaughter made necessary by the rebellious spirit.

The first brigade of our division had made two unsuccessful charges to drive the enemy from a bridge on the left, which Gen. Burnside had been ordered to take and hold "at all hazards." Gen. Ferrero's brigade, of which our regiment formed a part, was now ordered to the charge. It proved a success; and the high hill beyond the bridge was reached. But farther advance was prevented by a vigorous discharge of shot, shell, and grape from the enemy's batteries. An exploding shell literally tore to atoms the body of a comrade (Reed), standing so near Mr. Carter as to sprinkle him with his blood. At about five o'clock, a charge was made to drive a body of rebels gathered in a cornfield, and protected by a wall on the left. A position was secured, partially protected by an old fence, which was maintained until our ammunition was exhausted; when a retreat was ordered. During this part of the fight, the firing on both sides was rapid and continuous for more than an hour. Mr. Carter says, "I fired, at first, only when I could see an enemy to aim at; and afterwards, also, towards whatever point the smoke of rebel guns, or the sight of a rebel flag, indicated the presence of the foe." A

rebel officer, appearing at one time on horseback, received a discharge from our soldier's rifle (as well as from others), and was seen to reel and fall.* After falling back over the brow of the bluff, Mr. Carter helped to carry a wounded comrade (Kidder) to the rear; which being accomplished, he dropped on the ground, exhausted, and slept till the next morning.

After this battle, which, with that of South Mountain, had made such havoc with the Thirty-fifth as to leave scarcely a commissioned officer unharmed, the boys began to feel a "touch of the blues," which gradually yielded to the influence of several weeks of inactivity in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg and Pleasant Valley. At the former place, a visit from Rev. Mr. Topliff of Weston (adjoining their native town) gave much satisfaction to the Wayland boys.

The grand review, Oct. 2, by the general officers and President Lincoln, served also to give variety and stimulus to any drooping spirits.

On the 28th of October began the movement which resulted in the concentration of the whole army in front of Fredericksburg, Va. This movement of so large an army was a grand sight, as viewed occasionally from some eminence in passing the rough route of Northern Virginia. On the third day's march, Mr. Carter was detailed as ambulance-driver,—a position which he held for about a year.

During the artillery-attack near Sulphur Springs, the enemy's shells came uncomfortably near, though he and his team received no detriment; but the one in front of his was disabled by a shell.

* Amid these scenes of deadly conflict, there were not wanting incidents bordering on the ludicrous, that brought from the witnesses shouts of laughter even,—as when a soldier who had secured the *sobriquet* of "Uncle," and was supposed to be not deficient in courage, on receiving a slight scratch from some rebel missile, beat a hasty retreat with all his "might and main;" and, on attempting to scale a fence, "pitched heels over head;"—a feat which he was occasionally reminded of afterwards.

Many of our men had, ere this, learned that it was good policy to construct comfortable quarters, even if obliged to vacate them very soon, as was sometimes the case. Mr. Carter, being of a mechanical turn, immediately began the construction of a log-cabin, ten by twelve feet, for himself and four comrades. This structure, as the writer can testify from personal inspection, was one of the best of its class in the army, and afforded comfortable quarters during the winter months.*

At the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 12th and 13th December, 1862, Mr. Carter's duties required him to stand by his team, in readiness to go for the wounded at a moment's warning; the ambulance-corps being quartered in a sheltered valley half a mile from the city. But, during all the day of the fight, no order came; and the drivers could not control their intense desire to see for themselves how the battle was going, by gaining an intervening summit. Here, for several hours, at different intervals, Mr. Carter beheld the awful grandeur of the conflict. The advancing masses of our men, cut through by the deadly fires of the enemy, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and wounded; the noise of the battle in its artillery and infantry discharges; and the shouts of tens of thousands of men rushing to the contest, amid the clouds of sulphurous smoke, — gave him a picture that is indelibly fixed in his memory.

From sunset of that day to the dawn of the next morning, all the ambulance-corps were incessantly employed in removing the wounded across the river to a place of safety. It was a night of most arduous toil: and the last load removed by Mr. Carter exposed him to the enemy's shots: for they had the reputation of a willingness to thus murder unarmed and wounded men as well as those in open conflict. Winter-quarters were

* "Thanksgiving Day was celebrated here by a dinner of hasty-pudding and molasses." — *Letter.*

now completed; Mr. Carter's log-palace receiving additional touches from some implements that arrived from home in the "big black trunk,"* for which the boys from Wayland had long been looking.

On the 9th of February, 1863, orders were received to pack up, and proceed to Belle Plain. The roads were in the very worst condition for travelling; the mud being up to the horses' bodies in many places. After a few days' delay, the ambulance-corps were taken on board transports, and conveyed to Newport News.

The passage proved a most disagreeable one. Both men and horses were reduced to half-rations; and the freezing snow-storm on the first day of their arrival was fatal to quite a number of the horses, that had been reduced almost to starvation during the voyage. The negroes of the adjacent territory were exceeding glad to welcome Union soldiers as their protectors. Mr. Carter speaks of them, in general, as always our trustworthy friends, and, considering their opportunities for intellectual and moral culture, as carrying the balance in their favor for honesty and good behavior.

A box of good things from home was also a marked addition to the general comforts of the place.

Camp was vacated March 26; and the whole corps (Ninth) proceeded *via* Baltimore to Cincinnati. The trip was altogether very agreeable, affording much opportunity to see a large extent of territory, and to receive the ready hospitalities of several

* This was a large trunk, which was stuffed with clothing and other needful things for the Wayland men, and was started from home near the close of September, in charge of Mr. William Heard. He arrived at Pleasant Valley two days after they had left for Virginia, and succeeded in overtaking them in person; but the trunk he sent by express to Washington. Here it was found by J. S. Draper, and conveyed to the regiment, on his visit to the army at Falmouth, a few days after the battle of Fredericksburg. The articles it contained, especially under-clothing, proved most acceptable Christmas-presents.

places on the way. At Cincinnati, the force of horses was recruited; many of them having become unfit for rough duty. The series of marches and counter-marches over the territory of Kentucky, visiting a score or more of towns, gave a fine chance to see what Mr. Carter thinks the best agricultural district he ever beheld, although not subjected to the improved culture to be found in more Eastern States.

About the 1st of June, our soldier found himself and comrades again crossing the Ohio into Cincinnati, on an expedition in aid of the reduction of Vicksburg, then invested by an army under Gen. Grant. At Cincinnati, the boys partook a second time of the free hospitality of the citizens, and then started on their way in cars. The warm greetings of the people here, and in other places in the Western States, will long be remembered.

At Cairo, the troops were transferred from cars to a steamer, and proceeded down the Mississippi, whose long narrow line on the maps of school-days hardly answered to the actual sight of its broad expanse of muddy waters.

The boat frequently stopped for wood; and our soldier improved his opportunities to tread the soil of every State on its borders.

After some delay at the first landing, near Vicksburg, steamers were again taken up the Yazoo River to Milldale, Miss. Near the close of June, a movement to the South was begun, and prosecuted as far as Jackson, the capital of the State. Mr. Carter's ambulance was frequently loaded with men affected by sunstroke; and, had it not been for the frequent showers, the sufferings of the men would have been greatly increased by the intense heat.

Of the fighting and skirmishing in the reduction of Jackson, Mr. Carter saw but little; his duties not permitting him to take part therein.

The Western soldiers with whom our men commingled here are described as a rough-looking set, compared with the Massachusetts troops. On returning to Milldale, the ambulances were crowded with men, mostly sick of fevers, dysenteries, and sun-stroke.

The inhabitants had all forsaken their homes on the line of the march; and these homes were often desecrated, and sometimes entirely destroyed, by our men. At length, after all our forces had embarked down the Yazoo, and the sick also had been cared for as well as circumstances permitted, though their sufferings were greatly increased for want of suitable accommodations, our soldier, with the ambulance-corps, also took boat in a homeward direction; and he, too, was soon taken sick of typhoid-fever. He became unconscious for several days, and, on arriving at Cincinnati, was placed in the hospital at Camp Denison. The relief experienced on being transferred to the nice clean cots of the hospital, with its careful nurses, skilful physicians, and proper diet, cannot adequately be described.*

At the end of six weeks he had so far recovered as to proceed to his home, under a furlough of thirty days.

The few days of home-comforts rapidly sped their course, but found him still unfit for duty; and he was allowed to report at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Mr. Carter says, "The kind feelings displayed towards me when at home nearly unmanned me; and I found it harder to return to the army than I did, on first leaving home, to join it."

The Thirty-fifth was now at Richmond, Ky.; where he was ordered to report. He proceeded, without incident of note, as far as Camp Nelson (a distribution-camp), and found a part of

* Among other special comforts may be also named the visits of the Sanitary-Commission agents, with their supply of reading, clothing, good advice, &c.; also of citizens of the vicinity, whose attentions were most welcome. The hospital was about twelve miles north of the city.

the ambulance-corps there; where he also learned that the regiment had moved to Knoxville, Tenn.

After remaining there two weeks, an order came for all hands to cross the mountains, and join Gen. Burnside's army. It was a long and tedious drive. On crossing the Cumberland Ridge, the ground was covered with snow and sleet, making the wheel-brakes useless in descending the steep declivities; and several teams were lost by the drivers losing control of their horses.

Early in December he came upon the regiment, then at Strawberry Plains; the siege of Knoxville having been raised. Here Mr. Carter again joined the ranks as a private in his old company.

During a stay of several days in this vicinity, while out on picket-duty during a severe rain-storm of two days' continuance, Mr. Carter's exposure brought on an attack of fever and chills.*

An order was now received for the regiment to report at Covington, and proceed thence to Annapolis. Being unable to march, he, with some others, was sent in cars by way of Chattanooga, through Nashville, Louisville, and thence across the Ohio River, through a portion of Indiana, to Cincinnati. This extensive ride, together with the return from Cincinnati to Annapolis, made a grand total of about four thousand miles' travel in cars, accomplished by Mr. Carter from the first of January to the first week in April; when he arrived with his regiment at Annapolis, Md.

Here, on good camping-ground, under shelter of large tents, and with abundant and excellent rations, the boys had a few weeks of needful repose. As an important addition to their enjoyment, the visits of three or four of their friends from Wayland are remembered with much pleasure.

* The kindness of a Mr. Haynes from Maine, at whose house Mr. Carter was cared for during two nights and a day, is gratefully remembered.

At this place, several new regiments from Massachusetts, and also a division of colored troops, were joined to Gen. Burnside's corps; and at the close of April the whole body of troops began their movement towards Washington, *en route* to join the grand and final campaign, resulting in the capture of the secession capital and its defenders.

The fording of streams, and other exposures, revived Mr. Carter's old acquaintance with fever and chills; and he was in hospital-quarters for three days at Washington, after which he rejoined his regiment at Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

The march southward was renewed on the fourth day of May. On the second day of the march, the Thirty-fifth was detailed as guard to the wagon-train of the division. Where the Rapidan was forded, it was about a hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and up to the soldiers' waists in depth; and it was a provoking circumstance, that after the regiment had crossed the stream just before sunset, and the boys were preparing to dry their soaked garments, Company D had orders to recross, and remain on guard. "We had long before learned that grumbling was but poor alleviation in such cases."

The next morning, our company occupied a hill in sight of the fight, that had now begun in earnest. Mr. Carter says, "It was the most rapid infantry-firing I ever heard. We occupied that position all day: the stray bullets often paid us visits; but were harmless, for the most part."

Having crossed the river for the third time, the march was continued all night; and the next day "we were near enough to the fighting-line to receive a few shells, and pretty constant whizzing of bullets over our heads."

But the health of Mr. Carter could not endure the repeated river-fordings and night-marches; and he was allowed the use

of an ambulance for a part of the tramp. On being ordered out by an assistant-surgeon, he fainted, and was left behind. Some hours after, he was picked up, and sent by ambulance to Fredericksburg, where he found quarters in the same church from which he took the wounded at the battle in 1862. Passing Chancellorsville on his way, it was a revolting sight to behold the bones of the slain soldiers thickly covering the ground in places where they had remained unburied by the rebel conquerors of that bloody field.

A sensible alleviation to the terrible effects of war in this crowd of mangled men at Fredericksburg was found in seeing and experiencing the benevolent aid of the Sanitary-Commission agents, who were busy with all their appliances of comfort.

From this place he was sent to Washington *via* Belle Plain. There was a continual procession of the slightly wounded on foot, and the severely in wagons. At Belle Plain, about nine thousand were waiting transports up the river.

An examining-surgeon inspected every one before stepping on board a boat, to see that there was no imposition practised to evade field-service.

Arriving at Washington, he was conveyed to Mount-Pleasant Hospital, where every attention was bestowed for his comfort and recovery. After a three-weeks' treatment, he was conveyed to the McClellan Hospital, near Germantown, in Pennsylvania. This was planned and conducted under a most perfect system of appliances. Headquarters occupied the centre of a circle, around which, at regular distances, were arranged the barracks. Iron rails extended through all the regular avenues, on which were trucked each day's supplies to each tent and barrack.

During the rebel raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, about the first of August, 1864, Mr. Carter and three hundred others were ordered from the hospital to garrison a fort near Harrison,

Penn. The duty was light; and, it being the season for peaches and melons (a plentiful supply of which by some means came into camp), the change was by no means undesirable.

After two weeks (the "scare" being over), these men were ordered to their several regiments. Mr. Carter reached his comrades on the 30th of August, — just after the Weldon-railroad fight. It was expected to be renewed the next day; and, the night after his arrival, he was out on picket in front of the enemy.

Nothing of special importance occurred during the following month. Mr. Carter was selected as one of five to go on a scout, to ascertain the position of the enemy, just before the fight at Poplar-spring Church. It was not a very delightful duty to approach the lines of the foe, not knowing into what trap he and his co-scouters might fall. The task was, however, safely and successfully accomplished.

Sept. 30, the Ninth Corps (Burnside's) moved to the support of the Fifth (Warren's), which had taken the enemy's first line of works at Poplar Spring. The advance had proceeded a considerable distance, when the skirmishers became hotly engaged, and were driven by the enemy. Our brigade was ordered to support the line. An unfortunate gap had been left between the Fifth and Ninth Corps, into which a large force of the enemy had entered, and gained our rear. Mr. Carter relates, "While I was giving my best attention to the skirmish-line, a few rods in front of us, I heard the cry raised, 'The rebels are in our rear!' and, on turning round, I saw that a party of them were close upon us, and that our men were scattering in every direction for safety. Being several rods in advance of the main portion of our line, I, with a few others, saw no chance of escape except to secrete ourselves in a thick swampy clump of bushes." The bullets came most plentifully. It was a moment of fearful peril,

in which the chances of immediate death, prolonged prison-torture, or the small probability of successful secretion, ran through the mind like an electric shock, and demanded immediate decision. He rushed for the swamp. But his movements were observed. A rebel lieutenant was soon upon him, demanding not only his surrender, but every thing of value that he had about him was also demanded by his rapacious conqueror.

In a short time, he found himself in company with over fifty of his old comrades, four of whom were from his company, together with a large number of the German recruits that had lately joined the regiment,—all now prisoners of war.

In view of the well-understood barbarous treatment of their prisoners by the rebels, it was, perhaps, some alleviation that the sufferings in store could be endured under the aid of such mutual sympathy as long-tried comrades knew how to bestow: yet it was hard to leave the protection of the dear old flag; and there were manly feelings of grief as the boys started late in the evening for Petersburg. Here they were consigned to an old tobacco-house that had been partly demolished by Union shells. Mr. Carter says, “We were forty-eight hours without rations; and then the supply given out was miserably small in quantity, and poor in quality.”

Oct. 3, the prisoners were conveyed to Richmond, and quartered in the upper story of an old building in Castle Thunder. “Here every one was searched; and every thing but our haversacks was taken from us.”* While here, the rations were hard bread, so mouldy, that, when crushed by the teeth, there would be a cloud of mould-dust arise, almost suffocating.

* The notorious rebel Turner, of prison-house memory, was the exacting officer on this occasion. Every effort was made by the poor prisoners to secrete their valuables, especially money, which was most greedily sought by the rebel officers. One man near Mr. Carter, having a greenback of large denomination, put the same as a wad into his capacious mouth, chewing and spitting most vigorously as if his tobacco was of extra quality. He was successful.

The prisoners were next ordered into freight-cars, and forced to crowd them to such a degree, that a standing posture was the only one available. In this style they were conveyed to Danville, and were there turned into a field. After fasting two days, they had for rations half of a pound-loaf of coarse corn-bread each. On the 8th of October, Salisbury Prison was reached. This was the first occupancy of the place by Union prisoners. It had previously been used as a recruiting-camp for the rebels. At this time, there was one large building that had formerly been a factory of some sort, and four others of small dimensions. A plat of ground, containing six acres or more, was enclosed by a fence about seven feet high, outside of which, on a raised platform, the guard was posted at short intervals. A few oak-trees were scattered here and there; and the enclosure was surrounded also by oaks, the acorns from which helped to eke out the scanty rations. A few feet from the fence a dead-line was marked, across which none of the prisoners could pass without being fired at. Nor were they always safe within that line. One man was shot dead while sitting leaning against a tree; several rods from this line, engaged in reading.

The guard were mostly boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age; and they seemed to desire the credit of having an opportunity to shoot a Union soldier. Besides the guard, there was also a cannon mounted at each corner of the enclosure. Such was the prisoners' home.

No rations were given for the first two days, and then only a half-pound loaf per man. Meat of poor quality was given usually once a month,—about four ounces per man. A kind of soup was made of rice or beans, and served out two or three times per week; but the rations were irregularly issued. One week after their first entrance, the prisoners were deprived of all sustenance for seventy-two hours; at the end of which time,

inducements were held out to them to enlist in the ranks of the rebel army, or to go to work at different trades, with promises of good and abundant rations. Many of the foreigners who had been bought into our service by large bounties yielded to the temptation ; but the native-born citizens were true to their country in the midst of their sufferings, except in a very few cases where they consented to work for the rebels.

The number of prisoners rapidly increased ; and in a few weeks they amounted to over ten thousand. They were divided into squads of a hundred men each, under a sergeant ; and of a thousand men, under a sergeant-major. This arrangement was for the purpose of drawing rations. After a time, by reason of deaths, the number of men in the squads became reduced, while the same number of rations would be dealt out as before ; giving thus a surplus to each squad.

Occasionally, the commissary-department would order a count through the squads ; but Yankee ingenuity would provide for deficiencies by slyly putting some of the men in the way of being counted twice over, and in some cases even three times, when they became adepts in the art of deception to appease their hunger. They had plenty of time to plan their tricks, which were generally successful.

Want of shelter during the nights, and in storms, occasioned great suffering. Mr. Carter had in his haversack, when first taken, half a pound of coffee : this he sold to a rebel soldier for a dollar in United-States currency ; and, when the cold nights became intolerable, he bought with his dollar one-half of a shelter-tent. He and one of his comrades excavated with their hands, and a stick used as a pick, a hole in the ground large enough for the two to lie down in : this was their bed, over the top of which the tent-piece was stretched as a cover. Other soldiers would thus excavate and construct subterranean cham-

bers, in one of which a poor fellow was buried alive by the falling-in of the ground above him.

Toward the close of winter, they were made more comfortable by having bell-tents provided for every forty-two soldiers. This size tent is the usual accommodation for fifteen men in army regulations. There was just room enough for the forty-two to lie down under the tent by placing their heads all to periphery, while their feet and legs overlapped and intertwined with each other. But as the men were taken sick, and died, the accommodations for room became better. Eighteen of the men in Mr. Carter's tent died before he left.

It is perhaps superfluous to say, that with frequently unwholesome rations, added to exposures, sickness was fearfully prevalent, and at times unusually fatal. Suitable diet and medicines for the sick were wanting; and far too many of the men hastened and perhaps determined the fatality of their sickness by yielding to the spirit of depression and despair.

The weather was extremely cold for that climate. Snow fell several inches at different times; and the trees were often loaded with ice. On one of these cold snaps, there were found, one morning, fourteen men who had perished with the cold.

The largest number reported dead in one day, while Mr. Carter was there, was a hundred and thirteen. Doubtless some record was kept of these deaths; but the bodies were thrown carelessly on the dead-cart, and buried in a common trench, with nothing to mark the names of the victims.

At one time the prisoners became desperate, and resolved on a bold plan to free themselves. Rations of wood were issued during the coldest weather. The plan was to divide the sticks of wood among the strongest and most active, who were to fall upon the guard, seize their guns, and so gain, if possible, entire possession. This was to be done when the relief-guard passed

at a particular place. It was successful to the extent of killing two of the guard, disabling many others, and getting possession of about thirty muskets. But an overpowering force compelled the prisoners to desist with a loss of thirteen killed and many more wounded. The prisoners destroyed the captured muskets, instead of surrendering them as ordered. The penalty for this outbreak was a loss of two days' rations, and the enforcement of greater strictness.

Articles of clothing from our government came in season to have saved much suffering; but the rebels did not distribute any until three days before Mr. Carter was paroled.

Among the prisoners was a set of men of the roughest morals, who constituted a sort of secret society for robbing their fellow-prisoners. Rations, and every thing else, were seized upon by these unprincipled men (they were called raiders), and appropriated to themselves without remorse. They became so odious at length, that a court was instituted among the prisoners for their arrest, trial, and punishment; and, on their arrival at Annapolis, ample evidence of the enormity of their crimes upon their fellow-prisoners being produced before a regular military court, they were pronounced guilty, and ordered to be shot. On two of them the sentence was executed.

Such are the outline-sketches of the experience of Mr. Carter and his comrades during five months' imprisonment. To fill up the details of each day's trial and suffering that fell to their lot while in usual health, and especially to note the keener agonies endured in the weary hours of sickness, is not to be attempted. Imagination can only get faint glimpses of the reality, so sickening and revolting to the true sympathies of a human heart.

Yet these prison-tortures were fully known to the rebel authorities, who had a special purpose in their infliction, which will

forever stigmatize the conduct of the war, on their part, as barbarous in the extreme. They were understood, also, by our own government at Washington; and the question may still be debated, whether retaliatory measures would or would not have softened the rigors of that inhumanity, which, almost without exception, characterized the rebel treatment of prisoners.

The 22d of February, 1865, will long be remembered by Mr. Carter as the day of his release from Salisbury Prison, with about five thousand others.

Who can tell the feelings of gratitude experienced by the soldiers at the announcement of their release? Who can portray the effect, as a thrill, that almost stopped the pulsing of the heart, electrified the haggard forms of these thousands, to whom a new day of hope had suddenly risen from the dark night of despair? The sudden news proved too much for several, who dropped dead under the excitement.

Two days' rations were allowed for the journey to the Union lines. Mr. Carter sagaciously secured double rations, which he was not afraid to show the prison-commandant in a taunting manner as he passed him for the last time.

The march was a severe one; and the unusually inclement weather added greatly to the discomfort. Seven or eight miles only were accomplished the first day, at the close of which a bivouac around fires in a woods prepared the men for about fifteen miles the second day, and a still farther distance to reach Greensborough on the third, where the parole-papers were signed.

On the second day's march, a bridge was crossed at a dizzy height above the Yadskin River, on the narrow planks on which the rails were laid, and where the rebel guard dared not follow.

From Greensborough the prisoners were taken in cars, through Goldsborough, to Wilmington. The first sight of the stars

and stripes awakened inexpressible emotions; while the commiserating looks and warm welcome of the Union soldiers "made us weep at times like children at our welcome home."

Here their wants were properly cared for; and in a few days they took passage in steamboats for Annapolis. On their arrival, they were stripped of every vestige of their tattered, soiled, and vermin-covered prison-clothes; and the delicious bath and clean new garments made them seem other than themselves.

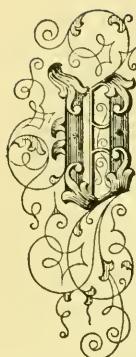
A thirty-days' furlough awaited them. Mr. Carter, upon whom sickness had been gradually stealing, took his way homeward to the dear friends whose anxiety had been borne in a suspense equalled only in painfulness by the actual sufferings of their beloved son and brother.

Every thing was done to save his emaciated form from prostration; but typhoid-fever held high sway. He was unconscious of his condition for four weeks; and life trembled in the balance for many days. Yet he recovered gradually. His furlough was extended. He reported at Boston, and was sent to camp at Readville, where he received his discharge-papers, dated June 15, 1865.

Mr. Carter was among the few who suffered more in the rebel prison than a thousand deaths on the battle-field could inflict; yet, in view of it all, he is thankful for having been a soldier in the defence of the principles of freedom, justice, and humanity.

He was married, Nov. 21, 1868, to Helen Moore of Sudbury, and resides in Wayland, engaged in his accustomed avocation.

WILLIAM WARREN CARTER.



ERY rarely is it found in the records of an army that one so young as was Mr. Carter * enters an arm of the service which requires so much care of person, horse, and equipments, and such sharpness of lookout, and agility of movement, as does the cavalry. But perhaps a dashing spirit like his could not have brooked the slow movements of a foot-march, nor have been satisfied with any thing less than a capering steed, and a flying pursuit of the vanquished foe, or as speedy a retreat when overpowered.

His enlistment bears date at Lowell, on the 18th of Jantuary, 1864. He was the son of Albert F. and Cynthia Carter, born at Wayland, March 18, 1848. In stature he was five feet two inches and a half, with dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and by occupation a shoemaker. Immediately after enlistment, he went to the Beach-street barracks in Boston; and was soon transferred to Long Island, in the harbor. Here he found about forty others enlisted also in the cavalry service, who, with sticks and ramrods for sabres, were learning the drill-manual, by the practical exercise of which on the exciting fields of conflict they were hoping to serve the cause of their country, and win laurels of personal renown.

* He was sixteen years and two months old when he enlisted.

On this bleak island, with weather of unusual severity, under protection of only the little "shelter-tents," much suffering was endured,—especially by such as our soldier-boy, who came from the warm shop of his accustomed avocation.

At the end of two weeks, he, with his comrades, gladly received orders to proceed to a Southern destination.

On board "The Whirlwind" they found, however, but little alleviation of their troubles. A severe storm of snow, rain, and hail, with a very rough sea, gave most of the passengers a treat of that inelegant concomitant, sea-sickness; of which our Wayland boy received, as he thinks, an overflowing share. Twice was their boat lodged on sand-bars before arriving at New York, where they were compelled to stop, and change boats; some of "The Whirlwind's" boiler-flues having collapsed on the passage. Embarking thence, they arrived, without incident of note, at Alexandria, Va., after a voyage (detentions included) of fifteen days from Boston.*

The next day, he, with others, was taken by rail-cars to Vienna, Va.,—a distance of about twenty miles. This was a place of no particular note; one house, and an old tavern, constituting its claim for domiciles. Here he was assigned to Company D (Capt. Richards) in the Second Regiment of Cavalry, under command of Col. Lowell. Vienna was made its winter-quarters, from which detachments were daily sent out as scouts and pickets; leaving, sometimes, but a small part of the regiment in camp.

A few days after reaching camp, a drenching rain-storm occurred, with a gale so severe as to unroof many of the quarters (Mr. Carter's among them); and in this exposure he became so chilled, that a brain-fever was the result. It was a severe trial;

* It is proper to state that Mr. Carter kept no diary, and that his recollection of dates was very imperfect: consequently, many of the incidents of his narrative are recorded without reference to time. He gives them only in their order of succession.

but the disease finally yielded to a vigorous constitution, aided by good medical treatment. The old tavern-house constituted hospital-quarters; and the only cause of complaint that existed was the insufficiency of proper rations for sick persons.

At the end of nearly eight weeks of confinement, he recovered sufficient strength to visit his home on a furlough of twenty days, where, as usual, the tender care of a mother, and other helping appliances, contributed to his complete restoration; and he started on his return with fresh courage for duty. Some unfortunate delays, however, were the means of his arrest as a deserter on his arrival at Havre de Grace, in Maryland; being then two days behind his time to report. He, with seven others, was taken to Fort Henry, Baltimore, and kept under guard two days; and thence to Washington, where he received a pass to rejoin his regiment, then on duty at Muddy Branch, Md. Here he was fully equipped; and, with a fine horse, he entered at once upon active field-service. It was near this place that he first exchanged shots with the rebels, while out on picket-duty.

From here, he, with others, formed a detachment to scout in the neighborhood of Monocacy; which they accomplished with some skirmishing, considerable foraging, and several prisoners. While at Muddy Branch, the regiment was attacked by a superior force of rebel infantry; and, after a sharp firing of about ten minutes, our men were compelled to retreat, with a loss of several killed and wounded.

Some time in July, 1864, the regiment was started on a brisk move towards Washington; and when near Rockville, Md., they encountered a heavy force of rebel infantry and cavalry. Smart skirmishing, and at times heavy firing, were kept up till late at night, and during the next day. In the afternoon, a charge was made; and the rebels were routed. But they received re-enforcements, and gave a counter-charge so severe, that "we got

badly cut to pieces," and were obliged to retire. Four of Company D were killed. This was a very hot and close engagement. Many of the cavalry-men fought at sabre-distance. Mr. Carter was within seven or eight feet of the foe at times, and relied upon his revolver.

For nearly a month from this time, it was continual racing from place to place, encountering the enemy almost every day. The riding was so excessive, that both men and horses became exceedingly galled. Mr. Carter relates, that once, in particular, the ride was so brisk, that, on removing his pants, the skin came with them from the inside of the thighs for nearly the whole distance. He gives the places visited, and the fights and skirmishes, in the following order:—

At Brightwood, in Maryland, nearly two days of skirmishing, in which the rebels were effectually scattered. Then the river was forded at Seneca Locks; and the regiment went in pursuit of Gen. Early's forces in the Shenandoah Valley. They were met first at Hallstown, where, for a part of three days, there was continual skirmishing, and some solid fighting. The rebels retreated, and made a stand at Charlestown,—the place made famous by the execution of John Brown. Although the enemy were strongly posted behind breastworks, yet our men, under a destructive fire, advanced, and drove them out at the first charge.

The enemy was closely followed, with continual skirmishes, to Fisher's Hill, Berryville, and Winchester. At each of these places, they made a stand to oppose our advance; and the fighting was sharp, but decisive. At Fisher's Hill, Mr. Carter's right-hand comrade received a fatal shot, and was by his assistance conveyed to the rear. At Winchester, the rebel lines were well formed; and the double row of bristling steel seemed an impenetrable barrier to the rushing line of our cavalry. Not a horse could be prevailed on to leap such a line; and not a man of that

line quailed before the thundering and clattering of our cavalry-charge. But the pistol-shots of our men made an opening near their centre ; and no time was lost in rushing through, to their complete discomfiture. Subsequent to the battle of Winchester, he had a narrow escape of capture with his own and one other company, who were out on a scouting-expedition. Very unexpectedly, they found themselves entirely surrounded by a large body of rebel infantry, through whose ranks they cut their way out.

At Cedar Creek there was another smart fight, resulting in driving the enemy. With much skirmishing, they were followed to Front Royal, and thence to Luray Valley. When near the former place, a brisk battle was fought, that lasted nearly half an hour.

At the court-house of Luray Valley the rebels made also a strong resistance in full force. Here our men had orders to burn and destroy the property of the rebels indiscriminately, which was duly executed.

Thence the regiment was ordered to the pursuit of Mosby's guerillas, in Fauquier County. A small scouting-detachment, of which Mr. Carter was one, surrounded and captured seven of these noted desperadoes. They were rough and hard-looking in the extreme. On being brought into camp, these men were summarily disposed of in a manner to chill one's blood ; yet it was deemed by our officers in command the shortest and best if not the only method to prevent the oft-repeated acts of the very same description perpetrated upon our prisoners by these guerillas. Four of the men were hung, and the other three shot, without even the form of a trial. They met their fate with no word of complaint, nor petition for favor.

While scouting on one occasion, he, with three others, had taken shelter in an old barn. Suddenly several of Mosby's men

appeared, and fired on our boys, killing two of them on the spot. He and his remaining comrade made good their retreat.

The regiment was next sent on an expedition to Wainsborough to destroy bridges and otherwise break the line of the Virginia Central Railroad. This having been done in part, they were obliged to encounter a superior force sent from Richmond to drive them back. Breastworks were hastily thrown up; but resistance was unavailing, and a retreat was inevitable,—not, however, until a general destruction of property had been effected. Our turn of being the pursued party now came, first to Staunton, and then to Harrisonburg, attended with daily, and at times hourly, skirmishes. The Shenandoah Valley, down which this retreat was accomplished, was made desolate by destruction in all its forms of burning and demolishing.

In falling back gradually, during a week or more, in which our cavalry always covered the rear of the infantry, our soldier-boy had some narrow escapes from capture. Once, as he was posted as vedette, he was nearly surrounded by a squad, but succeeded in evading their purpose by a quick dodge.

While at Middletown, on Cedar Creek, the battle was fought in which Gen. Sheridan's famous ride occurred. The regiment was here confronted by a heavy force of Gen. Longstreet, securely posted behind a stone wall. "We made," says Mr. Carter, "four distinct charges on that line, and were each time repulsed with great loss." His horse was so badly shot as to be useless. Here the regiment sustained the loss of its brave colonel during the last charge; and it was then relieved, and sent to arrest the stragglers, who had now become very numerous, our lines having been broken at nearly every point; and the enemy were sure of a complete victory. But Sheridan was now near at hand. With but one of his staff within hearing, he came furiously down the pike, passing within a short distance of Mr. Carter. He looked

determined, but not much excited. Cheers now rent the air from our side, as he rode, regardless of danger, and delivered his orders. His lines were formed under a heavy fire; and, before fifteen minutes had elapsed, the foe was desperately charged, and with complete success.

For two or three months succeeding this engagement, the business consisted mainly in collecting cattle and horses in those places most frequented by guerillas; and the winter was passed without any general fighting, yet in numerous squabbles with Mosby's men. Early in the spring, the regiment was put upon the move towards Richmond. Our soldier does not remember all the places through which he passed; but he does recall the long and rapid rides in long-continued rain-storms, with the mud a foot or more deep, the tearing-up of railroads, and the burning of store-houses and bridges, as they scoured the country of the rebels. A severe fight occurred at a railroad bridge over the South Anna River, to drive the rebels from a fort erected there for its protection. Soon after, the James River was crossed, and the Second Cavalry was attached to Gen. Grant's army at Petersburg.

The first severe fighting here was near the South-side Railroad. The men were dismounted, and led in a charge on the enemy. Here Mr. Carter had a narrow escape from a bullet that grazed his head. Our ground gained by this charge was lost by a counter-charge of the rebels.

The next day was the battle of the Five Forks. The regiment here also went in dismounted in the hottest of the fray, and were among the first to enter the rebel forts. Soon after, the news was spread that the rebels were retreating from Petersburg and Richmond. Never were men happier than when this intelligence reached them. All were on the extreme alert to cut off the retreat.

For four or five days, they were scarcely allowed an hour's time for rest and sleep. Moving on the left flank of the rebel army, they made frequent captures of prisoners, wagon-trains, and cannon.

Near Appomattox Court House, a heavy line of battle was formed; and our regiment was sent out as skirmishers. There was a good deal of firing at first; but the enemy soon saw that it was useless to contend, and sent out a flag of truce.

Great was the rejoicing on the ninth day of April, 1865, when it was known that Lee's army had passed into our hands as prisoners of war.

But a damper was suddenly put on the spirits of the Massachusetts Second Cavalry when it received orders to join Gen. Sherman's army to aid in capturing that of the rebel general Johnston. But this was accomplished without much hard riding, and without any fighting.

The regiment soon returned to Washington, in the neighborhood of which it remained until its return to Massachusetts, at the Readville camp, where its members were finally disbanded, Aug. 3, 1865; our cavalry-boy, William Warren Carter, among them.

Mr. Carter frankly declares that he considers himself possessed of no remarkable degree of courage; and though he participated in all the fights and skirmishes named in the above narrative, yet he sometimes fought when he would gladly have escaped, if he could have done so honorably.

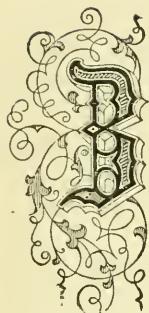
He also confesses himself to have been very good at foraging in the enemy's country: though he names but one instance for which he really felt much sorrow afterward; viz., the depriving of an old secesh lady of her only cow for the benefit of himself and his comrades.

While near Berryville, he, with six others, went out to forage

one night, and, having secured what they desired, were all arrested on their way back by the provost-guard, and taken before their colonel. A little too much confession on the part of some resulted in his conviction as the leader, and he was sentenced to an uncomfortable acquaintance with two rails ; it being the only occasion during the war of his being arrested for unmilitary conduct.

His present residence is Wayland.

BENJAMIN CORLISS.



BENJAMIN CORLISS was the son of Joseph and Eunice Corliss; born at Natick, March 12, 1834. From the first outbreak of the Rebellion, his ardent sympathies were aroused in behalf of his country; and in July, 1861, he enrolled his name as a private in the Thirteenth Infantry Regiment, Company H.

He is described as having a light complexion, with blue eyes and dark-brown hair, five feet six inches and a half tall.

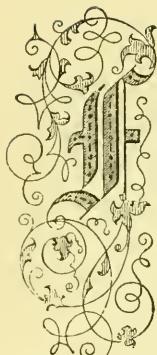
Mr. Corliss was united by marriage with Ellen O. Whitney of Wayland, July 17, 1853.

He left home with enthusiastic hopes of usefulness, and a willing heart to share the fearful experiences of war. But an unlooked-for fate awaited him. He had been with his regiment but about five weeks, when he experienced a very severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. He pleaded to remain with his comrades against the wiser decision of his surgeon, by whose order he was compelled to remain while they marched on.

He was subsequently removed to his home, where his vital energies slowly wasted till they finally yielded in peaceful death, Nov. 29, 1863.

His widow has since been married to Mr. Albert T. Lyon of Wayland.

FERDINAND CORMAN.



FERDINAND CORMAN was a native of Baden, in Germany. He was born Oct. 19, 1830. He emigrated to this country about twelve years previous to the war, ten of which had been spent in Wayland in the occupation of shoemaking.

With a wife (Elizabeth Shleicher, to whom he was married June 3, 1845) and three children depending on him for support, Mr. Corman, with his German spirit of love to the "Faderland" transferred to his adopted country, felt it to be his duty to aid in maintaining its integrity by enlisting as a private for three years in the Thirty-eighth Infantry Regiment, Company I.

He is described as being five feet seven inches tall, of dark complexion, black hair, and gray eyes.

Not much of interest is remembered of the camp at Readville, of the trip to Baltimore, nor of the month's sojourn there.

As a simple matter-of-fact man, Mr. Corman had an eye only for his duty as a soldier, and cared but little for surroundings, except when the experience was of a critical nature.

The arrival of the regiment at New Orleans on the last day of the year 1862 gave variety to our soldier's army-life. Camp was formed at Carrollton, about four miles from the city, where the remainder of the winter was spent.

The march to Port Hudson to co-operate with Admiral Farragut is recalled as chiefly noteworthy for its rapid movement, but with no encounters of a hostile character.

On the 9th of April, the Thirty-eighth took cars for Brashear City, seventy miles west of New Orleans. Thence, crossing a lake in boats, a rapid march in light order was commenced. Two days after, the rebels were encountered at Fort Bisland ; and a battle was the result, which lasted a part of two days. The enemy were driven, and closely followed for several days. The march was continued to Alexandria, on the Red River, where our forces camped and recruited for about a week. From thence, marched through Simmsport, *en route* for Port Hudson. These movements were rapid, and told heavily on the energies of the men. Port Hudson was in siege by the Union troops ; and, although strongly fortified and well defended, it was resolved to assault these defences. The time was fixed for the 27th of May. It was very warm weather. The assault was a fierce but unsuccessful one. Another similar attempt occurred about the middle of June. The regiment here lost about ninety men, killed, wounded, and missing.

The place surrendered July 8, and was occupied by Union troops the next day. The Thirty-eighth, after several unimportant movements, encamped at Baton Rouge.

In the Red-river expedition, Mr. Corman went with his regiment in all their severe marches, and was engaged in the fight at Cane River ; but the exposures to which he was subjected brought him on the sick-list at Alexandria, and he was compelled to yield to an attack of typhoid-fever. He was taken in an ambulance to Simmsport, and thence conveyed by boat to the barracks-hospital in New Orleans.

The best of treatment and care was experienced ; and after six

weeks he was able to rejoin his regiment, then at Algiers, about the 1st of July.

On the 20th, all hands were put on board a steamer, and moved down the river for a northern destination. The boat touched at Fortress Monroe, and thence proceeded direct to Washington, D.C., where the troops were landed July 30, and the next day were put on board cars for Harper's Ferry.

Active business awaited the Thirty-eighth, which now constituted a part of the force of that energetic and untiring warrior, Gen. Sheridan. The next two months was a period of continual excitement. Rapid and continuous marches up and down the Valley of the Shenandoah, with alternating battles and skirmishes, made this part of our soldier's history eventful. The skirmishes being too numerous to mention, reference is made more especially to the fights,—at Berryville, Sept. 3; at Opequan, Sept. 19; at Fisher's Hill, Sept. 22; and at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19.

At the first of these there was hard fighting for more than an hour, when the rebels retreated; and our men lay on their arms on the following night; but the attack was not renewed.

At the next battle, a heavier force was engaged. It was an open fight. The Thirty-eighth was in the front line. As it steadily advanced, the rebels also moved forward to meet it in three lines of battle, opening with a heavy fire of artillery as well as rifles. The Thirty-eighth was on the right of the brigade, and came close upon the enemy. Our single line against their three was too much; and a retreat was made with great loss. In the mean time, while the battle was raging furiously in front, Sheridan's cavalry had penetrated to the rear of the enemy; and, at what seemed a critical moment, he appeared in front, ordering a final charge. The order was obeyed amid a terrible fire at first; but the rebels soon found how matters stood in the rear,

and they suddenly fled, leaving many prisoners and guns in our hands.

At Fisher's Hill, the rebels were again attacked in their fortified and well-chosen position. It was an eminence about two hundred feet high, with pretty steep ascent. Our forces at first advanced by regular lines of breastworks, with much show in front. Gen. Sheridan was fortunate in again reaching the enemy's rear with his cavalry; and, at the concerted signal for advance, the rebels were forced to retire in confusion, leaving their artillery in our possession. Pursuit was made as far south as Harrisonburg, and to Mt. Crawford,—within twenty miles of Staunton.

A week's camping at this exposed post induced a return northward; and, after a march in which there was much destruction of rebel property by our cavalry-men, Cedar Creek was reached. Here, on the morning of Oct. 19 (our soldier's birthday), the Union forces were suddenly attacked by a large body of the enemy. The Thirty-eighth, being on the extreme left, early received a heavy charge. Col. Macauley, commanding our brigade, was wounded at the outset, and taken to the rear. The rebels came on with their fiercest yell. Our line was bravely held until they were within three rods, when a retreat was ordered; but it was too late for many of our brave soldiers, who were flanked, and captured to the number of thirteen hundred in all during the day, Mr. Corman among them.

Regimental movements are now set aside to trace the fortunes of an unfortunate prisoner of war.

He, with others, was immediately taken across the creek to the rebel lines, and remained there till six o'clock, P.M. The fighting had continued through the day; and, at the hour named above, the rebel forces were completely routed and pursued by the Union troops.

Mr. Corman had been without food all day, not having break-fasted before the attack; and in this condition he was started off on the double-quick, and forced to march that night the distance of thirty-six miles, with but few brief halts. The guard then halted to cook their breakfast; but not a morsel did the prisoners get. The march was again resumed, more leisurely, till three o'clock, P.M., when one pint of flour was given to each prisoner, which was soon cooked, and eagerly eaten. A few miles farther, and Staunton was reached, on the Virginia Central Railroad. Three hard-tack were issued here as rations; and the prisoners were placed in cars for Richmond. On arriving at that city, they were immediately escorted to Libby Prison. This was a large building, three stories high, with grated windows. Mr. Corman was assigned to the upper story: it was all in one room, and with no furniture or straw. The five hundred men who occupied it were obliged to live in an atmosphere poisoned by their breaths, and made fetid by their excrement; and they were tormented by the loathsome body-lice that swarmed everywhere. Among the inhuman regulations of this den of misery was that which subjected a prisoner to the shots of the guard if his face was seen at a window, either looking out, or attempting to get a breath of pure air. Our soldier, as well as most of the others, had no blanket; and the hard floor was his only chair, table, and bed. The rations to each, *per diem*, consisted of a piece of corn-bread about one-half the size of his fist, and half a pint of thin porridge. His confinement here was terminated at the end of fourteen days.

From Richmond, Mr. Corman, with several hundred others, was sent in cars to the Salisbury Prison, in the central part of North Carolina. Twenty-four hours' ride brought them to that place at four, P.M., in the midst of a cold rain, about the first of November. The prison consisted of an enclosed field, contain-

ing some oak-trees, and three or four buildings, one of which was used as a hospital. The outer enclosure was a stockade, guarded by soldiers every hundred feet. A few tents were pitched here and there; but the great body of the prisoners had no shelter. Here, in the cold storm, the men stood in a shivering condition behind trees, or huddled close to each other; a few of them around a scanty fire here and there. Mr. Corman had picked up on his way a very ragged old blanket, that served to protect him a little.

No rations were allowed the new-comers until the second morning after their arrival; the excuse being, that there were none to be had. Such exposure was too much for human nature to bear. Mr. Corman was taken sick with what he calls "bone-fever," which was probably a severe attack of rheumatic-fever. In this condition, he was permitted to use a tent with fifteen others; but no medical attendance was allowed, and no change of rations. He was unable to move for three weeks: his legs and arms were greatly swollen, and the pain was excruciating. A small bottle of some kind of liniment was procured for him, which was used with good effect; but a strong constitution, and such care as a few of his comrades could render, enabled him to live, and gradually to recover.

As the weather grew colder, a scanty supply of wood was allowed; and some of the men would lie down at night in the ash-pits of extinct fires to secure the little heat remaining.

Mr. Corman has seen men shot by the guard for stepping across the dead-line to get a few acorns to appease their hunger.

At one time, when but one regiment was stationed there as guard (there were usually two), the prisoners desperately undertook to free themselves by rushing upon the guard, and seizing their muskets. About thirty of these were secured. A large number of the prisoners were reported as killed and wounded

during the hour which the fray lasted. "Major Magee, commanding the guard, ordered us to give up within fifteen minutes the muskets we had taken, or he would command his men to fire on us. Instead of which, we broke and bent the guns; and he was humane enough to withhold his order to fire." As a further consequence of this desperate act of the prisoners, no rations were issued for two days; no fires were allowed; and the men were not permitted to meet together in squads.

Sickness and death prevailed to an awful degree. The dead-cart was in constant use. On this the dead were piled like the carcasses of so many hogs, with legs and arms dangling from the sides. Sixty, ninety, and even a hundred and over, were reported as the *per-diem* mortality.

On the third day of February, 1865, Mr. Corman was paroled, and sent to Richmond. About a week previous, he received a blouse as his share from a box of government-clothing sent to the prison. He was without shoes; and his other clothing was simply filthy rags. At Richmond, a further supply was distributed. He was in Richmond about three weeks, and was thence conveyed to where the welcome sight of the stars and stripes greeted him; and he was permitted to step beneath their protection on a transport which took him to Annapolis, Md.

From this place he came home on a furlough; at the expiration of which he reported, first, at Annapolis; and was sent thence to Alexandria, Va.; and from thence, about the first of April, to Fortress Monroe; his regiment being now on its second visit to Savannah. After some weeks of delay here, waiting for transportation, and also at Hilton Head, he arrived safely at Savannah, and joined his comrades there, about the first of May, in camp outside the city. The war was now over; and, on the last day of June, the regiment embarked for Boston, which was reached on the 6th, when all hands were paid off and discharged.

Mr. Corman resides in Wayland; and although he still suffers in his limbs from the effects of the prison-experience, and thinks that the services and perils and trials of the soldiers generally are not appreciated by those who staid at home, yet he bears no regrets at having faithfully endeavored to do his duty to his adopted country.

JOSEPH THOMAS DAMON.



JOSEPH THOMAS DAMON was a native of Wayland; born Jan. 12, 1835. His parents were Sewall and Martha M. (Thomas) Damon.

Early after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, there were such foretokens of a disturbance in the relations of the States as induced a gradual preparation, on the part of the North, to meet emergencies; and several vessels were fitted out, some of them at private expense, to watch things on the coast. With a view to make himself useful to his country, Mr. Damon volunteered his services as a seaman in 1861, Jan. 10.* He passed first to the receiving-ship "Ohio," then at the Charlestown Navy Yard; and was soon after transferred to the ship "North Carolina," in New-York harbor. At that time, the bark "Restless" was nearly fitted out for a cruise along our Southern coast; and, although not the vessel of his choice, he consented to be mustered in to make her complement of men (eighty-four). She was built with two decks, and carried on her spar-deck four 32-pound rifled-guns, and one heavy pivot-gun. Sixteen men were assigned to each gun, eight of whom were required to handle it in action.

* He had had some experience in seamanship before entering his name in the service of the United States.

The bark was commanded by Capt. Conroy, an able seaman, who won the esteem of all the crew.

Capt. Conroy believed in securing prompt obedience from his crew by the spirit of kindness rather than of roughness and severity; and the only case of punishment was when three of the landsmen attempted to escape on shore. They were put in irons for nine days.

Under orders to proceed to Hampton Roads, in Virginia, "The Restless" set sail from New York early in February; and with a stiff though favoring wind, on a rough sea, that point was reached the next day; and she was immediately ordered thence to Port Royal, S.C.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Sumter, "The Restless" was sent to blockade the entrance to the Santee River,—about thirty miles north of Charleston. The mouth of that river enlarges, as it enters the Atlantic, to an extent sufficient to receive the name of Bull's Bay; outside of which, as is usual in similar places, there is a sand-bar, with one or two favorable places for entrance. In this bay, an island of considerable extent divides the channel into North and South Santee. It was the business of "The Restless" to prevent blockade-runners from passing the inlets in either direction.

Capt. Conroy first turned his attention to the reduction of a sand-battery on the island. This was effected speedily by a few hours' shelling, which made the situation of the garrison so undesirable as to induce an unconditional surrender.

Fortunately for Capt. Conroy, there came to his vessel, among others, a very intelligent negro, named Nelson, who was thoroughly acquainted with the waters of the river and bay, and the coast generally. He was engaged as a pilot, and was retained while the bark remained in those waters, rendering very essential service.

Very soon we took three schooners loaded with corn and rice, bound for Charleston. They were unarmed, and, of course, made no resistance.

During our stay, the negroes informed us of the route of a mail-carrier, and bearer of despatches; and eight of us volunteered a capture of the "institution," which was a success. Some valuable information fell into the hands of our officers thereby.

Extensive salt-works were soon after destroyed in the vicinity by about twenty of our crew.

Mr. Damon was here detailed as acting commissary-sergeant, and remained in that position until the end of the cruise.

During the summer, "The Restless" made two trips to Port Royal, and, while at her station, secured a large number of prizes (considering her size) of coastwise vessels running in and out; but by far the most valuable of these were captured on the 24th and 27th of October, 1862.

The mornings at this season were unusually foggy; and a vessel under guidance of a skilful pilot might elude the most careful vigilance. Such was the case on the morning of the 24th. The British steamer "Scotia" had neared the inlet unperceived; but to her misfortune and our good luck, instead of finding the proper channel, she had grounded heavily on a sand-bar, and in that position was discovered and secured.

Three days after, her sister-boat, "The Anglia," not knowing the fate of "The Scotia," ran in successfully by the bars under cover of fog, but was discovered in season for "The Restless" to intercept her gaining the point by the island. Our guns brought her to without difficulty. These two English boats were fitted out at Nassau with full cargoes of ammunition and arms; with clothing, coffee, liquors, and other valuable articles. They were finally taken to Boston and sold, and the prize-money distributed. Mr. Damon complains, that, for unexplained causes,

these rich prizes never yielded their due proportion to the common seaman and other subordinate members of the crew.

In February, 1863, "The Restless" was found to be so much in need of repairs, that she was ordered to Charlestown Navy Yard.

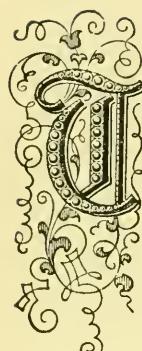
During her stay in Southern waters, she had captured nineteen vessels of various magnitude and importance that were engaged in contraband commerce.

While at the Navy Yard, Mr. Damon, with thirteen others, was detailed to remain in charge of her. He had been suffering for several months from a severe rupture, and placed himself in the Marine Hospital for treatment. His case was found more difficult than at first supposed; and he was compelled to remain for five months, when his condition was deemed inadequate for the service, and he received a discharge for disability.

In stature he was five feet five inches, with light complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes. His marriage with Ella M. Evans of Waltham occurred Jan. 28, 1869.

He still resides in Wayland, engaged in the express-business.

EDSON CAPEN DAVIS.



HE record of this soldier extends over the full period (three years) for which he enlisted; during which time he was constantly with his regiment. By natural temperament, he was quick and prompt in action: and these qualities, so desirable for a soldier, won for him the high esteem of his comrades and officers; one of whom (Surgeon Parker) reports him as "a most excellent soldier, true to his duty wherever placed."

He was born Jan. 10, 1835, at Walpole, Mass. His marriage with Elmira Hawes of Wayland occurred July 29, 1860; by whom he had one child, an infant at the time of his enlistment.

Mr. Davis was of dark complexion, hair, and eyes; six feet two inches tall; and was a shoemaker by occupation.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry was then recruiting at Fort Independence, in Boston harbor. On the 19th of July, he joined Company H of this regiment; and, in about two weeks after, he departed with his comrades for the seat of war.

Outpost-duty was immediately assigned on the Upper Potomac, in Maryland, where marching from point to point in expectation of meeting the enemy constituted the chief business. Though attended often with considerable hardship, yet Mr. Davis found sources of enjoyment in the novel scenes that these

movements permitted him to observe. An occasional crossing-over to the rebel side of the river to capture prisoners, or secure rebel stores, gave variety to the autumn campaign.

Winter-quarters were established at Williamsport, Md., near the Potomac, and about sixty miles from Washington; but the soldiers were by no means confined to headquarters during the winter months. In December, Company H, with three others, was moved to Hancock, thirty-five miles up the river, to watch the rebel movements in that vicinity. Nothing of much importance occurred: picket-firing and slight skirmishing with small parties served to break the monotony. On one occasion, Company H had a lively time to escape capture by a superior force.

About the first of March, winter-quarters were broken up by an order from Gen. Banks to cross the river, and proceed, *via* Martinsburg, Va., to re-enforce his division at Winchester.

This was by no means a march to be enjoyed. Being without tents for more than a week, the men were obliged, at times, to bivouac (shelter in houses and old buildings not being found enough for all); and, to add to the unpleasant feelings, it was found that no re-enforcement was needed, and that this march of a hundred and forty miles was a useless affair.

For about three weeks in April, the regiment was stationed as guard on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

Early in May, marching-orders were again received. The movement was south, over the enemy's country to Fredericksburg, Va.; thence northward again to Manassas. These movements were without incident of noteworthy importance. Very rough roads among the Blue-ridge Hills made rapid marching impossible. Hard bread and coffee constituted the entire rations for much of the time.

The vicinity of Manassas, Va., may be taken as the central station of the regiment, with other troops, for the months of June

and July; from whence movements in various directions diverged sometimes for thirty or forty miles, as the counter-movements of the enemy seemed to require.

One year of our soldier's army-life had now been passed without being called upon to meet the severe ordeal of a regular fight. During this year, the Union army had met with severe losses and signal repulses in their encounters with the enemy,—at the first Bull-run fight, and before Richmond,—while nothing of importance had been gained on our part except lessons from sad experience; and Mr. Davis, by no means alone in his feelings, had his doubts about the skill of some in command of our forces.

The time of battle-trial was now near. Two days before it occurred, the regiment moved from Thoroughfare Gap to the vicinity of the gathering armies at Manassas Junction, in Virginia. Early in the morning of July 30, the Thirteenth was ordered into line of battle, taking position as a reserve on the right. In the afternoon they were ordered to support the left wing, then wavering from the severe fire of the enemy. While here, awaiting results, it was discovered that the rebels had executed a flank movement; and our line in front retreated hastily to the rear, and left the line of supports to take the front of battle. Says Mr. Davis, "We supported this line without flinching for near half an hour, under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, doing our best in returning the shots, and then were ordered to retreat. It was a severe trial to the pluck of our men." During that half-hour, the regiment had nineteen men killed, and more than a hundred wounded. The next day, our forces reached Centreville.

During August, the regiment was moving up and down the Potomac on patrol-duty. Another battle was at hand. Gen. Lee's forces had invaded the north of Maryland. Their partial

repulse at South Mountain induced another trial, on more favorable ground, at Antietam. The march to the scene of this battle was begun on the 13th of September. On the day before the general engagement, the regiment was ordered to the line of battle under severe shelling. During the night, the men lay on their arms; and the next morning (Sept. 17), at six o'clock, the line was advanced, under artillery and musketry fire, to a somewhat sheltered position; when the rebel fire was returned briskly, and kept up for two hours. Our brigade gradually fell back, the Thirteenth being the last to retire. During at least three hours, our regiment was under fire of the enemy; and fifteen of its number were killed, and a hundred and twenty wounded.

After the battle, for more than a month, the Thirteenth was encamped near Sharpsburg, with scarcely any movement; and, late in October, it began a rapid and painful march to the next bloody encounter with the rebel army,—at Fredericksburg. To relate the incidents of this march would be only to reiterate the soldier's usual experience of exposure to storms without sufficient shelter; with little else but hard-tack and coffee for food, except now and then a treat from a foraging party.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, the Thirteenth formed a part of the corps on the extreme left. On the day before the general engagement, they crossed the river, and were ordered in front of the line as skirmishers. Mr. Davis relates the part he took as follows: "We drove the skirmish-line of the enemy over a large plain to the woods, and secured a sheltered position in a road front of them, where we remained over night.

"Early the next morning, the firing began as our main columns were steadily moved up. Our skirmish-line was advanced to a position where it was much exposed; and we halted, and laid close to the ground, with bullets striking all around us, till our main line had advanced beyond us. We were then sent

half a mile to the rear for a supply of ammunition, and, on our return, found that our troops had fallen back, and the heaviest firing was over."

Though much exposed a part of the time during this bloody assault, the Thirteenth lost but slightly. One writes, "By what miracle our men escaped, no one can tell."

The months of January, February, March, and April, subsequent, were spent in camp near Fletcher's Chapel, — twelve miles from the last scene of action ; the only movement being to the United-States ford, on the Rappahannock, about the middle of January, amidst a heavy rain-storm, with the mud so deep as to make it impossible to move artillery or heavy baggage-trains.

In this interval, commanders had again changed ; the chief now being the famous Gen. Hooker, styled "fighting Joe" by the "boys in blue."

High hopes were entertained, that, under such a leader, no more defeats were to be experienced. Alas ! how soon to be dispelled by the disasters of Chancellorsville !

On the last days of April, the regiment was moved again to confront the enemy. Occupying an exposed position, the men were vigorously shelled by the rebels till they found shelter in a ditch by the roadside.

The next day they were moved to a new position, and constructed a temporary breastwork, using bayonets instead of shovels. From this, while the battle was fiercely raging in other quarters, they were ordered to make a reconnaissance, which was done with some loss of men. But the battle of Chancellorsville was now decided against the Union army. Our regiment had not been called to the most exposed part ; and the river was re-crossed to Falmouth.

About the middle of June, it was believed that the rebel army was concentrating for another raid upon Northern soil ; and

the army was put in motion accordingly. By a series of marches in the hottest days of the season, some of which were unprecedented for their celerity, our regiment, with its compeers, found themselves encountering the rebel pickets near Gettysburg, Penn., on the last day of June.

Our soldier's statements of the share he took in this battle, where not less than six thousand were killed during the three days of conflict, are briefly as follows : " Early on the morning of July 1, we moved forward, and, ere long, heard the roar of the cannon that ushered in the battle. We marched rapidly to the scene of action, and soon came under fire of the enemy. Our brigade was ordered forward by regiments, but at too great distances to be of much support to each other. Ours, commanded by Col. Leonard till he was wounded, stood its ground for more than an hour ; when we were ordered to the rear. During that time, we had a sharp encounter with an infantry regiment from North Carolina, and took nearly all of them as prisoners. On calling the roll, nearly two hundred of our men were found missing. The next day, position was taken on Cemetery Hill, to support batteries ; and the regiment suffered some from the enemy's shells. July 3, in the forenoon, we lay in rear of the batteries on Cemetery Hill, but were moved about noon to the support of a line of infantry that was wavering. Late in the day, the joyful news was heard that the enemy was retreating.

" No words," says Mr. Davis, " can describe the excitement of those days of terrible conflict, when the cannon's roar mingled with the incessant rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the charging columns smote the ear with an awful power ; while the rushing of infuriated men, with the ghastly forms of the dead, and the scarcely less revolting sight of the mutilated but still living ones, made a scene that will remain vivid so long as memory

lasts." Mr. Davis escaped with several bullet-holes through his garments.

From this time till near the close of November, no great event occurred in which this regiment took part. Marching and countermarching over the soil of Maryland and Northern Virginia, until nearly all its routes became familiar, occupied the time. But again the two armies seem concentrating for a new trial of strength and skill in battle; and this time a small stream known as Mine Run becomes the centre of interest. The regiment, on the 29th of November, was ordered into line of battle, with the expectation of a severe encounter; but councils of war decided to abandon the position, and leave the whole field to the rebels.

The regiment soon went into winter-quarters at Mitchel's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This was the extreme outpost of our army; and the men were, of course, subjected to harder duties in picketing the line than others. Among the pleasant excitements of the winter was a visit from Gen. Grant, then made Lieutenant-General of the army, and a grand review of our forces.

The last great campaign of the Eastern Army of the Republic was now planned by Gen. Grant, to be attended by him in person; to wit, an advance on the confederate capital, and, in conjunction with the army of Gen. Sherman, to effect a complete demolition of the rebel forces.

In this gigantic plan of operations, the Thirteenth, now numbering the closing months of its long service, was to take its allotted part of toil and peril.

On the 3d of May, 1864, marching-orders were issued; and the next day, under command of Lieut.-Col. Hovey, the regiment crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford in the lightest marching-order possible, which every soldier had learned to interpret as the signal for hard marching, or hot fighting, or both. The biv-

ouac was now to take the place of huts and tents: yet but few complaints were heard; for the men had confidence in their commander-in-chief. They believed that he was thoroughly in earnest, and would lead them on to victory.

The next day, the regiment was ordered to the front, and for several hours in the afternoon was exchanging shots with the enemy, though with but little damage to our men. They laid on their arms that night, and the next day moved to the left, and threw up breastworks.

Early in the morning of May 8, after marching nearly all night, an advance on the enemy's line of works was ordered. They were repulsed by the determined charges, and driven several miles, though not without sharp resistance. About thirty of the regiment were counted among the killed, wounded, and missing by this day's fight.

Two days later, having moved still farther to the left, the regiment was engaged on the skirmish-line with some loss; and, two days after this, a general charge of the rebel lines was ordered, in which the Thirteenth sustained its part.

When near the North Anna River, a vigorous charge of the enemy was handsomely repulsed. Every day was now one of constant activity,—in marching, fighting, and intrenching. At Bethesda the regiment was hotly engaged, though our loss was small. At Coal Harbor the Thirteenth were mostly on the skirmish-line.

"From May 4 to June 6," says the regimental report, "we were under fire every day and night. At the latter date we were held in reserve, and obtained a few days of repose."

The regiment was soon moved on to the line before Petersburg, and, up to date of July 14, was engaged in building breastworks and forts.

But its long-looked-for close of three-years' service had now

come; and while the men gladly received the order to proceed to Washington, and thence to their good old native State of Massachusetts, there was felt also by many of these veteran warriors a deep regret to leave their companions in arms to complete the work of subjugating the forces of that rebellious spirit which had cost the nation such treasures of wealth, and, what was far dearer, such sacrifices of human life.

The regiment arrived at Boston July 21, where it met a warm reception and hearty greetings from those, who, for the three long years, had been watching with intense interest their warrior-friends.

Mr. Davis's record stands without impeachment; and but very few soldiers can say with him, "I was with my regiment constantly, from first to last."

During the last year of his service, he sustained the rank of corporal.

Mr. Davis is still a citizen of Wayland.

SUMNER AARON DAVIS.



SUMNER AARON DAVIS was born at Natick, Mass., Feb. 13, 1839. His enlistment in Company K (Capt. Stone), of the Eleventh Infantry Regiment, occurred May 8, 1861. He was five feet six inches tall, dark complexion, dark hair, black eyes. He bore the name of a true-hearted, brave, and faithful soldier, and, up to the fatal hour, shared all the severe trials of the regiment, except when confined in hospitals from the effects of his wounds.

The regiment entered the seat of war on the 1st of July, in season to be engaged in the first severe battle and disastrous defeat of the war.

He writes, "We left Centreville at one o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the battle-field at ten. The last part of the march we moved at double-quick, although the heat was extreme. A great many of our men were sun-struck. We threw away our blankets and haversacks, so that we could *fight*; and we did *fight*. They had the advantage of masked-batteries and of woods, while we fought in the open field. We had but half as many men as they; theirs fresh on the ground, and ours fatigued with rapid marching. They were re-enforced when we were nearly used up. We fought four hours: our artillery gave out, and we retreated to Centreville. Our regiment was thirty-one hours on the march

and in the fight; and, during this time (having thrown away my haversack), I had nothing to eat but a single hard-tack that a comrade gave me. Men were shot down all around me; and it was an awful sight to see the dead and wounded. I thank God for my spared life." — *Letter.*

In Gen. McClellan's Peninsular campaign, his regiment was in Gen. Hooker's division. At the severe engagement at Williamsburg, the part it took called forth the strong encomium of "gallant in the extreme" from the adjutant-general, and secured from the State authorities a new regimental color.

In a letter just after this battle, he writes, " You will get the particulars in the papers long before this reaches you: so I need write but little. It was a hard time for us; but we cleaned them out handsomely. We lost severely, but not so many as they. The day was rainy. We lay on our arms, in the wet, for two nights. They tried one of their games upon us without success. When we were hard upon them in the charge, they cried out, 'Don't fire; we are your friends; ' at the same time preparing to fire on us. We gave them a volley, and then rushed on them with bayonets, yelling like bloodhounds. They left like wild-cats."

The part which the Eleventh took in the further progress of the campaign, at Fair-oaks, Malvern-hill, and Savage-station battles, is matter of history; and in all these our soldier bore his part. But he left no written descriptions of these fearful conflicts. He apologizes to his friends for not writing during these conflicts, by saying in a subsequent letter, " You know what we have been doing,— marching, fatigue-duty, picketing, skirmishing, and fighting in regular battles. Besides, we were told, that, until after the expected taking of Richmond, none of our letters would be sent any farther towards home than Washington." Imagination must fill up the details of that terrible campaign.

Scarcely had these war-worn veterans returned to their old camping-grounds around the capital, when the second encounter of the contending hosts at Bull Run called our soldier and his comrades again into battle. Here he received a severe wound that confined him in the hospital for more than six months.

He modestly relates the affair in a letter as follows: "The rebels had two batteries posted in the edge of a wood, and supported by a whole division of infantry. Our officers, not knowing their strength, ordered our brigade to charge, and take the batteries. With fixed bayonets we made the charge; but they opened such a deadly fire upon us, that we could not gain our point. I received a wound in the leg from a canister-shot: it is not very severe, but as bad as I want it."

He was now conveyed to a hospital at Alexandria. All his letters while under surgical care indicate a patient and hopeful spirit. He declined the offer of a discharge; for he wanted "to see the work through." He seemed satisfied that every thing was done for his comfort, as well as for his recovery.

On returning to his regiment on the 17th of March, 1863, he found them "stuck in the mud" at Falmouth, Va. The Army of the Potomac had exchanged commanders once more, and was now under Gen. Hooker. This was a satisfaction to our soldier; and he writes, "I have confidence in Gen. Hooker; for I have fought under him times enough to know his qualities. He never has met the enemy without punishing him more severely than he received."

In the battle of Chancellorsville, the Eleventh Regiment was called to a deadly encounter on the Plank Road early on the first day of the fight. In the four assaults of the enemy at this point, which were repulsed with such gallant success as to win high praise, our soldier faithfully bore his part, as also on the following day.*

* After this battle, he was promoted corporal.

Entering this trial of arms with the confidence inspired by the former successes of his leader ("Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly termed), how great was his disappointment when forced to admit a defeat on retiring again to the old encampment at Falmouth!—so great, indeed, that he forbore all allusion to it in writing to his friends at home.

Nearly two months of inaction succeed the disaster of Chancellorsville; but the indomitable power of the foe again arouses to action. The free soil of the Keystone State is invaded. *Home*, that sacred word, that stirs to its depths the Saxon heart,—home, with its dearest associations, was calling loudly for defence, when Gen. Lee with his lately victorious hosts tramped the fields of freedom.

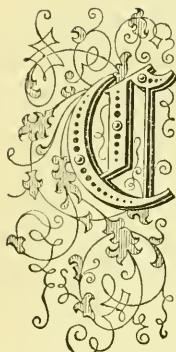
As with a common, burning inspiration, our forces rapidly move and concentrate. With an almost miraculous energy, and under the disadvantage of a change of leader while on the move,* the culminating point is reached by corps after corps to decide by a great battle the nation's destiny.

The ridges that overlook Gettysburg on the north and west were already bristling with rebel bayonets, when on the first day of July, 1863, they were met by the division of the gallant Gen. Reynolds; and the battle-scene was inaugurated with the discouraging event of the death of that officer. The whole of the Eleventh Corps (Gen. Howard's), in which was the Eleventh Regiment, now moved into the fray, which became overpoweringly severe, compelling our men to retreat, and form on Cemetery Hill. In this fight, though the position held by the Eleventh Regiment was very prominent, Mr. Davis escaped unhurt. July 2 found the two grand armies fully confronting each other. Cemetery Hill was held by the soldiers who

* Gen. Meade succeeded Gen. Hooker, June 28, in command of the Army of the Potomac.

fought on the previous day; while the contest was renewed by the newly-arrived troops on lines farther to the west and north. Though subjected to some severe shelling, it was not until near the close of the day that the Eleventh Corps was called to a hot contest by a charge from the rebels under Gen. Ewell. In this charge the color-bearer of the Eleventh Regiment was shot dead, with numbers of his surrounding comrades,— the effects of a murderous volley from the advancing rebels. It was a moment of fearful trial to the soldier's courage, who should rear and defend the fallen standard. Davis was recognized as one of the bravest. Eyes were turned to him in expectancy: for a moment, he hesitated. He hears the taunting word "Coward" uttered. Turning, he replies, "*I'm not a coward!*" He seizes the flag-staff; raises aloft his country's emblem amid a shout of bravos. He falls ere they have ceased, pierced through the lower part of the chest by the fatal bullet. He is conveyed to a place of greater safety, where his life-blood slowly weeps away; and the next morning's sun sees only the pale corse of one whose memory should be cherished for his cheerful devotion to his country's cause, and for his fearless service in the battle-scenes in which he was called to bear a part.

CHARLES FRANKLIN DEAN.



CHARLES FRANKLIN was a son of Colburn and Mary Dean; born at Sudbury, April 3, 1844. He was by trade a machinist.

In stature he was five feet eight inches, of light complexion, with black hair and eyes.

On the first day of August, 1864, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-ninth Company of Heavy Artillery, then recruiting on Galloupe's Island, in Boston harbor. The company was commanded by Capt. Kennedy.

On the 8th of October following, the company embarked on the steamer "Northern Light" as guard over a thousand men, made up of convalescents, substitutes, and recruits. Having landed these men at Washington, D.C., the company proceeded to City Point, in Virginia, and was attached to the third brigade in the second division of the Ninth Army Corps, and immediately assigned to duty.

Mr. Dean was in three several engagements. At a skirmish with Mosby's men near Culpeper, sixty men and one lieutenant were captured. During eleven months' service, the company was stationed, for longer or shorter periods, at City Point, Fort Stevens, Fort Barnard, Fort C. F. Smith, and Culpeper Court House.

Mr. Dean was constantly with his company; and his uninterrupted good health enabled him fully to sustain his part in the duties assigned. After the close of the war, the company returned to camp on Galloupe's Island; and the men were discharged June 29, 1865.

After his return, he married Lucy C. Bradshaw of Wayland, and now resides in Dover, N.H.

THOMAS ALFRED DEAN.



NIMATED by the spirit that swept through the Northern States in opposition to the rebellious spirit of the South, Mr. Dean, with several other young men, came forward as volunteers in the military service on the seventeenth day of September, 1862.

The Cadet Regiment (Forty-fifth Infantry) was then recruiting at Camp Meigs, Readville, near Boston; and, by mutual consent, Company F of this regiment was selected by Mr. Dean and four of his comrades for enrolment.

Mr. Dean speaks of this company as in every respect one of the most desirable; and of its commander, Capt. Daland, as a perfect pattern for an officer; always taking the lead in difficult and dangerous movements, thus inspiring his men with confidence and bravery.

Camp-life in Massachusetts passed without any incident of note. The severe gale experienced while the regiment was embarked in Boston harbor was rather a source of enjoyment than otherwise to Mr. Dean, who, unlike the majority of his comrades, had no part in the "stomach rebellion."

The swamps and sandhills of North Carolina, with its squalid inhabitants residing in rickety old huts, relieved only by here

and there a second or third rate town, so contrasted with the people and their surroundings in New England as to fully satisfy our soldier with his native hills and home.

Of the Goldsborough expedition, under Gen. Foster, Mr. Dean reports it as a hard march, made still harder by coming short of rations during the last half of the route. This, however, was relieved, in part, by the excitements of foraging, which was winked at by the officers as a case of semi-necessity.

The rebel general Evans's forces were first encountered in serious numbers at Kinston,—about thirty-five miles from the camp at Newbern. The Atlantic and North-Carolina Railroad here crosses the River Neuse; to defend the bridge over which, a force of several thousand, with batteries of artillery, were strongly posted. After some three or four hours' firing, the rebels were driven effectually by a charge, in which the Forty-fifth took an important part. During the firing in the first part of the engagement, Company F was well protected, a part of the time, by a church; and, in the rapid rush of the final charge, the rebel shots produced but few casualties to our men.

In their haste to evacuate the premises, the rebels left their dead and wounded on the spot; some of whom were horribly crushed and mangled by the wheels of their own artillery as they were hurriedly dragged in the retreat. Such sights of carnage were terrible to unaccustomed eyes.

A brisk artillery-fight occurred at Whitehall, the contending forces being on opposite sides of the river. It was terrific in its roar of guns, screeching, and crashing of shells, and their often fatal results to our men.

Gen. Foster's command was now pressed on to Goldsborough,—the junction of the two most important railroads in North Carolina, and where a large amount of stores was deposited, which it was one object of the expedition to destroy.

The Forty-fifth was the rear-guard, and did not arrive in season to become actively engaged in the battle at Goldsborough ; nor were they in condition to fight effectively, having expended nearly all their ammunition in the previous engagements.

On its return to Newbern, the regiment occupied its old camp. For about three months, it was detailed for provost-guard duty in the city. The military orders were strictly enforced. No disturbance occurred among the citizens ; and the chief arrests were made among the negroes, who, perhaps from ignorance, were not unfrequently in the wrong place at the wrong time for their personal comfort and quiet.

In April, 1863, Capt. Daland's company, with others, was detailed on an expedition up the railroad to reconnoitre, and feel the position of the enemy. At Dover Crossroads the rebels had erected breastworks, and appeared in considerable force, extending along the railroad. After an exchange of volleys, Company F was ordered to deploy into skirmish-line. There was brisk firing for half an hour or more, when the main body of the rebels was effectually routed by a charge from another company of the Forty-fifth, simultaneously with a charge all along the skirmish-line. One man of Company F was killed.

The return to Massachusetts in the last of June, 1863, was hailed with a hearty welcome by our soldier ; but the welcome that he and his comrades received by the citizens of Boston was not of the warmest kind. Before landing, they lay for a day and a half at anchor in the harbor, entirely without rations ; and the sumptuous entertainment of a barrel of crackers to each company was but a poor token from the people for the nine months of service rendered.

The old camp at Readville was occupied for a few days ; when, on the eighth day of July, the boys were formally released from further service under this enlistment.

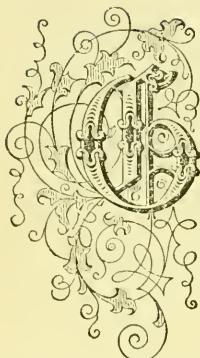
Mr. Dean subsequently enlisted for a hundred days, and was chiefly employed in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va., at Manassas Gap, &c., on guard-duty; during which no encounters with the rebels in force occurred, and nothing otherwise noteworthy transpired.

During the entire period of his first enlistment, Mr. Dean was never off duty for a single day from any cause.

He was five feet seven inches high, light complexion, with sandy hair and hazel eyes. His birth dates at Framingham, Mass., June 17, 1845; his parentage being Henry W. and Clarissa (Hammond) Dean.

At present he resides in Wayland, and is engaged in the manufacture of shoes.

GEORGE TAYLOR DICKEY.



GEORGE TAYLOR DICKEY was a native of Weston, Mass.; the son of Ira S. and Elizabeth T. Dickey; born Nov. 3, 1825; a farmer by occupation. He was married to Rebecca Jane Ingersol of Windham, Me., Jan. 8, 1851, by whom he had three children; the youngest being five years old when her father enlisted in the army (June 29, 1861), in Company F, Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry.

Dec. 11 following, he was taken severely sick with measles (then prevalent in camp), which confined him in hospital-quarters until his death, which occurred March 3, 1862.

Nothing occurred of special note from the time of his enlistment to the event of his sickness. He was with his regiment in its various marches while on patrol-duty in Maryland; and by his fidelity he secured from his comrades the honorable title of "a good soldier."

A few extracts from his letters will show the spirit of the man. When about to march on Harper's Ferry, in expectation of meeting the enemy, he writes to his wife:—

"Keep up good courage; for we are in a good cause . . . I shall try to give a good account of myself while in the army." Again, Sept. 9: "Don't be anxious about me. You know it is every

one's duty to try to put down this Rebellion. If you had seen as much of it as I have already, you would think it a pleasure to be a Union soldier out here."

In common with others in the early part of the war, he thought that one or two fairly-fought battles would decide the whole matter; and he was anxious to enter the active contest, and almost fretfully lamented the seemingly needless delays.

Oct. 4, he writes, "You speak of my getting a discharge: I never thought of it; and, furthermore, I do not wish it."

In his last letter (Feb. 21), he says, "If I live to get home, I shall say more, perhaps, than some people there will be glad to hear; for I have not much respect for *secesh* people at home, and my feelings against them are on the increase."

The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia, produced by exposure in being removed from one hospital to another.

His remains were sent home, and, after impressive funeral-exercises, were borne to their resting-place in Sudbury; the Home Guard doing escort-duty to the body of Wayland's first victim to the war.

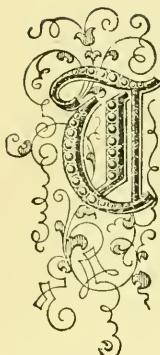
The following obituary, printed in a Maryland newspaper, is not without its value in this place:—

"Mr. Dickey had gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him. As a soldier he had no superior, and few equals; always prompt to fulfil his duties, and ready to obey any summons. He was a sincere friend, a true man, a stanch patriot. We all mourn his loss.

"As a humble representative of the Thirteenth Regiment, I tender the sincere and heartfelt sympathies of its members to the family of the deceased. May he rest in peace!"

"GEORGE L. CROSBY."

CURTIS WARREN DRAPER.



HIS youthful but vigorous and efficient soldier was the second son of Ira B. and Louisa Draper. He was born at Wayland, Sept. 27, 1846, and enlisted as a private in the Thirty-ninth Infantry Regiment, in Company B, Capt. Graham, Aug. 7, 1862; and consequently had not attained the age of sixteen years* when he became a member of the Union army.

Such a case of voluntary service, where none could be demanded by the authority of law, is worthy of special note, and cannot but command admiration.

His complexion was light, with blue eyes and dark hair. He was five feet six inches in height, and a shoemaker by occupation.

The conditions into which this regiment was thrown by the fortunes of war during the former and latter half of its existence were so remarkably different, that the soldier who passed through both, sees now, on reviewing the picture, scarcely any thing occurring from the time it left Massachusetts, Sept. 6, 1862, till it crossed the Rapidan, May 4, 1864, but a succession of holiday reviews and recreations; while, from the latter date to the day

* He was the youngest of the Wayland soldiers.

of disbanding, he beholds the grim and ghastly realities of war depicted in their roughest and deadliest aspect. And though the soldier and his friends know that the former experience was by no means unimportant, nay, that it was indispensably necessary, yet he and they have a right to turn with loftier feelings of satisfaction to those feats of daring bravery that mark every mile from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and that consecrate every hour from the first dread encounter to the surrender of Lee's army.

It is not to be presumed that he whose name is at the head of this sketch, though sharing in the feelings just expressed, did not, with all the ardor of youthful inexperience, derive much pleasure and instruction at each advancing step from the very first. The trip to Washington; the first sight of the capital of his country; the first march into hostile territory as he crossed the dividing river; the territory of Maryland, over which so many marches and counter-marches were performed; the many fords and passes of the Potomac from Washington to Harper's Ferry, where, on guard, patrol, and picket, he has borne his share of duty by night and by day, in sunshine and in storm; the many camping-grounds, with their incidents of gravity and gayety,—these all, with their thousands of connecting links of interesting experiences, must be to him pleasant pictures of memory.

Add to this the longer marches on Virginia soil,—from crossing the Potomac at Berlin in July, 1863, to Mitchell's Station in December; all along under the shadow of Blue-ridge peaks; through rough gorges of picturesque beauty; crossing and re-crossing the famed Rappahannock; treading the historic grounds of our victories and defeats; marking the little hamlets of dilapidated houses dignified by the pompous name of cities; meeting many a smiling “God bless ye, massa!” from the despised and

hopeful Africans, and many a damning curse written on the scowling brows and firm-set lips of the proud Southrons,—ah! how must all this, and much more, ever stand forth under the sunlight of actual experience, in ineffaceable lines of clearness! Nor less so the few months of patrol-duty at the capital (from April 17 to July 9, 1863), where the scene was changed from the rustic to the civic; where the great men of our own and other countries made themselves conspicuous, and wealth, beauty, and power mingled in the panorama of the crowded streets; and where the machinery of government, sometimes in broken tangles, and anon in silvery smoothness, wove the web of our national destiny.

There is, however, one exception to the easy experience of the first twenty months of this regiment,—that of their forced marches, and meeting the enemy (though only with skirmishers) on the 28th of November, 1863, at Mine Run, in Virginia.

After the Gettysburg battle, in July, no general engagement had taken place between Lee's and Meade's forces. By marching and counter-marching, each of these generals had endeavored to checkmate the other; and the time seemed now to have come for another trial of battle.

Gen. Lee had selected a position on the east side of the stream, and had there fortified himself for an emergency. Meade had ordered a general concentration of his forces.

On the 26th of November, while engaged in feasting on a Thanksgiving-dinner sent from home (the sumptuousness of which may be inferred from the fact that our soldier-boy received as his part one leg of a turkey of small dimensions, and one and one-fifth part of an apple), the regiment was ordered to move with three days' rations. With a naturally good appetite, sharpened by disappointment in the feast, and made still keener by the bracing wintry air, our soldier had nearly consumed the

three-days' allotment in one, and, ere the short campaign had closed, found himself eager, with some others, to secure the waste kernels of the mules' crib to satisfy his hunger. He reports that five or even ten dollars would have been thankfully given in exchange for a single hard-tack.

But to return from this incidental digression. They started at eight o'clock, A.M.; crossed the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and bivouacked for the night; moved at half-past six the next morning, and continued their march till midnight, which brought them to the close vicinity of the enemy; moved into line of battle next morning; lay in position all day, forming the right of the front line, made up of the First Corps. The enemy's works had an ugly look; and the distance of nearly half a mile of exposed ground was to be passed in making the assault. Eight o'clock on the morning of the 30th was designated as the hour; but, ere that trying time came, Gen. Meade had concluded that another Fredericksburg day of human slaughter could not be risked. The order was countermanded; and the Union forces very quietly retired. In maintaining the skirmish-line, one man of the regiment was shot through the leg; it being the first blood that had been drawn from the regiment by a rebel missile.

During the winter of 1863-4, the regiment established its quarters at Mitchell's Station,—a point on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad about sixty miles from Washington. This was the extreme front of our army, and of course gave to guard and picket duty a proportionate degree of hardship and danger. But with snug-built quarters, and railroad facilities for supplies, the boys managed to pass a tolerably comfortable winter.

Late in April, 1864, the regiment moved from quarters, and occupied tents preparatory to the grand campaign for Richmond, now about to open, with its fierce conflicts, its hard

marches, and its sure victories, under the personal supervision of Gen. Grant.

The 4th of May saw the great army in motion. Early in the morning, the Thirty-ninth crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford, and pressed on into the Wilderness,* where they passed the night in bivouac, in close proximity to the rebel forces.

The line of battle was formed the next afternoon; and, after some skirmishing, an unsuccessful charge was made on the enemy. The loss in the regiment was slight; and the men lay on their arms that night.

They were relieved for a short time on the 6th, and moved to the rear, where they were soon disturbed by a rebel battery.

The following day, breastworks were thrown up; and the next movement was to Laurel Hill.

Early on the 8th, the cavalry of the two armies met at that place; and the Thirty-ninth, with other troops, was ordered into line of supports. A brilliant charge drove the cavalry and batteries of the rebels back to their infantry-lines. The fighting was hard for a time, with severe loss; and our forces were compelled to retreat in disorder.

On the 10th, the regiment was again confronting the rebel lines under heavy fire for several hours from the enemy's artillery. Capt. Graham was wounded among many others. It was a terribly hard position: ten or twelve of Company B were killed. This action continued from ten, A.M., till five, P.M., when five lines of battle were formed, the Thirty-ninth occupying the front, and the charge was ordered. A rush was made to within three or four rods of the rebel works; but their fire of batteries and infantry was overpowering, and our troops fell back, with great loss, to their breastworks. The rebel artillery kept up their

* "The Wilderness" was the name of a post-office in that vicinity.

shelling all night. The following day, on moving to the left, the enemy was encountered; and, after a brisk fight, between two and three hundred prisoners were secured.

On the following night, which was dark in the extreme, a movement was made in silence to Spottsylvania. During the five days that the regiment remained in the vicinity, it occupied different positions, and, though often shelled by the rebel guns, had no actual engagement.

Another movement was made on the 21st; and, after two days, the North Anna River (a branch of the Pamunkey) was reached and crossed. Here a heavy charge was made by the rebel forces, who were met with such a determined resistance by our troops, that they retreated in disorder. Our soldier says, "It was the sharpest fight, for a short one, that I ever experienced." Breastworks were built; and though the firing was kept up constantly, and at short range, the regiment lost but few men.

During the night of the 26th a flank movement was made, and the enemy's front was encountered at Bethesda Church. The Thirty-ninth was ordered to the skirmish-line; and this position was held for several days, with frequent lively times and much exposure. Here Mr. Draper had several very narrow escapes from capture.

After a series of marches, skirmishes, and breastwork operations, the 12th of June found our forces crossing the Chickahominy River; and the enemy were again met at White-oak Swamp. There was lively skirmishing; but a general battle was avoided.

Four days after, the James River was crossed in boats; and, by marching all night, the regiment arrived before Petersburg, taking position in a ravine exposed somewhat to rebel shots.

The next day a successful charge was made, and the rebels were driven from their first line of works across the Norfolk Railroad. The position now taken by the Thirty-ninth was of

great peril; and the men were obliged to lie under cover during the day, and strengthen their works by night.

Building forts, and picket-duty, amid the constant exposures to rebel bullets and shells, under a scorching sun and in an arid atmosphere, made the lot of the soldier one of very severe hardship; and this was continued until the Weldon-railroad battle occurred, in which the regiment took a prominent part.

"About noon on the 18th of August," says Mr. Draper, "a line was ordered for an advance on the rebel works; but they did not wait for us. Before we were fairly in line, they advanced with crushing force. The firing was terrific for a short time, and the men of the Thirty-ninth were in a most exposed situation; but they held their ground until a portion of the rebel force had gained a position in their rear, and were taking our men by scores on the left as prisoners. Our batteries too, seeing these rebels in our rear, played their fire upon them, and, in doing this, subjected us to peril. Under these circumstances, the right of our line made a desperate cut for retreat. A few moments after, the Thirty-ninth made a furious charge on some rebel detachments as they were taking our men off in triumph, and successfully effected their release. The ground gained was held during the night; but, under a heavy shelling, the next day it was abandoned, and the Thirty-ninth passed to the rear."

At the close of September, the regiment was under orders for a reconnoissance, and was put on to the skirmish-line. Lively firing was kept up for a while, when the line was abandoned.

Nothing very important occurred during the months of October and November in which the Thirty-ninth took a part. Garrisoning forts, with an occasional reconnoissance, made up the general programme, with a daily amount of artillery and infantry firing, that, in ordinary times, would be called alarming.

Early in December, the regiment marched out on the Jerusa-

lem Plank Road, about eighteen miles, reaching a point on the Weldon Railroad known as Jarrett's Station, where a night was spent in tearing up the rails, and burning the sleepers. On returning, they formed the rear-guard, and were much molested by the rebel cavalry, who followed closely, and picked up several of our men as prisoners.

Winter-quarters were now constructed on the Plank Road; and but little beyond the usual routine was effected until the first week in February, when an expedition was formed to dislodge the rebels at Hatcher's Run,—about fifteen miles distant from camp. The regiment held the right on the first line of battle. The first charge was unsuccessful; but, at the next trial, the rebels were forced to yield, after obstinate fighting. The next day, battle was renewed. The regiment was now detailed as skirmishers, and drove the rebels from their lines of rifle-pits. An advance of the whole line resulted in a signal defeat. But Gen. Warren resolved to recover the lost ground. He massed his troops the next morning, during one of the coldest of rain-storms, so benumbing that the men could not feel the caps in their pouches. "Our line had not advanced four paces when the firing from the rebel works began in earnest. Our men went in on short rations, which, with the severe cold rain, made their sufferings intense. After a contest nearly all day, the rebels were driven back. A lieutenant-colonel from the rebel lines came into ours near the close of the day, saying he was disgusted with the conduct of his men."

The close of the winter was varied by two or three grand reviews; President Lincoln being one of the most conspicuous visitors.

The regiment began the spring campaigns by a movement towards the Boynton Plank Road, where it met the enemy in force, and, after a sharp contest, compelled him to retire. Mov-

ing to the left, near Gravel Run, an overpowering force was encountered. The skirmish-line (Thirty-ninth) tried hard to maintain its ground, but had to retire with severe loss. In the afternoon, being re-enforced, an attack was made upon the rebel lines, and the lost ground recovered. The fighting was most obstinate, however, on both sides. Our soldier thinks it the severest trial to his courage of any in the war. The ground over which the regiment charged was open before the enemy: the advance was made by first discharging a volley, then rushing with all speed through the smoke for a distance, then lying down to load, then repeating the firing, &c., until the rebels were routed.

The most brilliant achievement of the regiment was in connection with Gen. Sheridan's cavalry, at a place called the Five Forks. Leaving camp early on the morning of the first day of April, it arrived on the battle-ground at noon, and was placed in the centre of the line, flanked by cavalry. The assault was a most energetic one, and so well carried out, that nearly five miles of the enemy's line fell into our possession, and a large part of the rebel force was captured.

Being now under Gen. Sheridan, active movements became the order of the day. The success at Five Forks had left the way open to the north and west of Petersburg and Richmond; and Gen. Sheridan was quick to improve the advantage. A week of very rapid marches, in which there were several smart skirmishes, brought the Thirty-ninth, with other forces, near Appomattox Court House on the 9th of April, before Gen. Lee's main army. That army, which had so long kept Gen. Grant's forces at bay before Petersburg, was now in his power so completely, that any more fighting was useless. The grateful news soon spread that the whole army had surrendered. Great was the rejoicing; though many of the men were nearly exhausted, ragged, and barefooted.

On the first day of May, the regiment began its march for Washington; during the last day of which one of the most terrific thunder-showers occurred, drenching the men to the skin. Many of the boys took such colds by reason of this exposure, that they remained long on the sick-list at Washington, instead of returning with their comrades to their homes.

The arrival at the barracks in Readville was on the 6th of June, 1865, after nearly three years of service.

Thus closes the sketch of a youthful soldier, who can say, what can be said of not one in a thousand, "I was never off from duty a single day." He was in every skirmish and battle in which his regiment participated, twenty-nine of which could be called regular engagements; and, though fearfully exposed in many of these battles, he was never struck but once by a rebel missile, and then the bullet was so far spent in its force as not to injure him essentially.

It is worthy of remark, that, of those who constituted the company of which he was a member at the time of its departure for the war, only *five* remained to return to camp at Readville at its close.

FRANK WINTHROP DRAPER.



HE following narrative was put into our hands by Mr. Draper, our associate on the Committee, with the request that we revise it with large omissions, so as to bring it within narrower compass. Mr. Draper declined this responsibility on account of the family connection. Appreciating his motives, we have taken the entire responsibility in regard to Capt. Draper's narrative. But, on careful examination, we have deemed it unwise to cut it down, or materially to alter it. It is a connected narrative of marked interest, giving an inside view of army-operations, and showing the very spirit of the war, such as we have rarely met with. We therefore give it nearly entire, believing thereby that it will enrich the volume, and add greatly to its value; whereas to compress it, or make only selections from it, would break up the connection, or reduce it to such details as would destroy its life, or impair its interest.

EDMUND H. SEARS.
LAFAYETTE DUDLEY.

Possessing advantages for observation and for writing, while in the army, which were enjoyed by but few, if any, of his comrades from Wayland, this soldier improved his first opportuni-

ties, after the close of hostilities, in preparing a connected narration of his experiences during the war.*

From this narrative copious extracts have been made in the following pages, under the belief that it will afford a better view of many of the aspects of army-life than would otherwise be obtained.

It is only to be regretted that all the soldiers were not prompted to prepare similar narratives of their eventful lives. Such papers would descend to their posterity as heirlooms of no common value.

The body of the following narrative will be made up entirely of the extracts above referred to, reserving selections from letters, and other matter, to be introduced as notes.

“ The war had been waged more than a year,—a war whose like history had not recorded. On the one side, fanaticism, ambition, slavery, brought all their appliances to bear to subvert a just and good government: on the other, that government, supported by brave and true men, animated by a sublime conviction of the righteousness of their cause, was doing its utmost to overthrow the rebellious power.

“ It was not unnatural that a young man educated with the idea that patriotism was a virtue of no secondary consideration, and daily receiving lessons in science and morality which must inevitably prepare his mind more truly to appreciate the great principles at stake, should feel a desire to be ‘at the front.’ †

* His correspondence while in the army, covering twelve hundred and ninety-six pages, closely written, carefully describing the current events, and illustrated by topographical sketches and maps, together with a journal which he kept, enabled him to complete his work with unusual accuracy of detail.

† The following extract from a letter written to his father at this time will illustrate the state of his feelings: “ My desire is the result of no transitory excitement. I am led on by conviction of duty, firm and unselfish. I see how you all feel about it. I know that mother is overwhelmed at the thought of my going into this ‘horrid war.’ But how many mothers have sent

"My earliest enthusiasm, however, was dampened by affectionate protestations from home. Maternal objections mingling with paternal arguments that the struggle would be short, and that it were far better that with my feeble constitution I should finish my college-course than endanger my young life by exposures and privations in the army, induced an unwilling compliance.

"The last year of college-life passed wearily. During that time, the Rebellion seemed to have gathered strength; and the war, instead of passing away like a shadow from the land, as many anticipated, appeared still to be waged with uncommon perseverance. The disastrous campaign of Gen. McClellan on the Peninsula and before Richmond left our splendid army completely dispirited, and wofully depleted; while the victories of our arms at the West had been achieved only at great cost. In the Valley of the Shenandoah, Gen. Banks had been forced to retreat before that intrepid rebel officer, Stonewall Jackson; and, in that retreat, many at the North, particularly in New England, saw and felt the danger of their capital.

"Under the spur of this hour of anxiety, which I keenly felt, on the twenty-eighth day of May I wrote my autograph in the roll of those who had determined to be soldiers for ninety days, under command of Col. W. W. Brown of the Providence Light Infantry. But our anticipations of military renown in this our first campaign were brought to an untimely end, and with no greater loss on my part than that of two days' recitations; for, before we were fairly equipped for service, we received orders that the capital was safe, and that our special services were not needed.

forth their sons with like feelings! There are duties which we owe to our country that transcend those of home. I do not argue the existence of such: *I know it; I feel it.*

"And as for college-preferment, I am willing to forego my brightest anticipations in this direction, and give myself wholly to my country; yes, my life, if need be."

"The close of my studies at Brown University early in July, 1862, seemed to be an occasion when no objection existed to the carrying-out of my cherished wish: and, on returning home, I at once clearly and pointedly demonstrated my ideas and convictions that happiness and contentment at home were out of the question so long as a rebel remained in arms; that the highest sentiments of patriotism should induce every young man situated as I was to be at the front; that my convictions of duty were to me sufficient to overcome all objections, especially as those convictions (so I believed) were the result of no transient enthusiasm, but a feeling, which, if I became a soldier, would support me through any and all trials and privations. And I have since realized how true were my ideas at that time; and that a soldier, feeling that he is doing his duty, however hard, and who always strives to find 'the silver lining' to every cloud, will be contented.

"Meantime the war-fever ran high, and amounted almost to an epidemic, throughout the country. Young men were everywhere volunteering, and old men were cheering them on. The enthusiasm was almost indescribable. War-meetings were held everywhere, and towns vied with each other in filling their quotas. Bounties were offered, and a system thus inaugurated which afterwards produced many evils.

"The quota of Wayland for the President's call for three hundred thousand men for three years' service, made in July, 1862, was nineteen. Nineteen of the young men of the town were to step forward, and *be men*, or their native place was to be dishonored by an enforced conscription. The question needed no discussion. Charles H. Campbell, with a heart brimful of patriotism, exhibited a manhood worthy of emulation. Love of country, and the principles which cluster around our republicanism, overcame his love for aught else; and, abandoning his dearest interests at home, he challenged the young men to follow

him; and half a score presented themselves at once amid the cheers of the citizens there assembled.

“ The evening of the 3d of August, 1862, witnessed the act I shall ever regard as the most honorable of my life. I shall never forget the time. It was the twilight of a beautiful sabbath day. Calmness and sweet peace reigned in Nature. With every thing beautiful around, and with a contented spirit within, I, on that sabbath evening, enrolled myself among the patriotic volunteers of Wayland. Around that little act cluster memories and associations it is pleasant to recall. I am proud now of the deed as I was then. I felt that my claims to a true manhood had been asserted.

“ What events and adventures have followed that little but important act, how fully the task assigned has been performed, and how completely the spirit then controlling has since sustained me, the following pages will show.

“ An attempt was made during the week following enlistment to obtain the situation of hospital-steward. Want of success, however, induced me to forego all similar plans for preferment, and, in company with several of the Wayland boys, to join as a private the company of which Mr. John W. Hudson (my former school-teacher) was second lieutenant, and which was to be attached to the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, then forming at Camp Stanton, in Lynnfield.

“ Life in camp was at first sufficiently novel and busy to prevent it from being monotonous. There was squad-drill and company-drill, in which Capt. Dolan, in a squeaking voice, betrayed his ignorance of Casey’s tactics. There was guard-duty and fatigue-duty, and many other *et ceteras*, that seemed to the incipient soldier of much importance. Then the frequent visits of friends, who came well laden with good things, gave us scarcely time to think of our three-years’ separation from home. The

call from a party of young ladies from our native town, with their kindly tokens, was long remembered.

“ On Saturday, the 16th of August, the members of Company D were permitted to go home for the last time before leaving the State. That last sabbath at home left long-cherished impressions; and the spirit of the sermon preached by Rev. Charles Sewall, inculcating a childish trust in the overruling Providence ‘ who doeth all things well,’ has often sustained my faltering steps in the midst of uncommon trials and difficulties.

“ It was hard to say good-by; harder for my kindred and friends to see me depart, than for me, sustained as I was by a sense of duty, to leave the scenes of home. My father and mother, with words of cheer, bade me go forth; and not me only, for with me went my eldest brother James: and though the parting was thus doubly trying, yet there were no regrets at our course sufficiently strong to stand as hinderances. Our grandfather too, who years before bade a similar adieu to his friends, and went soldiering in defence of the same principles, bade us God speed, with assurances that it would ‘ all come out right;’ and grandmother, dear, tender-hearted grandmother, bestowed on us her tearful benediction. So cheered and sustained, we went from the loved scenes of home.

“ Expatriation on the duties and responsibilities of a private soldier is, I imagine, unnecessary here. From experience I soon learned, that, generally speaking, a private in the ranks is the most irresponsible creature in existence. His whole duty consists in implicit obedience; and this obedience constitutes discipline. If Capt. Dolan says, ‘ Every tent must have twenty-six men in it,’ it is useless, nay criminal, to point out in the most gentlemanly language the inconveniece of making a pig-pen of our cotton-house, or of making pigs of ourselves, who but yesterday were sovereign citizens, endowed with certain inalienable

rights. If Orderly-Sergeant —— says, 'Draper, you are detailed for guard,' Draper need not protest; for he will go on guard, *nolens volens*. Even now, the remembrance of those days of 'breaking in' awakens a sort of rebellious spirit against a discipline that takes from man his highest prerogative.

"I remember my first experience on duty as guard; and it is interesting to me now to recall the sensations of responsibility I felt. How proudly then I walked my beat! how, with all the dignity and stiffness of an 'Old Guard' of France, did I render the military salute to officers! And then, at night, how wearily the two hours passed! And once, when the temptations of 'tired Nature's sweet restorer' became irresistible, I now confess to a little arrangement made with my neighbor-guard (Ed. Carter) to wake me if necessary, and, after a nap, I would break the rigid law with him in like manner.

"On the morning of Friday, Aug. 22, was presented a spectacle of a lively character in our camp. We were packing up; and all the skill of a veteran soldier was necessary to stow away in the limited space of our knapsacks all the little tokens of fond affection, and the various articles which had been supplied to aid in smoothing the rough way we anticipated, and which were ultimately thrown away as useless incumbrances. Indescribable patterns of housewifery, patent water-filters, boxes and phials of medicines, writing-apparatus, books and pictures, besides shirts and socks, coats and pants, and other *impedimenta* too numerous to mention,—all were crammed unmercifully into the apartments, until the knapsack looked like the fabled frog that tried to be as big as an ox.

"The morning was dark and damp. Two or three hours of waiting, with our ponderous knapsacks on our backs,—looking like the picture of the world on the shoulders of old Atlas,—at length culminated in our departure for Boston in the midst of a drenching shower.

" Haymarket Square was crowded. Crowds I had seen before; but there was a strangeness in this that was almost overpowering. The cheers, the shouts of recognition, the 'Good-bys' and 'God bless yous,' mingling with officers' commands and martial music, made a Babel of influences not before experienced.

" At the word of Col. Wild, forward we marched in the hot, muggy air, with the weight of rifle and other equipments, and that cruel burden on our backs; forward through State Street, with ears and eyes filled to surfeit with sights and sounds of commendation (yet not so full that I failed to observe a dear sister on a balcony, and to wave a farewell salute); forward to the State House, where a tiresome half-hour must be endured for the official ceremonies.

" It was no wonder that Corporal Marchant, a great overgrown man, should faint under all the pressure. He was a sensible man in becoming insensible and getting a ride. I would have fainted if I could.

" Forward again! Somebody caught my hand: it was my brother C—. Some one else saluted me,—my good friend T. W. B—. They both accompanied me to the Old-Colony Dépôt; and so I said good-by to all I knew, and rolled away from Boston.

" I record this march (the most fatiguing to my unaccustomed muscles of any in my recollection) in order to enter a protest against the habit which colonels on horseback have of showing their commands to city crowds,—a practice that so much resembles the first *entrée* of a circus into a town.

" Fall River was reached late at night; and we took passage in 'The Bay State' (steamer) for Jersey City, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, A.M., the next day, after a beautiful passage through the Sound.

"At Philadelphia we were stopped for the first time to receive the hospitality of citizens, whose generous sympathy was shown in actions more than in words during the war. A little incident occurred here illustrating Col. Wild's temperance proclivities. A dram-shop had bountifully supplied our men with bad whiskey. Company K was ordered to summarily abate the nuisance. The mayor, on protesting against such proceedings, received reply from the colonel, 'I and my command are under orders to proceed without delay to Washington; and, if you attempt to hinder my so doing, I shall be obliged to take you along with me.'

"We marched quietly through the streets of Baltimore at an early hour on Sunday morning, with but few to greet us in that semi-rebel city.

"At eleven, A.M., while riding on the roof of a cattle-car, I saw for the first time the white dome of our national Capitol, its marble roof glistening in the hot sun, and its magnificent proportions standing out in bold relief. It was gratifying to feel that it was still safe and unmolested; and there was a sort of pride that we were among the armed defenders of our nation's sanctuary.

"Rather meagre fare was served to us at Washington in the 'Soldier's Retreat,' as it was called. Think of it!—the national capital feeding its inexperienced soldiers on milkless and sugarless coffee, stale bread, and on meat that was evidently 'touched'! The valiant representatives of the aristocratic State of Massachusetts *grumbled*!—that accomplishment being the sole *perfect* attainment, which, as soldiers, they had then acquired.

"A tiresome delay was partly improved by a few of us in obtaining a few cursory views in the great city. We went to the Capitol, and gazed with becoming awe at the huge proportions of that edifice. Peering with Yankee curiosity through the lower

windows at the mosaic floors and frescoed walls of the interior led some one to remark that 'Uncle Sam must be pretty well off.'

"The march through Washington and Georgetown, and beyond to our camp on Arlington Heights, is not without note-worthiness. The novelty of the imposing parade up the avenue, during which we were repeatedly cautioned by Capt. Dolan to keep our head 'square to the front,' soon wore off after we left the city and commenced our toilsome trudge over the dusty road. The repeated assurance of our officers that 'it is only a little way' soon lost its charm as an encouragement; and most of the boys came to the conclusion that soldiering was no fun. I endured the march in Boston partly because I was near home, and pride held sway; but here in the Wilderness, hundreds of miles away, and after the severe jolting of a forty-eight hours' ride, the distance seemed inexplicably long, and our destination a 'will-o'-the-wisp.'* I have since found, that, however convenient patriotism is to talk about and grow eloquent upon, soldiers in general do not regard it as a panacea against fatigue.

"After much straggling and some emphatic expressions usually considered more expressive than elegant, we lay our dusty, worn-out bodies to rest in a field on the heights somewhere in Virginia. The omission of roll-call that night saved many brave soldiers of the gallant Thirty-fifth from an exhibition of their delinquencies.

"Much to our comfort, we soon exchanged our first dusty camp-ground for one more eligible and nearer the city. From this latter position I have often looked with admiring gaze at the city opposite, with its noble buildings, and the tawny Potomac between.

* In a letter he says, "I make no boast of my exploit; but, after the experience of the last six days, I entertain no doubt of my ability to stand the service hereafter."

"Not the least fortunate incident in my career was my initiation as a 'bummer.'

"On the 27th of August, I exchanged my occupation as a soldier in the ranks for the more congenial and less irksome position of a hospital-attendant. Thus early did my resolution to 'do and die' seem to become exhausted; while I, in turn, determined to 'do' and keep others from 'dying.'

"Dr. Lincoln, who stood at the head of affairs medical and surgical, was the most supercilious, cold-hearted, ungenerous kind of a man I have ever met.* Drs. Clark and Munsell, his subordinates, will be always remembered in a different light. As to the others with whom I was associated in the relation of 'bummers,' I have not much to say. They were good fellows in their way, and we generally got on quite well.

"Those latter days of August were eventful to the nation. The hostile demonstrations of Gen. Lee bade fair to be seriously disastrous. The sounds of artillery and musketry, as they rolled across the heights from the battle-fields of the second Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, and Chantilly, had a peculiar meaning to us raw recruits; and, like others of similar experience, we longed for the time to come, when, by being sufficiently drilled, we, too, could 'meet and strike the foe.'

"One day a division of Gen. McClellan's army passed our camp, marching rapidly toward the front. It was hard to realize that we 'bandbox soldiers' could ever become like those veterans,—dirty, ragged, and rough; 'but they would fight.'

"At sunset, Sept. 6, the Thirty-fifth left camp, and moved toward Washington. Col. Wild was ambitious. He had elicited an order from the adjutant-general for his command to join the corps of Burnside at Leesborough, Md., for active duty. Two

* After an inefficient management of affairs until February, 1863, Dr. Lincoln resigned, much to the relief of all parties concerned.

battalion-drills, and a very limited amount of drilling by company, had but ill fitted them for the work of old soldiers. But they went; and they

‘Fought like brave men, long and well.’

I was ordered to remain behind until the sick could be disposed of, and then, with others, to move on and join the regiment. Every one knew that business of a serious nature was close at hand; for Lee had outwitted the loyal army south of the Potomac, and was advancing rapidly towards that river, with the intention of crossing it. Our armies were concentrating in Maryland.

“The time passed wearily until we were ordered to move for the regiment on Tuesday, Sept. 16. I had been severely sick for two days; and it was somewhat difficult to get limbered up for the march. Indeed, after a mile or two of travel, I was completely exhausted; and had it not been for a poor dilapidated Rosinante which one Fisher had confiscated for baggage-purposes, and which he kindly loaned me, I fear that I should have fallen by the wayside, and have been food for the fowls of the air. As it was, I made a triumphal entry into Washington, mounted upon a war-steed whose every step was painful to me, and probably not less so to him.

“The picturesque appearance of a dilapidated soldier on a dilapidated horse elicited hearty applause from the small boys; but the soldier, at least, was not abashed.

“The march through Maryland was delightful. The weather was fine, the roads good, and the scenery attractive. Besides, we continually received the hospitality of loyal citizens, who were lavish of the good things which their fine farms produced.

“I cannot forbear to mention the landscape-view from the summit of one of the Blue-ridge peaks. The ascent had been toil-

some in the extreme ; and we were wearily dragging our tired bodies up the stony road, when, unexpectedly, we came to a point from which was presented a scene of exceeding beauty. The sun was just setting behind the blue range of the South-mountain ridge ; and between lay a beautiful valley, through which meandered the Monocacy, with highly-cultivated farms on either side. In the distance lay the city of Frederick, with its roofs and spires glistening in the evening sun. The whole scene was highly picturesque, and left an impression not soon to be effaced.

“ At Monocacy Junction — a point better known as the scene of a decisive battle in 1864 between the forces of Gen. L. Wallace and Gen. Ewell, in which the former was defeated — our party first heard reliable tidings of the battles at South Mountain and Antietam, in which our friends had been engaged. Corporal Stone of the Thirty-fifth, seriously wounded in the arm, we met on his way to Washington. He told us of the hard fighting and frightful carnage. Oh, how we tried to get from his imperfect account tidings even the most indefinite of the fate of our friends ! No one can know the torture which we all suffered from this man’s account, as we stood in silence, eagerly catching every word that came from his lips as he spoke of the casualties, — how Col. Wild had lost an arm ; how Col. Carruth was severely wounded in the neck ; how Capt. Niles was killed, and Capt. King was believed to be mortally wounded ; and how not an officer in the whole regiment escaped either wounds or death.*

“ We pressed on eagerly. At Frederick all the churches were used as hospitals, and were filled. At Middleton and Boonsborough we saw nothing but wounded soldiers. At the latter place,

* The day after the battle at South Mountain, it is true, that, at roll-call, no officer appeared. All were either killed, wounded, or absent on leave.

a party of rebel soldiers expressed themselves as heartily tired of the war. At the former, I saw several members of Company D, and from them learned positively that all our friends were alive. Who can tell the relief at these tidings? We shortly after joined our comrades on the Antietam, and, in mutual congratulations, felt a joy inexpressible. They hardly seemed like the same men who left camp at Arlington Heights: their battle-soiled uniforms gave them the appearance of veterans. They were proud, and justly proud, of their late deeds; for they had fought manfully, and in that first battle-trial the Thirty-fifth won a name which it has never since defamed.

"On the morning of Oct. 2, our corps was reviewed by Gens. McClellan and Burnside, with President Lincoln. It was a galaday; and the exhibition surpassed any thing I had seen at that time.*

"Our camp at Antietam was uncomfortable. We had no tents; and, in shelters made of rails covered with dirt, life was picturesque. The change to Pleasant Valley was agreeable, and our experience there happy till late in the season, when the cold

* A letter written at this time thus describes the three principal men attending on that occasion:—

"The President rode a coal-black horse. He wore a black suit; and, as he passed with uncovered head, it could be seen that the anxiety and toil of a year the most eventful in our history had left their mark upon 'Honest Abe's' face. He seemed gratified with the spectacle before him.

"In the appearance of McClellan I was disappointed. I expected to find a large, dark-eyed, keen-looking man; but I saw riding just behind the President a young man whose three stars denoted a full major-general, with auburn hair, light mustache and imperial, and an eye neither flashing nor piercing, that seemed gazing only along the ranks to see if all was in good order. He rode a bay horse, and was in full military uniform.

"Burnside was mounted on a nervous, bob-tailed cob, riding alongside the President, with whom he kept up a continual conversation. His easy, rather careless air; his dark, deep-set eye; and even his dress,—of blouse, and felt hat with brim turned down,—indeed, his whole appearance,—showed me a true, earnest military character.

"I wish you could have seen that sight. Ten thousand men drawn up in line, the brilliant array of officers, the inspiring music, the salutes of artillery,—all combined to produce an effect long to be remembered."

north winds whistled down the slopes of the mountains, much to the discomfort of us dwellers in tents.

"The delay in the valley was inexplicable; and there were many who longed for activity. Rumors were abundant, and served to keep the camp in a fever of excitement. So far as the writer knows, no adequate excuse for the delay has been invented to this day, even by the best friends of McClellan.*

"At length, on the 28th of October, when the wintry storms were setting in, we began the march to Fredericksburg. Hard marching over, or rather through, a muddy road, and the changeable weather, with insufficient clothing, induced an illness, soon after starting, that threatened serious consequences: but care and good treatment overcame it; and I went 'marching on.'

"The next day we were overtaken by a snow-storm; and at night it became a fearful hurricane, with sleet, snow, and hail. We lay down that night in a miserable plight on the cold ground, thinking of feather-beds and coal-fires.

"At Jefferson we had considerable foraging, some sport, and a narrow escape; the rebels surrounding our camp-ground before the fires were burned down. A rapid march before daylight to Sulphur Springs saved our brigade.

"Here we received a brisk shelling from a rebel battery that suddenly appeared posted on a knoll within good range. No damage was done, however; and the battery was soon forced to retire.

"On leaving the place, the rebels attempted to surprise and capture the wagon-train by a sharp artillery-fire of three hours. The Thirty-fifth was ordered to the most important post; but no infantry engagement took place. Benjamin's Battery opened

"'This does not look like a vigorous prosecution of the war.' 'I cannot help being impatient when I look upon the army covering this valley, and lying idle.' 'I should say to our leader, Work faster, young Napoleon, or your laurels will fade in the bud.'"—*Army Letter*, Oct. 18.

upon the rebels with silencing effect.* After this *sorite*, the Thirty-fifth was posted for one night at Lawson's Ford, an out-of-the-way, desolate spot on the Rappahannock, with rebel forces occupying the opposite side.

"Supplies were now had in abundance by way of Alexandria. At this point, orders were received incident to the transfer of the command of the Army of the Potomac from McClellan to Burnside, the immediate effect of which was a move forward.

"On Friday, Nov. 21, we arrived before Fredericksburg in the midst of a rain-storm; marching through Falmouth, a dilapidated town, to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' From the heights north of the river, a fine view of the town of Fredericksburg was presented; and it was apparent that no rebel forces were there on our arrival. Why the opportunity was not at once seized, and a force lodged there strong enough to defeat the ill-prepared rebel army, is a mystery. There were no pontoons, to be sure; but the exploits of Gen. Sherman since, while marching through Georgia and Carolina, have shown that rivers may be crossed without boats.

"The army went into camp on the hills of Falmouth, built redoubts on the bluffs, and awaited the arrival of pontoons and orders. Supplies *via* Aquia Creek were abundant, and *rumors*, *also*, from every quarter; not the least ridiculous one being, that the present inactivity of the army arose from the fact that Gen. Burnside had opened negotiations with the rebel general (Lee) to quietly close the war.

"But this inactivity was destined soon to be broken. The papers of the North demanded, 'Why?' and the army that daily saw the gathering strength of their enemies across the river,

* He writes, "We lost four army-wagons. One lieutenant was mortally wounded; and there were some smaller casualties. It was a remarkable escape; for the rebel firing was rapid and good. The shells flew around in dangerous style."

and their batteries and breastworks multiply on the heights beyond, asked with fearful anxiety, 'Why ?'

" The battle of Fredericksburg will ever constitute a chapter of interest in the history of the war. Perhaps no event has been the source of such varied discussion and partisan sympathy. Obloquy is heaped on Burnside by his opponents; while his friends will ever look upon the disastrous defeat we suffered then as the effect of jealousy, and want of sympathy.*

" The scheme of Gen. Burnside for defeating Lee's army, and opening the way to Richmond, was good,—to feign at the most difficult point on the right with the divisions of Hooker and Sumner; while Franklin's division on the left was to engage the enemy there, and turn his right wing. The latter general failed to follow up the advantages early gained in the action; and so that which should have been a splendid victory was made a 'slaughter-pen' and a severe repulse.

" To return to our regimental movements. On the 4th of December, we were ordered to a post on the extreme left. The movement occurred during a furious storm of snow and rain. The men were destitute of proper clothing, particularly shoes. There was much suffering. It was a sort of Valley-Forge experience of our barefooted soldiers.

" Dec. 11 occurred the bombardment of the city. The regiment was ordered out of camp very early in the morning. Through the chilly fog of that early hour came the reverberating thunder of a signal-gun on the left, answered at once by one on the extreme right; then all at once, as if touched by magic power, came the thunder of those hundreds of cannon.

* " President Lincoln was the only true friend of Burnside among the officials at Washington; and though the general's plan was approved by his three lieutenants, yet, their good will towards their commander being absent, an undoubted effect was thereby produced unfavorable to its success.

" The manly uprightness and honest loyalty of Gen. Burnside is clearly seen in his despatch sent to Washington immediately after the battle." — *Letter.*

"All day, in rear of these batteries, stood the massed columns of our army, anxiously awaiting the word 'Forward!'

The stubborn resistance of the rebel sharpshooters on the opposite banks prevented the laying of the pontoon-boats, which our artillery-fire was intended to cover. Darkness, however, aided what bravery failed to accomplish; and, before the following morning, three bridges had been laid, and a large portion of our army had crossed the river. Gen. Ferrero's brigade entered the city about nine, A.M. While our division of the troops was descending the hill near the Lacey House, they were greeted by rebel compliments in the shape of a dozen or more shells, several of which struck and exploded in the column, changing its course perceptibly.

The town was looking badly after its severe pounding of the day previous. Ventilating apertures were numerous in the edifices, both public and private. The legitimate owners of the latter had fled; and they were occupied by the invading Yankees, who took unceremonious possession, and appropriated to their own benefit such articles as suited their fancy or their necessities. Altogether, there was much confusion; and, had the rebel batteries chosen to have bombarded the city at that time, there is little doubt of the disastrous result,—a panic, a rush for the bridges, a defeat of plans without a battle, and a serious loss of life.

"On the afternoon of the 12th, I left the regiment by order of Surgeon Lincoln,* and gloomily returned to camp; for I longed to share with the boys the perils that they must face on the morrow.

* "I must here say without reserve, that, to my picture of Dr. Lincoln's character given you a while since, I must now add one more quality,—*downright cowardice*. He has to-day and yesterday remained in camp here, three miles from his place of duty; and has kept all of us, his subordinates, here too. I stole away yesterday to a hospital near here to aid in caring for the wounded; but the doctor, finding me absent, remanded me back, with orders not to leave again without his permission." — *Army Letter*, Dec. 14.

“The morning of Dec. 13 dawned gloomily. A dark gray mist hung over the city and the surrounding camps. Every thing was dull and damp. A significant stillness prevailed. The artillerymen stood by their guns, awaiting the preconcerted signal. At ten o’clock the sun’s rays began to drive off the mist, and to unveil the fields between the enemy’s works and the city, where was to be the scene of the deadly struggle. The order from our pusillanimous surgeon compelled me to remain in camp; but thereby I was enabled to have a view of the great fight, that otherwise could not have been my privilege. From the summit of a hill commanding the whole scene, crowned by a heavy battery, I watched the progress of events. The successive advances upon the right and left, line following line as its predecessor wavered, broke, and melted before the withering, deadly fire from breastwork and redoubt along the whole front; the cheers, the flying colors, the bursting shells, the rattling musketry, the rebel yells of defiance,—gave most thrilling and painful emotions to the beholder. Eleven, twelve, one o’clock; and the battle still rages. Charge follows charge, until it seems there is no more strength to expend in the unequal contest.

“On the left, the first advances were successful. The clouds of smoke from the two lines are seen gradually to approach until they commingle as one. The rebel line is yielding! Glowing expectations of a glorious victory begin to be realized. The thunder of cannon abates not a minute. But alas! at three o’clock, the columns of Franklin’s division, instead of following up their advantage, are seen to commence a retreat. The day is lost! But the contest still rages on the right, until darkness gives grateful relief to the tired, exhausted legion, and the day of sad defeat closes gloomily as it dawned.

“Sunday was quiet. Anticipations of a renewed fight were disappointed. Our troops on the right held the ground fought

over on Saturday; while on the left their positions were abandoned, and the pontoon was recrossed. It was a sad day for the soldiers; and the dispirited feeling throughout the whole army was augmented by a cold, bleak rain during the latter part of the day.

“During the night (Sunday), all the troops were withdrawn and the bridges removed. The Thirty-fifth came into camp about two o’clock on Monday morning, having lost seven men killed and forty-six wounded.

“During Monday, truce was agreed upon; and parties of our men were detailed to bury the dead. They reported much inhuman conduct among the rebels. The bodies of our men had been stripped, and every thing of value appropriated.

“The events that immediately followed this defeat were unimportant. All attempts to reach Richmond were abandoned for a time. Gen. Burnside had been relieved; and Gen. Hooker’s *régime* commenced. The frequent wintry rain-storms had rendered any great movement of the army impossible. ‘Stuck in the mud’ was the current phrase among the soldiers, and was re-echoed over the country. The demoralized feeling was great, almost alarmingly great in some quarters.*

“Christmas of 1862 will be remembered with interest as the occasion of a visit from my father. He came laden with good things and good wishes; and his stay of a fortnight in the army was a source of much gratification to the Wayland soldiers and others of his acquaintance. The supply of clothing which he brought was indeed, to many of us, a perfect godsend.

“Under Gen. Hooker, a thorough re-organization of the army

* “Thanks, my dear —, for sending me such letters to strengthen my patriotism, and raise my spirits. I have read them to some of my comrades with good effect. In my opinion, there is no more fruitful source of discouragement and depression in the army than the reception of disheartening letters from home.” — *Army Letter*.

took place. The commissary-department gave better supplies; and the troops began to show evident signs of recuperation, both in outward appearance and in the prevailing spirit.

“During the winter, my own duties in the medical department were not arduous. The monotony of camp was relieved a little by a three-days’ visit to Washington, when a tolerably satisfactory though tiresome examination was made of places and things in this ‘city of magnificent distances.’

“The relief of even a few days from the muddy confines of camp, the privilege of hearing one’s heels click musically on a brick pavement, of eating something besides the hard-tack of the soldier’s larder, of sleeping on a bed, and of seeing the polished gentility of a city, were all duly appreciated.

“On the morning of Feb. 9, at four o’clock, the bugle sounded the *réveille* in our brigade; and the next hour was busily spent in packing up all the paraphernalia of war preparatory to moving. Rumor had been busy for several days. The inevitable three-days’ rations had been cooked and issued; and, in the early dawn of that February morning, we of the Ninth Army Corps bade adieu to the Army of the Potomac, and went away like a maiden aunt, to return again, after a year, with great stories of wonderful adventures.*

“Gen. Burnside was too good an officer to remain long inactive: so the President had assigned to him the command of the Department of the Ohio, relieving Gen. Wright.

“The appointment was accepted on condition that he might take his old troops with him. So we went to Newport News † to re-organize and recruit.

* “Farewell, Army of the Potomac! When you have a leader who can gain the confidence, united feeling, and action of his subordinates, then I can promise some success to your unfortunate arms. Till then, I shall not pretend to remember my connection with you with any thing like pride.” — *Army Letter*, Feb. 12, 1863.

† This place was formerly a famous watering-place for the F. F. V.’s.

“ The voyage down the Potomac and Chesapeake was pleasant in the extreme. Every soldier felt glad at leaving, for a short time even, the muddy dreariness experienced in their winter-quarters.

“ All soldiers of the Ninth Army Corps will remember the camp at Newport News with gratification. A dry soil, on a level and beautiful field, in a salubrious climate, with abundant rations of excellent quality, and reasonable opportunities for bathing and sailing, characterized our encampment here.

“ Not to be forgotten, also, is the beautiful outlook over the Hampton Roads, where the still visible wrecks of the ‘Congress’ and ‘Cumberland’ reminded us of the heroism there displayed in the spring of 1862. The daily market under the two big pines should be recorded, where those who had the greenbacks could procure oysters and milk, apples and pies, with other *et ceteras*, which, with boxes of good things sent from home, made this camp the soldier’s paradise.*

“ On the 26th of March, all things were in readiness; and we left Newport News on the steamer ‘John Brooks,’ *en route* for Baltimore; which city was reached without incident or accident. There cars awaited us for a trip to the West.†

“ In our ride through Pennsylvania, the discomfort attending

* “Yesterday I went to Fortress Monroe, and had a pleasant stroll over Old Point Comfort. . . . Among the objects of interest were the big guns ‘Lincoln’ and ‘Union.’ They are in temporary earthworks outside the fort until a place can be provided for them on the barbette. They are tremendous ‘dogs of war.’ I saw some of the solid shot that are fired in them: they are as large round as the top of a water-pail.

“The walls of the fort are solid granite masonry, with two tiers of guns. A ditch surrounds the fort, forty feet wide, having also a solid granite border.”—*Army Letter*, Feb. 22, 1863.

† On entering active campaigning again, he writes, “ We hope to conquer a peace of which we shall never be ashamed, — a peace founded in justice and universal liberty. I have no desire to abandon the cause until such a peace is consummated. The ties that bind me to home and kindred are as strong now as ever; yes, stronger: yet I believe I utter the sentiment of my inmost soul, when I say, that, the circumstances of our country being as they now are, I would not accept a discharge from the army on any account.”

a standing or lying position in 'box-cars,' on plank seats, was increased by a cold snow-storm. The beautiful scenery along the route was hardly appreciated properly. Yet pleasant impressions were received of thrifty farms, or beautiful river-scenery, as we were whirled along the Valley of the Juniata, and of picturesque, oftentimes majestic and awe-inspiring, views among the mountains. Hot coffee was served to us by the citizens of many towns on the route. At Pittsburg, our reception was remarkably generous. That city was reached early on Sunday morning, after a night of cold and comfortless travel. A breakfast in City Hall of every thing to satisfy and cheer, at which beautiful and refined young ladies performed waiting-duty, left a most favorable impression of the hospitality of this city of iron-foundries.

"But at Cincinnati, which was reached thirty-six hours later, we found friends of the soldiers indeed. The name of that city will awaken pleasing memories in the mind of every member of our corps. It was midnight when we arrived; yet, at that unseasonable hour, a sumptuous supper was prepared for us. And so it was with the arrival of every train, at whatever hour,—this patriotic city gave such a welcome to the defenders of their country.*

"After our midnight repast, we crossed the Ohio River to the dilapidated town of Covington, where nearly two days were spent awaiting means for transportation. The second night, I was fortunate enough to secure the brick floor of the market-house for my couch, and awoke next morning rather stiff in the joints.

"Much beautiful scenery opened to view along the Big Licking River, on our way to Paris, Ky.; but the contrast in culti-

* "After supper, I strolled a little way up one of the streets. Attracted by a crowd of 'boys in blue,' I found a lady, at that late hour of the night, dispensing freely from her basket of good things to the eager and thankful recipients. *That lady was patriotic.*"—*Army Letter.*

vation was very marked between the north and south side of the Ohio.

“ After our thousand-miles’ ride, our motive-powers were in good order to carry us over the fine roads of Kentucky; and the march of April 3, of twenty-one miles, from Paris to Mt. Sterling, between ten, A.M., and seven, P.M., was a good test.

“ The arrival of Major King with new regimental colors, a visit from the paymaster, and the initiation of C. H. Campbell to the band of Hospital Brothers, are incidents to be remembered in connection with Mt. Sterling.

“ Early on the morning of April 17, we left the place for Winchester,—nineteen miles distant. Here Drs. Clark and Munsell were discharged, and left for home; and Surgeon Snow, ever to be remembered with respect, took the place of Surgeon Lincoln.

“ Our march from this place to Lancaster (in which sunny days and rainy days were intimately blended) was begun May 4, and ended three days later. Camping at Lancaster was uneventful.

“ May 23 we moved to Crab Orchard, and thence to Stanford. A letter dated at this place states that ‘ we have never been more pleasantly situated since we visited Kentucky.’*

“ June 3, our camp was thoroughly aroused by unexpected

* About the slaves of Kentucky he writes, “ I confess I was hardly prepared to find so much intelligence as was exhibited among the slaves. I saw many who would be taken for pure whites, having regular Caucasian features and blue eyes. I asked one man why he did not learn to read and write. ‘ Why, massa ! ’ said he, ‘ don’t you know *dat* would be a stick to break our *poo’ heads wid ?* ’ ”

“ The history of one man I ascertained to be as follows: His father was a white planter, his mother an octoroon slave. On the death of his father, he was sold at auction. But he borrowed money enough to pay for himself; and, by industry and strict economy (he was a cobbler), he had earned enough to cancel the debt (a thousand dollars), and was now supporting a family of his own.

“ The slaves universally desire their freedom, though many have somewhat extravagant ideas of such a condition.”

orders to 'pack up with reduced baggage.' Whispers of a long journey by land and water excited every one to lively anticipations. A twenty-hours' forced march brought us to Nicholasville, where cars were taken for Cincinnati. The characteristic hospitality of its citizens was again exemplified; and we started in the afternoon of June 5 on the cars for Cairo. The trip across the prairies of Indiana and Illinois was monotonous and tiresome, relieved only by the patriotic demonstrations of the Hoosiers. At Vincennes, Ind., and Centralia, Ill., we were provided with substantial refreshments by the citizens.

"While delayed nearly two days in the dirty city of Cairo, an incident occurred that impressed me, for a time, more than any other during the war. It was the sight of a hundred and fifty half-starved, ill-clad refugees from the South, who were on their way to Central Illinois. Never before had I been so fully sensible of the terrible evils and suffering which this cruel war produced; and never did I so fully resolve to aid in the complete overthrow of the power of the Rebellion.

"'It is the terrestrial Styx, the Acheron of America,' wrote an author concerning 'the Father of Waters.' While it is hardly fair to attribute such characteristics to the great Mississippi, it will be safe, perhaps, to assert, that most travellers who sail along its winding course for the first time are disappointed; and first impressions of its beauty and majesty are usually unfavorable.

"To the soldier who for the first time in his life explored this mighty stream from Cairo to Vicksburg, the impression received was decidedly at variance with his early ideas of its scenery. The monotony was painful even; and he never felt so tired, or so glad to reach a journey's end, as when he landed at Young's Point. The great stream, 'majestic only in its greatness' as the Sphinx is majestic, rolled its yellow, murky tide toward the sea, meandering unmercifully. On either bank, the everlasting same-

ness of cottonwood and cypress was varied only by an occasional log-hut, until within a few miles of Vicksburg, when extensive plantations showed some signs of civilization. The places marked on the map as towns and county-seats had their counterparts on land in insignificant hamlets hardly worthy the name of villages. New Madrid was a place of half a score of unpainted houses, grouped about a queer-looking edifice with a small cupola, which was said to be the court-house.

“ Helena in Arkansas was found to consist of a single street along the river, with two or three dozen dwellings. But the voyage was not devoid of interest. Our first night was spent on a sand-bar,—one of those institutions with snags and sawyers which make Western river-navigation exquisitely romantic sometimes. We were pulled off from our moorings the next morning by a passing steamer.

“ The Chickasaw Bluffs, above Island No. 10, were the only deviations along the shore worthy of notice. They rose suddenly from the level sameness; and their crests constitute admirable sites for defensive works,—an advantage the rebels well understood when Fort Pillow was built.

“ At Memphis, many enjoyed the privilege of going ashore and exploring the town. My visit left vivid recollections of an extensive levee, of large and well-built blocks, a magnificent park with magnolias in full bloom, of dirty streets, and exorbitant prices.

“ Here all the transports met in rendezvous; and, on the 12th of June, the ten steamers and two gunboats proceeded down the river.

“ Early on the morning of June 14, we landed at Young’s Point, in full view of the victim city. The deep-toned sound of the heavy mortars, and the sharper report of the large rifled ordnance, came to our ears with peculiar emphasis. At night, we

looked upon the novel sights of the bombardment with an interest which inexperience in such sights created. The report of the piece, preceded by the flash, the regular curve of the fiery track of the bomb through the air, and its final loud and bright explosion over the city, were watched intently.

"Anon the 'Whistling Jack' (as the rebels called their largest and best-mounted gun) would send back its iron compliments.*

"The next day they marched us four miles,—across the point opposite Vicksburg; our route being along the great canal intended to turn the course of the river, but now a dry and useless ditch. The huge old trees on either side were festooned with hanging moss, and, with a luxuriant undergrowth, confirmed our notions of tropical verdure and scenery.

"Our corps was to cross the river here, and re-enforce Gen. Grant's left wing; but, before we had all embarked, the order was countermanded, and we returned to our first landing.

"On the 16th of June, we re-embarked on the steamer 'Omaha,' packed and crowded like live-stock for the market, not knowing but that our destiny was homeward, until our boat turned her prow into the waters of the Yazoo. At night, after a picturesque ride up 'the river of death,' varied by a drenching thunder-storm in the afternoon, we landed at Haynes's Bluff. With my friend Campbell, the works of the bluff were inspected. We were forcibly impressed by the natural strength of the position. The huge Columbiads lay in the redoubts, spiked, as the

* "We have had one of the most extensive trips, if not the pleasantest, I ever experienced. That I should sail down this great river, set foot in every one of the States between which it courses,—Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi,—and, above all, that I should be present at the siege of the rebel Gibraltar, was, I assure you, very far from any thought of mine when I left my quiet home to be a soldier.

"Do not give way to anxious regrets that I am entering a campaign in the hot climate of the South. You know my purposes and feelings when I first gave myself to my country; and where it is best to call me, there I am prepared to go. We are all and always under the care of a benevolent Providence,—a truth, the beauty of which I see more clearly each day."—*Army Letter.*

rebels had left them ; and it is wonderful that Gen. Sherman was able to compel a surrender.

“ Next morning, we marched to Milldale. Plums, blackberries, and mulberries were abundant ; and we lived as comfortably as the hot weather, and its concomitants of flies, gnats, and mosquitoes, would permit.

“ Gen. Grant came to camp one day, giving us a view of the greatest chieftain of the age. The booming sounds from Vicksburg were continuous night and day. Our men were employed in building earthworks some miles in extent, as defences against an advance of the rebel Johnston’s army, which was indefinitely postponed by the surrender of the besieged city.

“ Orders to march were received June 29. It was unspeakably hot. The uninitiated cannot appreciate the fervor of that sun in Mississippi as it shone unmercifully on the dry, sandy road. The very memory makes me feverish.

“ The Fourth of July, 1863, was a peculiar one in that wilderness, and, I venture to say, was celebrated with more enthusiasm in that camp at Oak Ridge than in any other spot where Yankees obeyed the prophetic dictates of John Adams.

“ The exercises commenced in the morning by the arrival from the North of a delegation in the shape of five bushels of letters, containing the first news from home since we left Kentucky. Duly appreciated.

“ Before the reading was fairly over came news of the surrender of Vicksburg, with its garrison and armament of two hundred and eighty-two guns and thirty-one thousand soldiers. The cheerful demonstration of the Ninth Army Corps gave proof that this part of the day’s exercises was also satisfactory. Two hours later, the order to prepare to march with three days’ rations was received with less joyful acclamations.

“ We were now under command of a man whose genius did

not allow him to spend time in useless exultation over the great conquests he had won. The *work* was not all done. Gen. Joe Johnston's army was still in the field, unconquered; and when at five o'clock, that Fourth-of-July afternoon, we entered on the dusty road toward Jackson, we saw the work before us.

"Our forces were concentrated. The Ninth and Sixteenth Corps formed the left wing under Gen. Parke; and two other corps, under Gen. Sherman, constituted the right. We soon learned that the rebel general was not disposed to face us; and we followed his retreat.

"On reaching the Big Black River, a delay of nearly two days occurred,—until a bridge could be built for the passage of the troops.

"On the afternoon of the 7th (the hottest day on my record), we moved on. Many of the men fell insensible under the heat.

"The counterpart of that heat was felt in the evening, in a cold, drenching thunder-tempest. With garments completely water-soaked, the night was most uncomfortably spent in chills.

"In the evening following, we saw the burning dwelling of the arch-traitor, Jeff. Davis. It seemed too bad to burn the president's homestead, to tear up his carpets for blankets, to steal his books and old letters, and announce to his negroes that they were free by the act of the only true President of the country. Yet some of our Yankee vandals did all this, and found numerous and hearty sympathizers.

"When that march to Jackson is brought to memory, there is nothing amidst all its discomforts that is recalled with such painful distinctness as our want of good water. The brooks and runs had become dry; the ponds were stagnant and slimy; the wells and cisterns were few, often empty, and sometimes rendered unfit for use by the rebels, who did not hesitate to make

them distasteful or poisonous. Both men and animals suffered beyond description; and many of the latter died.

"We arrived in sight of the capital of the State on the 10th; and, before night, the lines for investing the place were established.

"The fighting before Jackson partook of the nature of a siege in miniature, with frequent *sorties*. This state of things continued until the morning of the 17th; when it was discovered that Johnston had eluded our grasp by a sudden retreat.

"July 18th was a happy day. In addition to the military successes in our vicinity, we had news of the Union victory at Gettysburg, and rumors, also, of other important movements favorable to the Union cause.

"The headquarters of the medical department, to which I had the honor to be attached, were in the house of one Jim Sessions, who was undoubtedly a man of parts, judging by the appointments of his mansion. It was occupied as a hospital for the whole left wing of the army; and the numerous casualties at the front kept the surgeons continually active. As ward-master of the Ninth Corps, I had the opportunity of witnessing very many interesting surgical operations.

"On the morning of the 20th of July, we turned our faces toward Milldale. That morning, I was off duty from a severe attack of dysentery and fever. I was placed in an ambulance for conveyance.* A jolting ride of fifty miles under a scorching sun was so far unfavorable to the abatement of the disease, that, on arriving at Milldale, I was decidedly sick.

* "I was taken to an ambulance with three men lying at full-length. They were ordered to 'curl up their legs,' so that I could get in crosswise at their feet. I was too weak and sick to sit up, and could not lie down. To ride thus fifty miles in torture was not agreeable. I bore it as best I could."—*Army Letter*.

"On the 2d of August I was put on board the steamer 'Tycoon,' with a full cargo of sick and wounded, for a homeward voyage.*

"Oh the horrors of that passage up the Mississippi! To be sick at home on an easy bed, surrounded by comforts, and attended by kind friends, is often sufficiently uncomfortable: but, on board a heaving steamboat, to lie in a berth without mattress or bedding; to be roasted and steamed near the boiler and under the thin deck, heated also by the summer sun; to breathe the air made fetid by hundreds of breaths and decomposing wounds; to feel that the doctor attending was heedless of one's sufferings, and cared little whether his patients lived or died; to be ill supplied with medicine and food,—all this rendered sickness on 'The Tycoon' a trying experience. But I lived through that 'middle passage.' I believe the tide of life ran very low sometimes during that terrible season; and had it not been for the care of Hospital-Steward Jones, of the Eleventh New-Hampshire Volunteers, there is good reason to believe I should have accompanied too many of my comrades to the unseen world.

"The arrival of the boat at the levee at Cincinnati brought a spontaneous though feeble utterance of thanksgiving to my pallid lips; and when, a few hours later, they lifted and laid me on a tidy bed in the neat hospital in Covington, the sense of relief and gratitude could not be expressed in poor words. Tears were not unmanly. I should like to write page after page of story in eulogy of the kindness and sympathy experienced here. No reasonable want was left unsatisfied. Medical treatment

* "I was put into the topmost bunk of a state-room. The first two days, I had no attention paid me. The surgeon, when he came, gave me whiskey and quinine for my bloody dysentery. I did not long take his doses, but obtained from Steward Jones some brandy and morphine instead. I asked the surgeon, one day, what I had better eat. 'Eat what you can get,' was his ungracious reply. There was gross mismanagement all the trip. The surgeon of our ward was very negligent, and careless of his patients' interests." — *Army Letter*.

and proper diet soon began to produce the desired effect ;* and, with the help of sympathetic care from the attendants, the darkness of the night began to yield to hopeful tokens of a coming day.

“ The regiment arrived two days after I reached Cincinnati. I remember the visits of Campbell and Haze, and the deeds of kindness rendered by them.

“ They soon left for the interior of Kentucky ; and I did not see them again until the following April. On its arrival at Covington, the regiment numbered ninety-nine muskets for duty.

“ I wish I could properly tell the story of a season which I regard as one of the most pleasant in my history ; but a more skilful pen than mine is required.

“ One day, as I was listlessly lying on my bed, there came to my side a man whose whole demeanor bespoke the philanthropist. In the kindly smile of his face could be read at once the spirit that fulfilled in deeds the divine behest. This gentleman was Thomas G. Odiorne, a wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, who devoted himself to deeds of charity in the hospitals.

“ I don’t know why he took such an interest in me. Perhaps he saw on the card at the head of my cot that I was from his native State ; or it may be that my extreme prostration elicited

* A letter subsequently written gives a view of *hospital-treatment* : “ As soon as a patient enters, he is assigned to a bed, supplied with straw-mattress, sheets, blankets, and a neat little coverlet. When sufficiently rested, and if he is able, he is taken to the bath-room, stripped, and subjected to a thorough and delicious bath, — cold or hot, as he chooses. Then clean clothes are put on him ; and he returns to his bed, often feeling like a new man. His personal effects are taken account of, properly marked, and stowed away ; and he receives a check for them. His food is in every way suited to his needs. Convalescents have every thing they can wish in the way of nourishment. Every day, ladies as well as gentlemen call upon the patients with offers of assistance, with kind words and pleasant reading ; performing often the work of an amanuensis, when the sick or wounded soldiers are unable to write for themselves. A good chaplain calls daily with reading-matter, and words of religious comfort.

“ The medical and surgical treatment is of the best ; and none but kind and attentive nurses are allowed.”

unusual sympathy. At any rate, his interest in me seemed to increase daily. He supplied comforts not to be obtained elsewhere; and, as I gained sufficient strength, he brought me books and papers to read, always accompanying his gifts with words of good cheer.

“And when I was so far restored as to be able to walk a little, and nursing had taken the place of medicine, he took me to his home,—*made it to seem as my home*. Mrs. Odiorne was as a mother to me. All that wealth and genuine sympathy could do to hasten my convalescence was freely done.

“Nor did the good-will of my benefactor end here. He saw my inability to enter field-service; and, through his influence, I was appointed clerk in the office of the Army Medical Board in Cincinnati, under Surgeon J. T. Carpenter; and, furthermore, he procured for me a leave of absence for thirty days.

“That period was improved in visiting my native home, where the re-union of dear ones, with the interest and good wishes of all, served to make the occasion memorable.

“While at home, I learned that Lieut.-Col. King was at Lexington, Ky., and that several of the Thirty-fifth boys were at his post on detached duty. Application was made to him, successfully, to be allowed to report for duty there.

“On the 23d of October, I left home for Cincinnati; orders from Col. King not having then been received. With light duties at the office, and agreeable soldier’s fare at the Marine General Hospital, my strength was gradually restored.

“Orders to report at Lexington were received on the 6th of November; and, three days after, I bade good-by to all my Cincinnati friends.

“That winter-campaign of mine in Kentucky is pleasant to look back upon. Congenial companions, agreeable duties, enjoyable surroundings, and happy incidents, make the sum total

of my army-life in Lexington, and constitute a page of unbroken felicities.

“ It should not be forgotten that our annual Thanksgiving Day was made especially memorable by a sumptuous dinner for all the soldiers at the post, provided by the loyal citizens of the place.

“ For thirty days in January and February, during the absence of Lieut. Brownell, the title and duties of Acting Assistant Adjutant-General were conferred on the writer.*

“ Some time in the winter, the humble servant in the clerk’s department was seized with a mania for promotion. He felt possessed of abilities for usefulness as an officer, fully equal, to say the least, to many on whose shoulders glittered the insignia of office.

“ Supported by a solitary but flattering recommendation from Col. King, application was made to the Secretary of War for a lieutenancy in a colored regiment.

“ My examination at Cincinnati on the 4th of March, before the board of which Col. Van Rensselaer was president, was duly completed; and hopefully, but entirely reticent concerning it, I returned to clerical duties under Col. King.

“ In March, I was despatched with a company of convalescent soldiers to Louisville, with permission to remain there one day. Having disposed of my responsibilities,† I became a gentleman

* “ *MILITARY ETIQUETTE.* — Lieut. Brownell is a true gentleman in every sense; and it has been my fortune to secure his esteem and confidence. . . . He has several times of late invited me to accompany him in horseback-riding after the duties of the day were over. From an appreciation of his society, and the enjoyment of riding through the environs of the city, I have always accepted his invitations. Such improprieties, however, were cut short by a message from our ‘King’-ly post-commandant to the lieutenant, expressing a wish that Lieut. Brownell should not hereafter *ride in public with Private Draper*. Private Draper still survives! Had he been as sensitive as some excellent persons, he would have felt badly; but, being the patriotic scoundrel that he is, the circumstance failed to destroy his appetite even.” — *Army Letter*.

† “ *SOLDIER’S HOME.* — Arriving at Louisville, I marched my command to the Soldier’s

of leisure; and, after inspecting the principal novelties of this beautiful city, a public reading-room was entered for a little repose. An article on the stalactites of American caves arrested my attention; and, while I was engaged in its perusal, the announcement was made in sonorous tones, 'Cars for Nashville.' Now, Cave City was on that route, and Mammoth Cave nine miles from that city. A sudden resolve was taken: I entered the cars, and reached Cave City in safety, wondering, on my arrival, if four houses, two barns, and a hotel, could claim the rights of a municipality.

"Early next morning, I visited the provost-marshall's office to procure a horse. He hadn't any; and, in all that city, there was not a horse to be found. Pondering what next to do, my problem was solved by an inquiry from the provost-marshall for my "pass;" and, not having that requisite paper, he concluded (and very properly, under the circumstances) that the visit to Mammoth Cave was an overture whereby the great Union army and myself were to dissolve our relationship.

"So he could do no less than hold me in forcible arrest until my actual *status* could be satisfactorily ascertained.

"For four long hours, I soliloquized on a stump at a picket-post, while a gaunt Kentucky rifleman kept me in durance vile.* The time was rapidly approaching when the down train

Home,—a peculiarly American institution. The Home in this city comprises two substantial buildings of two stories high, connected by a covered porch. They are each about a hundred and twenty-five feet long. The soldier, tired from long travelling, or sick, enters the office, gives his name and business, and leaves his baggage. He is then free to rest himself in the reception-room, where reading, writing, or conversation may be selected, as he chooses, until the dinner-hour is announced. He enters a large hall capable of seating three hundred, where food substantial and abundant awaits his disposal. He is again at liberty until bedtime, when a gentlemanly usher conducts him to well-furnished beds in the dormitory. One room is specially devoted to the sick. Who shall say that the soldiers of our Union Army are not well provided for?"—*Letter.*

* "A PRISONER.—CAVE CITY, March 14, 1864, eight, A.M.—Such are the fortunes of

was due. I must not miss that, else there would be a "muss" at Lexington. Just five minutes before the whistle was heard, a despatch came by telegraph, as follows:—

"*Draper is all right. Please give him such facilities to visit the cave as are in your power, and oblige*"

'Wm. S. KING.'

"The tune now changed. I thanked all hands for their hospitality, and entered the cars a wiser man than when I left them the day before.

"I pass by my reception at Lexington, and the numerous questions pressed upon a certain soldier for descriptions of the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

"Lexington was finally left on the 29th of March (a cold, gloomy day, that seemed to sympathize with our feelings at departing from a post of such pleasant recollections); and our coterie of soldiers and officers proceeded to Covington.

"The trip to Annapolis over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was tedious, but pleasant. Our company was select; and there was enough of romance to keep us lively.

"The mountain-ranges of Pennsylvania were inspiring by their grandeur, and suggested themes for deep thought as we rattled through their rough passes.

"Arriving at Annapolis, our party was handed over to the provost-marshall, and went into camp. The city is a lifeless place; the only attractive feature being the grounds of the Naval School.

war! I wish you could all see me just now. Whether you would laugh or cry is an open question. I am indifferent, with a preponderance in favor of the former.

"The moral of this romance is, that I travelled two hundred and ninety-six miles, saw much of Kentucky, but didn't see Mammoth Cave. I now declare my belief that said *cave* is a great sell (cell). . . . There is no particular necessity for satire from your quarter; for I reckon I have received my full rations of that article here. Had you wished to buy me as I approached this office last Tuesday, you might have done so *cheap*. Col. King met me at the door, and kindly inquired how I liked the looks of Mammoth Cave. 'Distance lends enchantment to the view,' said I. It needs only the slightest allusion to that scrape to excite a smile." — *Letter.*

"A few days after our arrival came the Thirty-fifth, under command of that noble soldier, whom all his regiment love, Col. Carruth. The boys looked rough; and when I shook hands again with Haze and Campbell, Morse and Spofford, and all the others, I felt a pride in being a member of a splendid regiment, mingled with regret at the worthlessness of the membership.

"The scheme which had been initiated in Lexington had been gradually working itself out, although the delay seemed long. I was still hoping, and so was not altogether surprised when informed that a commission awaited my call at headquarters. On perusing the document, I found myself raised from a private to the duties and responsibilities of a company commander.

"With my appointment as captain in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of United-States colored troops in my pocket, I bade good-by to my comrades of the Thirty-fifth, and set forth to commence the third and last chapter of my military history.*

"On the 14th of April, I was assigned by Major McNeil to the command of Company E, and was introduced to Lieuts. Davis and Eaton.

"It was very gratifying to learn that we were to campaign with the good old Ninth Army Corps, and under the noble Burn-

* As Capt. Draper is now fairly identified with what was considered by many at its outset a needless step, a semi-confession of the weakness of our cause,—viz., the emancipation of slaves, and arming the blacks as soldiers on the same footing with whites,—it is pertinent to show his state of mind by extracts from a letter written some months previous:—

"I hail the edict [emancipation] and the raising of negro regiments as *the events of the age*. It is a good omen. If you and your co-thinkers saw the wisdom and necessity of this earlier than I and others, I have only to envy you as living up to the times, while we were behind. . . . That it was a fit time at the opening of this difficulty to abolish slavery, either as a measure of war or of humanity, I did not see. I am now willing to confess my error, and acknowledge my false judgment."—*Letter from camp at Newport News, Feb. 15, 1863.*

side. On leaving Camp Birney,* the regiment received such congratulations from public men as would have subjected the speakers, three years before, to summary chastisement at the hands of an indignant populace.

“The company commanders were detained in Baltimore a few days to arrange the transfer of a certain number of men to the navy from their companies.

“A visit from my father on the 19th, freighted with an abundance of good things and good wishes, was a season of pleasure to me, as also to the Wayland soldiers at Annapolis.

“On the 23d I proceeded to Annapolis, where the corps was already in motion to join the Army of the Potomac, then quartered around Culpeper Court House and along the Rapidan River. The spring campaign was about to open. Under the lead of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, we felt sure of victory and success.

“Three days’ marching brought us to Washington. We stopped at the ordnance-dépôt for arms, and so were disappointed in not taking part in the review by the President.† We overtook our division the same evening; and Alexandria was reached the following day: thence our march to Manassas Junction lay through a country devastated by the tramp of war. Fences all gone, fields trodden down, no growing crops, no inhabitants to be seen,—all desolate! Surely Virginia has suffered the penalty for her treason.

“The Ninth Corps was distributed along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, over which all the supplies passed to sustain the great army. Our regiment was stationed at Manassas

* This camp was in the city of Baltimore; and the regiment was composed mainly of men from the State of Maryland.

† “We passed through Washington at midnight; and I wonder what effect it had on the President’s ears as five hundred Ethiopian voices poured forth, —

“While we rally round the flag, boys, — rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.”

Army Letter.

Junction ; a stockade and platform for unloading freight, and a small shanty for a telegraph-office, constituting the whole of this important post.

"Here a permanent organization of the colored troops was effected. Two brigades, of four regiments each, made up the division, commanded by that gentlemanly soldier, Brig.-Gen. Edward Ferrero. Col. Bates (afterward succeeded by Col. Sigfried) commanded the first brigade, of which the Thirty-ninth formed a part.

"No time was wasted at the Junction in perfecting the discipline of the colored troops ; and they soon showed the evidence of their capacity to become expert soldiers.

"There was much that was amusing, often ludicrous, in the early experiences of those sable warriors ; and it was with difficulty that the commander of Company E could maintain proper dignity of deportment at all times while drilling his company. They were punctiliously faithful to their trusts. One of my men, on being detailed as guard, was duly impressed with the importance of his duty by being told to 'let no one pass without the countersign,—not even his own grandmother.' The colonel saw fit that night to test some of the sentinels. On approaching the beat of this one, he was admonished to stop ; while the 'click, click' of the raised hammer lent the proper emphasis to the challenge. 'Why can't I pass ?' says the colonel. 'Cause,' replied the soldier, 'de cap'n tole me to shoot eberybody what come dis yer way, if it was my great-granmudder.'

"On the 4th of May, at sunset, we broke camp, and moved southward. All the camps along the route had been vacated. It was evident that the 'ball was about to open.' The march was kept up the next day. Cattlett's, Warrenton Junction, Bristow, Bealton, and Rappahannock Stations were all passed ; and, on the morning of the 6th of May, we reached and crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford.

"Rapid and heavy firing a little distance ahead indicated the work before us. The battle of the Wilderness was being fought. A single entry in my journal indicates the train of thought and feeling then uppermost, and which may apply also to other similar occasions:—

"I feel no desire to go in; and in turn, have no intention of staying out, if called in.' My philosophy was not, however, to be tested at that time. We were ordered to re-enforce the right of the army under Gen. Sedgwick, which was hard pressed; but the tide turned as we were moving into line of battle, and we were not needed.

"That night we were detailed as guard to the division-train, and, the next morning, marched to Chancellorsville. Here we remained on guard until the 15th, while the battle raged every day on our front and left.

"The ground we occupied here was filled with evidence of the fierce battle fought the year before, when Gen. Hooker was defeated, and Stonewall Jackson lost his life.

"The operations of our division were unimportant during the critical days now passing. Under any other leader than Grant, the army would have made a 'masterly retreat' over the old road to Washington, *badly whipped*. GRANT IS NEVER WHIPPED! He persevered. Communication was opened *via* Fredericksburg with the North, and the army-haversack was kept replenished.

"In guarding the train and communications, we shifted position several times, but without actual conflict; the nearest approach to it being when Ewell's Corps had partially flanked our right wing, and nearly reached our line before their advance was checked by the Second Corps. It was a pretty good test of the valor of our colored men, who stood ready for duty, and had reason to believe that their time had come to fight. But others fought—oh, how bravely! Our invincible army swept on in its

bloody way to Richmond like the conflagration, that, though often checked, is not subdued until its fiery work is done. Thousands fell: but Grant's goal was victory; his prize, peace. Posterity will see how, in that bloody Wilderness, *we had a leader whose will was iron, and whose spirit knew no retrogression.*

"On the 21st of May, our army had swung on its centre; so that its direction lay north and south, with the left towards Richmond. Then began those flanking movements which baffled Lee, and compelled him, fighting all the way, to retire to the defences of his capital.

"In the change of base from Fredericksburg to White-house Landing, the large army-train moved on a road parallel to the Virginia Central Railroad, and about six miles in rear of the army-line. We left Fredericksburg May 22. The weather was now delightful. As we passed the summit of Mary's Heights, by and through the numerous works we vainly tried to take in December, 1862, and whence we could look on the slaughter-plain below, sad memories of those terrible scenes were revived afresh.

"Bowling Green, Newtown, and Dunkirk—all dilapidated towns—were passed before reaching Mattapony River. Sunday following, we camped on the shores of the Pamunkey,—a dirty stream. That evening we received a welcome mail;* and, as I

* All correspondence by mail had been interdicted by Gen. Grant during the Wilderness battles; and both soldiers in the field, and their friends at home, rejoiced at the removal of the restriction.

"HANOVER TOWN, VA., May 31, 1864.—Last night, five buff envelopes were placed before me. The familiar superscriptions told whence they came. I had patiently waited to hear from home; and these were the first messengers from that loved spot that had reached me since we left Manassas. . . .

"I sat down, and, with an avidity you can scarcely conceive, read and re-read those missives.

"With all the drawbacks, I report myself well, and am enjoying myself. Each day, I go forward with renewed courage and hope, a firmer conviction of the righteousness of our cause, and with fresh zeal for the performance of duty. Yes, I am happy in a determination to do all I can to crush the Rebellion, and restore peace to the members of our national family."—*Letter.*

perused the loving and sympathetic messages from home, the quiet of Nature was rent by the cannon's boom, that told of the severe conflict at Cold Harbor. We crossed the river on the last day of May, and passed on to Hanover Town, and thence to New Castle; camping on the grounds of the noted secessionist, Edmund Ruffin, who claimed the glory (?) of firing the first gun on Fort Sumter in 1861, and who ended his life by suicide in his house, near which we lay.

"On the 6th of June we threw up breastworks; being then at Old-church Tavern, on the extreme right of the army. Here we remained in undisturbed felicity until the 12th, when a cavalry force of the enemy claimed our attention by their threatening proximity. Our brigade was ordered out to meet them; but they shied off without waiting for our compliments.

"A little episode occurred here, illustrative of the vicissitudes of army-life. Two hundred of the Southern chivalry had been captured, and were sent to Old Church to be forwarded to the North. Their escort of honor was a detachment of blacks, wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam, and executing his orders. It was a severe lesson to those haughty chiefs of the South to be thus placed under men, who, a short time before, were their abject slaves. There was an indignant curl of the lip as they marched off helplessly under Sambo's guard.* I wanted to remind them that the blame for their seeming degradation must be charged to themselves under the inexorable progress of events.

* "NEGRO SOLDIERS.—PERSONAL.—My orderly-sergeant, Sam Bond, I would not exchange for any other on the line. He is trusty, obedient, and of excellent habits. Whenever I desire to have any thing done by Sergeant Bond, I know it will be done well. I am proud of him.

"Joe Brown is the best-looking soldier in my company. He has a mulatto complexion, a bright eye, and Circassian lip, with an ever-smiling face. He is straight, broad-shouldered, full-chested, and tough as a buck. He is a model soldier in appearance, and no less so in his performance of duty.

"'Siah Pharaoh is said to have been put together after everybody else had been made, and to be composed of the fragments that were lying round loose." — *Army Letter.*

"On the 12th of June commenced the brilliant manœuvre which outwitted the enemy, and placed the Union army in front of Petersburg. We left camp at sunset. The second day, we passed White-house Landing, and the ancient church in which it is said Gen. Washington was married.

"Our march to New Kent Court House was enlivened by an incident more remarkable than important. About midnight, while quietly moving onward, the whole column suddenly and violently recoiled; and a side move over a high fence was accomplished at the same time. Nobody knew the cause then or since; but it was a perfect panic for a short time, and the scrambling was ridiculous,—the thing that I have most occasion to remember being, that I was most unceremoniously tumbled down and trodden upon in the *mêlée*.

"Two corps of the army marched upon one road, crossing the Chickahominy at Long Bridge; and the others, with the trains, crossed farther east on a pontoon at Jones's Bridge, reaching the James River the same evening at Wilson's Landing. Our division remained on the north side of the river twenty-four hours,—until every thing had come up and crossed. We then crossed the James on the ferry-boat 'Jefferson'; and thus the most famous flanking movement ever recorded was successfully consummated.

"Gen. Gilmore had inexplicably lost the golden opportunity for taking the defences of Petersburg; and this failure changed the whole character of the remaining part of the campaign. The siege of Petersburg should have been the siege of Richmond.

"On the 17th and 18th our lines had been established in good position, and within easy range of the interior rebel works. Their outer line had been taken on the 16th by the colored troops of Gen. Baldy Smith's Eighteenth Corps.

"We arrived before Petersburg on the evening of the 18th of June; and Gen. Ferrero assured us, as we passed him, that our marching-days were over, and that sterner duty awaited us than guarding baggage-trains.

"At one o'clock on the morning of the 21st, we were ordered to the second line of works near Appomattox River. This was our position till the morning of the 24th. This interval afforded us opportunity to become practically acquainted with the music of the Minie-balls as they sped their way, designed for any unfortunate pate that chanced to show itself above the parapet. The coolness of our negro soldiers, when thus exposed, was gratifying proof of their reliability.*

"The only incident for the remainder of the month was a tramp to Prince George's Court House to meet an anticipated raid on our communications with City Point by the enemy's cavalry.

"The 2d of July found our division at Sturtevant's Mills, near the source of the Blackwater River, in a quiet forest. Here the eighty-eighth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated without any waste of gunpowder; while the heavy boom of cannon four miles away told of peculiar salutes.

"One bright, sunny morning, my authoritative functions were suddenly arrested, and my faithful steel was allowed to rust ignominiously, though only temporarily.

"The point at issue was, whether the verbal detail of a man of my company was sufficiently effectual to prevent the exercise of power on my part to release him from unreasonable punish-

* "I am writing under fire. The leaden humming-birds are flying busily overhead. *Under fire*,—comparatively a meaningless expression on paper. The *reality* appears to me rather romantic. I wish some good people from home would just 'fall in,' and have the experience of one good fight. I think it would have a tendency to allay their disposition for croaking and fault-finding."—*Letter*.

ment while thus detailed. *Justice* took the defendant's part; but army regulations, military precedent: and Col. Sigfried, the brigade commander, stood on the opposite side. An explanatory letter to the colonel released me from arrest; and, in two days after, I became the *aide-de-camp* of that very excellent but somewhat unique officer.*

"On the 26th, a part of the brigade was ordered to the front line; and headquarters was removed to a bomb-proof. It is impossible to tell the story of those days. Life at the front was slow death. The intense heat, the incessant danger, the uncomfortable quarters, the constant duty of vigilance, made siege-life ever memorable.†

"Each day of twenty-four hours was divided into tours of duty for each of us staff-officers to visit the extreme front line, and remind the troops to be continually on the watch.

"Those exposed trips have a distinct place in memory. The incessant cracking of sharpshooters along the front; the spiteful 'zip' of the Minie-balls, as they flew undesirably near in my tramp of a quarter of a mile to inform regimental commanders that 'the brigade commander directs that the troops be vigilant,'—are reminiscences not easily effaced.

"On the afternoon of the 29th of July, Col. Sigfried directed his two aides (Lieut. Washburn and myself) to accompany him to the front line. Having selected a comparatively safe position,

* "Congratulate me. A document in my possession declares my title to be A. A. D. C. at brigade headquarters. It came without my knowledge or consent. It is my purpose, by strict attention to duty and a becoming bearing, to merit the continuance of the favor which placed me here." — *Letter*.

† But there were times of quiet, as the following extract indicates:—

"SUNDAY, July 24.—It has been unusually quiet to-day; and, during the closing hours, the roar of the guns has ceased entirely. We soldiers love this quiet. It gives us opportunity to think of home and its associations. At such times, we cannot but indulge a wish that 'grim-visaged War' would 'retire in good order,' and let that fabulous 'white-winged Peace' make us a permanent visit." — *Letter*.

with his field-glass he proceeded to scan the long yellow mound in front, occupied by our enemies. Between that line and the point where we stood was an irregular fort, also garrisoned by rebel forces. 'We shall enter on this side, and pass to the right,' said he: 'I don't believe the abatis will be in the way. Our position will be to support this other division, and aid in gaining the summit of that hill which overlooks Petersburg.' So much for this reconnoissance. It was suggestive of work for the morrow, on which there was to be a fight; and we were to be there. The mine which Col. Pleasants has been superintending, and his Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment had been digging, was to be exploded; and great results were expected to follow.

"Very little sleep came to the eyes of the men of the Ninth Army Corps that night. At our headquarters, we discussed the plans and the prospects.

"The events of that fatal 30th of July are too deeply implanted in my memory to need specific and elaborate description.* The

* From a letter of twenty-two closely-written pages, minutely describing the movements connected with the "Battle of the Mine," the following brief notes are taken:—

"JULY 31.—Before you receive this letter, you will have read full accounts of an assault on the enemy's works yesterday, and of our disastrous repulse.

"Let me first assure you of my entire safety. The only effect of the extreme excitement, labor, and danger which I have passed through, is excessive fatigue.

"At half-past three in the morning, we were in position for advance. All the general, field, and staff officers were dismounted.

"It was a most important moment when the order to advance was given. The exposure of life in crossing this intervening space was evident. But all the impulses of my higher nature rose superior to any sense of personal danger; and I was unconscious of any base fear as the gantlet of death was entered and traversed, where the dead and wounded thickly strewed the ground, and where hundreds of others were added from our division as we quickly moved over the fearful pass. . . . The crater, one hundred yards in circumference and twenty-five feet deep, was crowded full of living and dead soldiers. It will do you no good to read of the wholesale mangling of humanity, and the horrible forms of death that occurred every moment all around me. From both flanks, a most destructive fire of artillery and musketry was poured into our division. They had the exact range; and every shell exploded with terrible effects.

"But there are times in battle that are glorious in the midst of destruction. To see that col-

assembling of the troops in the dark, early morning; the delay until the sun showed his red face above the horizon; the low, quaking rumble of the earth; the deep-toned explosion when the fort we had scanned the day previous rose bodily in the air; the sudden and simultaneous discharge of hundreds of expectant cannon that poured their deadly missiles into the rebel works all along our lines, with the answering projectiles of the enemy; the advance of the first division, which gained the rebel line almost without opposition; the massing of our division; the few words of consultation; the cool words from Gen. Ferrero, 'Col. Sigfried, advance your brigade;' the rush up the intervening slope to the 'crater' of the blown-up fort in the midst of a hail-storm of bullets and grape-shot that whizzed and hummed and snapped by us and over us most terrifically; the brave advance of our division in unbroken column over that bloody ground; the crater, lined from bottom to top with living and dead soldiers; the trial of those long hours in which nothing was done, because nobody seemed to know what to do; the final charge of the rebels; the panic; the retreat in confusion,—these and all the scenes and incidents of that bloody 'Battle of the Mine' will ever be in fresh remembrance.

umn of colored troops moving steadily in the face of such a fire was to me a grand sight. Taking my stand on a huge boulder, I forgot the imminent danger, and could only admire the conduct of our brave boys. Veteran generals uncovered their heads, and waved their swords. Our division, on reaching the exploded mine, passed to a still more exposed position on the right. The men were fearfully swept away. Not fifteen minutes elapsed before five field-officers were carried away, either killed or wounded. . . .

"The white division had failed to advance as was expected. . . . There seemed to be no commander. . . . We were under fire from seven to half-past eleven, A.M.; and our loss is very great. . . . I will not attempt to describe my feelings in view of the disastrous result.

"During a brief truce, those unselfish agents of charity—the employees of the Christian and Sanitary Commission—advance with pails of iced water, which they carry to our wounded on the field.

"Under those simple white flags, rebel and Union officers fraternized freely. In making inquiries for Lieut. Washburn, I spoke with several who would willingly shoot me six hours later. I saw no manifestation of malicious hostility: on the contrary, there seemed the utmost good will." . . .

"We were defeated,—sadly defeated. Somebody had blundered, and rendered severely useless a plan which was well conceived, and should have been eminently successful.

"Concerning the battle in general, two official reports are published. An army commission, of which Gen. Hancock was the president, declares its opinion that Gen. Burnside was the blame-worthy cause of the disaster: on the other hand, the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War decide that Gen. Meade caused the defeat by his opposition to the plan from the beginning, and because he changed the plan of attack at the very last moment, but gave no co-operative aid to the movement.

"And now, for a time, the great army before Petersburg furnished no exciting topics, but, in their turn, found intense interest in hearing of the movements of the rebel general (Early), who shook his ponderous fist at the capital of our country, even before its very gates, with frightening aspect, and then retired gracefully before the pursuing forces of Lew Wallace and Wright, all under command of the dashing Phil Sheridan; and then everybody's heart beat easier.

"During these August days of general inactivity, the artillerists of both lines used to enliven the dull hours (of night especially) with trials of their skill; and there would be such a roaring, crashing, and smashing of projectiles, as if all the Furies were 'out on a lark.' It was my pleasing duty on two or three of these midnight improprieties to go from headquarters across a field, in full range of those foul-mouthed speech-makers, on the necessary errands of Col. Sigfried. It was an excellent test of nervous strength to steer one's way in the darkness amid the hissing, screeching shells and grape-shot.*

* "When I see that there are men who are physically capable of marching with us, and fighting the foe, but who choose to remain at home, and find fault with us for not taking Richmond and

" After the Weldon-railroad fight by the Fifth Corps, which deprived the rebel capital of one great source of supplies, our division was set to work on the heavy defences there; which being completed with thick abatis-work in front, the men received the gratifying news that they might rest a while, and were sent to camp around the Gurley House, the best edifice in those parts. The month of September will be remembered as one of great pleasure to us at headquarters, where we were free to discuss politics, the news, and watermelons, with plenty of leisure for reading and writing.

" For news, we had tidings, six hours after its occurrence, of the fall of Atlanta before the power of Sherman's army, and of the punishment Sheridan was inflicting on Early at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. Gen. Grant amused himself, and at the same time showed his foresight and consummate skill, in constructing an army railroad around his lines to facilitate transportation.

" In the closing days of that pleasant September, another periodical spasm occurred,— the extension of our line on the left, the Ninth and Fifth Corps co-operating. And, at the same time, Gen. Butler on the right drove the rebels; and his colored troops assaulted and carried Fort Harrison,— one of the enemy's heaviest works, and nearest to Richmond. The fighting was very heavy in both quarters. The part which our division took was comparatively unimportant.

" Being detailed on the 29th September to take command of a detachment of scouts to ascertain the position of the enemy on the farther edge of a belt of woods, I found their works in

Atlanta, turning a cold shoulder on Administration measures, and under the semblance of a desire for peace, which is believed to be their ground of hope to save their own miserable pelts, I feel that I and my comrades at the front have just cause for indignation. I speak soberly and honestly when I say that I despise such home-traitors more than I do the rebels in arms before me to-day. The duty of a free citizen to fight for his country is of too sacred a character to be evaded."

that region apparently without garrison. Here and there a lazy 'gray-back' appeared; but no force could be discovered; and report was made accordingly to Gen. Ferrero.

"The time seemed auspicious for an assault on those works. Orders from general headquarters were telegraphed to Ferrero to proceed cautiously, and, if found expedient, to attack: so, in the afternoon, I had the honor of leading a reconnaissance in force to the desired place. Imagine my feelings, when, on reaching the *point d'appui*, it was discovered that those same desolate works of yesterday were now crowded full of troops, and their picket-line re-enforced! Our attack was indefinitely postponed.

"Now came my retribution. Gen. Ferrero was not to be trifled with; and the next day, a dismal, drizzly day, I was again sent through those woods, with a small detachment, 'to see if there was any change in the enemy's position.'

"Half crawling, we sneaked along like thieves at night (it was almost as dark) to the close proximity of the rebel works, expecting that we might meet squads of our neighbor 'gray-backs' on similar errands. Having completed our observation, we turned homeward. But, alas! human judgment is not infallible. Instead of following our track backward, we came out unexpectedly upon a line of works which were at first taken for a portion of the Union line; but it was soon discovered that they belonged to our neighbors, with whom we were not on good terms just then. Our course was altered, with caution at first; and soon a quicker step brought us to a region of safety. At least *one* of that party resolved that he would never make scouting his business.*

* "Oct. 3.—This day was signalized in our camp by the execution of a deserter. ¶ In times of peace, what could be said of men, who like those eight, endowed with enlightened reason, and conscious of the responsibility of their acts, could stand up coolly, and, taking the word of command from their official superior, deliberately aim and fire at a human being, intelligent and living like themselves now, but who, by their act, will be in an instant sent from time to eternity!"

"Oct. 5, we were sent to the extreme left, near the Peeble's Farm. Our division had gained a distinction for industry, and an expert use of the pick and spade, attested by a score of forts along the lines, to say nothing of redoubts, breastworks, abatis, and covered ways. Night and day, our colored men turned the yellow clay of Virginia into defences behind which loyal bravery might hold the foe at bay; and at this newly-won point their industry was demanded.*

"On the 10th of October, Col. Bates returned to duty, and, as senior colonel of the brigade, took command.

"Of him it may be said, that coolness and bravery were distinguishing elements of his character; and he possessed other traits also, which endeared him to every soldier of his command. He won from his staff-members a respect and abiding regard which he most amply deserved.

"On the 20th of October, he constituted me acting assistant-adjutant of the brigade. This post was retained while I remained in the army; and its months of duty were among the pleasantest of my military life.

"Very early on the morning of Oct. 27, the army moved out of its intrenchments to the left, with a view to cutting the Southside Railroad, and severing or outflanking the rebel line. The affair is called the fight at Hatcher's Run. Gen. Grant called it a reconnaissance; and since we were outwitted, and our hopes and expectations smashed, perhaps we may as well accept the general's definition.†

"We left camp just as the uncertain light of a dark, misty morning was making natural objects discernible, following the

* "It is said that three hundred negroes will do the work of a thousand whites in the excessively hot season." — *Letter.*

† "Ask almost any intelligent soldier if he is ready to move: he will tell you, 'Yes, when Grant is ready.' Such is the confidence the army reposes in its commander."

track of the Second and Fifth Corps. We of the Ninth marched out two miles, and deployed as skirmishers. On entering a thick wood in front, the sharp and rapid cracking of rifle-shots spoke of progress; and presently the louder report of cannon told of more serious work. Our line advanced with difficulty in the face of a deadly storm of shells and bullets. While delivering an order on horseback, I inadvertently came upon the enemy's line, within half a dozen rods of their breastworks. How horse and rider escaped the shots discharged at them is a mystery. A retrograde move was imperative and very active.

"When within a very easy range of the rebel lines, we halted, and threw up with surprising alacrity a temporary defence.

"Farther to the left, the rebel forces had concentrated more fully; and several sharp charges had occurred, with much loss on both sides, and no decided advantage. Just as night set in, there came a cold, drenching rain-storm. That dismal night, soaked and chilled almost to frenzy, with the dead lying around, I thought of the comforts of home. The next day, at nine o'clock, orders came for us to retire from this bloody, fruitless, and most uncomfortable *reconnaissance*.*

"The re-election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency asserted with emphasis, that despite all the discouragements, partisan cavils, plots of traitors in the field, or of the more despicable traitors at home, our noble patriots would still press on to a complete triumph of arms; thus laying the foundations firm for an enduring peace.

"Our brigade was next ordered to relieve troops at Bermuda Hundred, under command of Gen. Butler. I bade good-by to the Ninth Corps with regret.

* "Nov. 3.—I am a little better natured than I was last Sunday. I can almost shout 'Hurrrah for the reconnaissance!' with this proviso, that, when the whole army next goes out scouting, I hope it will make more capital for Union and Liberty than it did one week ago to-day."

"In our new position, we received a regular daily bombardment, to the prejudice of our peace of mind.*

"On the 2d of December, just six years after old John Brown was hung for the cause which his enemies have since done so much to advance inadvertently, the colored troops of the Army of the James were organized under command of Gen. Weitzell.

"Our position was tiresome and uneventful. The weather was almost continuously unpleasant.

"Gen. Butler's Dutch-gap Canal was visited. I found it a small concern for such great pretensions. The rebels, however, regarded it as worthy a regular shelling every day from their heavy battery at the Howlett House, about a mile away.

"The Fort-Fisher expedition having returned covered with every thing but glory, Gen. Grant (from whose dictionary the word "fail" seems to have dropped out) did not suffer a week to elapse ere he sent the same troops back again under a new leader,—Gen. Terry.

"Gen. Sherman had triumphantly stalked through the heart of Georgia, and had reached Savannah. He now, with an equally fearless tread, was to move through the Carolinas, northward, to join Gen. Grant. A half-way supply-station or base might possibly be needed in his progress: hence the reduction of Fort Fisher, and capture of Wilmington, was made part of the grand movement. This was accomplished by Gen. Terry's forces, after a hard fight, on the 19th of January, 1865. In neither of these expeditions was I permitted to share; Gen. Bates being held in reserve on both occasions.

"Meanwhile I was very glad of another opportunity to visit home, where twenty days of solid enjoyment rapidly passed.

* "Twenty-four hours did not elapse, after our arrival near Battery Harrison, before the rebels tried the grit of our 'smoked Yankees.' The result was, that said Yankees stood their ground nobly; and the rebels retired, leaving twenty of their comrades on the field between the lines." — *Letter.*

"Part of my home-expedition was to purchase in Boston an elegant sword to be presented to Gen. Bates by his staff in token of their high appreciation of his merits as an officer.

"On returning to headquarters, I found we were under marching-orders for North Carolina.

"In the afternoon of Feb. 20, we found ourselves on board the steamer 'Daniel Webster,' slowly moving down the James. It was a relief to get away from those old familiar scenes; and yet, as we watched the smoke of the camp-fires of the great army with which we had so long been associated, we experienced also a regret at leaving so many of our old companions.

"At Fortress Monroe, we were delayed long enough to allow a thorough inspection of the place;* then we started for Fort Fisher, and, on the morning of Feb. 23, came to anchor opposite the fort, with hearty cheering that the city of Wilmington had surrendered the day before.

"A dozen officers, including the general and some of his staff, ventured ashore in a skiff through a surf that tossed us about as if we were of little consequence. Our skipper told us it was 'very dangerous; ' and we kindly informed him that 'they who are born to be hung will not be drowned.'

"Fort Fisher, which had defied our power for four years, giving its protection, meanwhile, to so many blockade-runners for the aid and comfort of the Rebellion, we found to be an immense pile of sand fronting the sea; its huge proportions rising out of the beach, and stretching along for half a mile.† Over its

* "PEACE CONVENTION AT FORT MONROE, Feb. 3.—Abraham Lincoln was firm as a rock. All honor to him! . . . There is no loyal soldier who is yet ready to back down to rebel power. Much as we desire a cessation of hostilities, we will never, *never* willingly submit to any terms which honor, national integrity, and humane principles, do not underlie." — *Letter*.

† "In one of the spaces near the centre of the work is the celebrated Armstrong gun, presented by Sir William Armstrong to Gen. Whiting. It is certainly the most magnificent specimen of ordnance I ever saw. The carriage is solid mahogany, highly polished, and mounted

parapet, at regular intervals, the great Columbiads which had not been dismounted poked their noses sulkily; while numerous smaller guns whose mission was ended lay silent and inert. The great holes in the fort, and the hundreds of tons of iron scattered around, told of the severity of the bombardment.

"The next day, we steered up the Cape-Fear River to Wilmington. The scenery on either side was uninviting. The river-channel was obstructed in several places by submerged stockades, against one of which our boat was impelled, causing a leak, which sunk her, but not until the living freight had escaped.

"In the course of campaigning, much government-property, for which company-officers are held responsible, becomes unavoidably missing. A shipwreck under such circumstances is made sometimes a save-all to such officers. It must have been a source of some surprise to the quartermaster-general, on examining the next returns from Gen. Paine's division, when he discovered that more of Uncle Sam's property had been lost in the 'Daniel Webster' than twenty vessels of her tonnage could contain.

"Wilmington was found in a very shabby condition, produced both by the destruction of its friends and foes. The people were civil, but sullen. Instead of being grateful for the restoration of the old flag (the symbol of true freedom), they seemed to look scornfully on all which reminded them of the presence of Yankees. Especially did they cast indignant glances at the black soldiery. The women were worse than the men, imagining, doubtless, that their spiteful vituperations were exceedingly harmful to us Northerners. There were some, however (a small

with brass. The gun itself is splendidly polished, and in excellent repair. Our shots, that damaged almost every other gun, did no harm to this." — *Letter.*

minority), who hailed our national forces with sincere joy, and, after a long night of despotism, looked gladly upon the dawn of a new day.

“One incident occurred soon after our arrival, which showed the chivalry that we had with us some champions of freedom. A squad of our colored troops chanced to see a mulatto-girl forcibly dragged to a whipping-post by an inhuman man. They instantly released the intended victim, and would have dealt summary justice to the culprit; but he barely escaped. Only a day or two elapsed before our sable sons of freedom had found out and destroyed every vestige of whipping-posts and stocks, and all other implements of slave-torture.

“Many curious circumstances grew out of the sudden change of authority in Wilmington. One woman, the day before our advent, sold three of her best slaves for eighteen thousand dollars (Confederate paper). On considering the relative value of the purchase-money, and of the newly-emancipated slaves, it would be hard to decide which profited by the trade, — the woman, or the purchaser. One stalwart negro-man indicated his notion of freedom by going to his late master’s house, and demanding all the furniture; asserting, that, by his newly-acquired liberty, he gained possession of equal rights with the ‘massa.’

“Freedom from labor was the prominent idea with these new citizens. To sit quietly down, and be supported by others, was to them the true interpretation of liberty; and some disturbance in domestic affairs was a necessary result. Sweet young maidens found themselves obliged to cook their own dinners, or go without. One lady, whose delicate hand showed little sign of the wash-tub and kneading-pan, told me, ‘She reckoned we’uns ought to be ashamed of ourselves for coming down ‘yer, and freeing their slaves:’ she found it ‘right hard to get up early in the morning, and do the cookin’.’ I didn’t tell her it was

good enough for her ; but I thought it might be a valuable lesson to her ladyship. We remained in the city about two weeks ; and several pleasant acquaintances were made.

“ Meanwhile, the troops were encamped about ten miles from town,—on the Goldsborough Road, at North-east Station, where the rebels had been driven across the river, burning the bridge after them.

“ Our stay here will be associated with one event of painful interest,—the delivery by the rebels, into our hands, of five thousand Union prisoners. I could not adequately portray the scenes of that incident if I would, and I would not if I could. Almost starved, nearly naked, dirty, emaciated to living skeletons, with haggard looks ; many with reason shattered, so that they were mere imbeciles ; and all of them loathsome yet pitiable reminders of rebel barbarism,—a barbarism more savage than words can express,—these poor soldiers came dragging their wasted frames wearily along in the cold March wind through the muddy, swampy roads. And were they not truly loyal still ? Hear the shout they raise as they see again the old flag!—a shout feeble, but hearty. And when they see the ‘WELCOME,’ which, in evergreen, marks the arch under which they pass as they reach our lines ; and when they hear from our bands the soothing tones of ‘ Home, Sweet Home,’—many a veteran cheek that had never blanched

‘ In the imminent, deadly breach,’

and many an eye that never dimmed when the numerous foe assaulted, now feels the tear of joyful thanksgiving.

“ Numbers of these poor fellows never survived to tell their story to their friends at home. A sudden return to civilized living from the barbarous torture of the prison-pen was fatal to many.

“ Except for this incident, our camp here was a round of gala-days for the soldiers. Gen. Sherman was now at Fayetteville, having compelled the evacuation of Charleston and of Columbia by his skilful generalship. He was now turning his attention to the army of Johnston.

“ On a beautiful sunny morning, March 16, we broke camp, and crossed the river; setting our faces towards Goldsborough. The march was very jolly; the only inconvenience being the necessity of fording numerous streams. The men made no complaint, but, on reaching a stream, would march straight on, often accompanying the cold bath with hearty cheering, or with some of their peculiar songs. A noteworthy feature of this tramp was the extensive foraging, which was permitted by order. It was not indiscriminate, but systematic. Each regiment was permitted to send out a party daily; and the staple products of North-Carolina soil were gathered in without regard to prior ownership, unless the proprietor proved himself a loyal man. But I confess that this system never harmonized with my sense of justice or propriety; and nothing but sheer necessity would seem to warrant its practice by an army claiming to be made up of civilized elements.

“ So we marched along, until, on the 19th, we passed through Keenansville, where we heard the heavy and rapid booming of the hostile armies of Sherman and Johnston at Bentonville. We hurried on; but the rebels were defeated before we came near enough to help.

“ Our course was now directed to the Neuse River, where we arrived in two days; and, the next morning, Gen. Sherman’s army reached the same point. I looked upon his veterans with respect, and with something of awe. They had fought from Chattanooga to Atlanta, beating the foe at every step; and then marched hundreds of miles through Georgia, taking Savannah,

and passed triumphantly through the Carolinas to their present point. Such men were not 'fair-weather home-guards' or 'holiday soldiers ;' yet, but a few months ago, they were all quiet citizens of the North, and, on their farms and in their workshops, had hardly dreamed of war, much less of such wonderful exploits.

"The last occasion on which our colored soldiers were called to show their bravery, while I was among them, was during the few days we remained on the banks of the Neuse. A company of less than a hundred men, under command of Capt. C. B. Safford, was on our picket-line. They were suddenly attacked by a brigade of cavalry with two pieces of artillery. At first, they broke under the suddenness of the attack, but soon rallied, and held the rebel force at bay, firing with coolness and telling rapidity, until our line was formed, and advanced with a scattering effect on Wheeler's Cavalry Brigade.

"The next day we marched to Faison's Station, on the Wilmington Railroad, where our supplies, coming direct from the city, were abundant and excellent.

"An intimate acquaintance formed here with William H. Hill, Esq., one of the Southern aristocracy, enabled me to get an insight of Southern affairs that was truly interesting and valuable.*

* "The residence of Mr. Hill was palatial in every sense ; but the splendid appointments were not easy. There was a seeming presence that kept rising, Banquo-like, reminding one that every thing around was the fruit of the sweat of men's brows who could not call their children their own.

"Yet I have rarely enjoyed conversation more than with Mr. and Mrs. Hill. There was that free and courteous manner, mingled with a grace and refinement, that makes one feel at home.

"Slavery had its full share of discussion. I remarked (after listening to what Mr. Hill had said), that it was, then, after all, only from a spirit of spite and antagonism to the North that the institution had been defended with their life-blood ; and I was surprised to hear them both assent.

"With reference to the negroes and slavery, Mr. Hill said, 'I wish some dispensation of Providence would suddenly remove every negro, and every vestige and memento of him or his associations, from off the face of the land.'

"But if,' said he, 'the experiment of emancipation shall prove as successful and beneficial as I now believe it will, I shall count my loss nothing (*he had been owner of a hundred and fifty slaves*), and shall consider this great war a blessing.'

“ But the event of all others to be noted in connection with this camp was the reception of a despatch from Gen. Grant, telling us, that, on the 2d of the month, the great victory had been won that placed Richmond in our hands. Oh, how our hearts ascended in glad thanksgiving, and in outward expressions of cheer, salute, and every other form of rejoicing! The day was now clearly breaking after the long night of our toil and hardship.

“ It was not wonderful that we obeyed the order to march with alacrity, hoping to do our part in aiding Grant to ‘ finish up the job at once.’

“ On the 10th of April, we moved toward Raleigh; and, on the same day, Sherman marched his army in further pursuit of Johnston.

“ As we were tramping rapidly over a good road, we heard loud cheering in advance,— a display of such enthusiasm as men feel when their whole being is filled with a sudden joy. It was the news of the surrender of Lee’s whole army on the 9th of April. Such wildly enthusiastic demonstrations of rejoicing I never witnessed before or since. The startled pine-forests seemed to catch the spirit, and rang through and through for hours with merry shoutings.

“ It only remained now, to complete the Union victory, for Sherman to make one firm grapple with Johnston: so we tramped on more cheerfully and rapidly than before.

“ Anticipations of a fight at Raleigh were disappointed; our rebel friends there assuming, before our arrival, that ‘ discretion is the better part of valor.’

“ Raleigh was found by the Yankee travellers to be a very beautiful city, and in excellent condition. It had experienced but little of the devastation of war that had been visited upon other Southern cities. Its regular and beautifully-shaded streets,

its attractive public buildings and tasteful private dwellings, with the lovely suburbs, made it the most civilized and inviting locality seen in my Southern tours.

"Gen. Sherman established himself in the governor's mansion, while his great army encamped around the city.

"The treaty of April 17 constitutes an incident concerning which I hardly know how to write. The stipulations were not such as the Union victors had a right to demand. *Unconditional surrender* seemed the only proper basis for a permanent peace; and the proposed treaty did not, in the opinion of many, come up to the exigency of the case. It satisfied us soldiers only in one thing, and that was an important point,—it ended our fighting; though, for that matter, we should have been willing for further service in that direction, if it would render the hoped-for results more certain and permanent. Nevertheless, our rejoicings were sincere that the time had now come so near when we could leave the scenes of conflict for the longed-for quiet of home.

"In the midst of all this came that fearful blow that smote the heart of every Union soldier, and smothered our joy as with a gloomy darkness. Our good President Lincoln had been assassinated!

"In all our camps there was the silence of real grief: and the people of the town too, now, for the first time, seemed to realize how good a man Abraham Lincoln had been; and, in the expressed conviction that in him they had lost their best friend, they paid a tribute to his memory which all their insults to his name, while living, could hardly cancel.

"These pages are not the place for eulogy; yet I cannot pass the record of the event without a word to tell how I felt personally when the great national loss became to me a reality. It was no fitful shadow that now rested upon us. Humanity had lost a true friend, our nation a leader, and the world a represen-

tative of true manhood. Posterity, in reading the history of these times, will make Abraham Lincoln the peer of Washington in honor and respectful memory.

“ He was emphatically *the good* President. ‘ With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see it,’ he lived and worked, and, dying, gave himself up, a most precious sacrifice, for the cause he labored for so nobly. His pure life went out just as the great task he had undertaken was fully accomplished.

“ A period of inactivity in the army now ensued. Gen. Sherman had a grand review of his great army before Raleigh; the division of ‘ smoked Americans’ eliciting remarks of favor from the great chieftain.

“ Meantime, the ‘ Sherman-Breckenridge Treaty’ had gone to Washington. President Johnson had declared his disapproval of its terms, and had despatched Gen. Grant with *carte-blanche* authority to operate a little in our locality.

“ That ‘ unconditional-surrender’ man came. He terminated the truce at once, and issued orders to move. This had the desired effect; and on the 27th of April, before we had left camp, Gen. Joe Johnston desired to represent very respectfully to Gen. Sherman, that he was ready to surrender. Our cheers again went up to heaven, and our campaigns were ended.*

“ On the last day of April, our division left Raleigh for Goldsborough, accomplishing the fifty-two miles in three days.

“ We were most delightfully established at Goldsborough. The recollection of the little oak-grove where our tents were

* “ APRIL 27, 1865.—Thank Heaven that you live to see this day. Most happy, yes, joyous beyond expression, am I, that I, your soldier-boy, am at last permitted to tell you that the *war is ended*. Johnston has surrendered; and peace—a glorious, lasting, honorable peace—has dawned, after the long, hideous night of war. No words can express my supreme joy. You can but feebly imagine the deep sense of thanksgiving which fills the breast of every surviving soldier.”—*Letter.*

pitched, of the pleasant walks and rides about town, of the roses and the strawberries, and other good things, is refreshing even now.

"It was painful, however, to witness the destitution of the natives who came to beg rations. Old women, too aged to be out of doors, came tottering to our camp for a few pounds of flour to keep them from starving. Men would come in from the country with ghost-like horses, and indescribable vehicles, after the one thing needed. Women were seen who had come fifteen miles, bringing their babies. I noticed one poor creature in particular, whose blistered feet, and tired, forlorn look, bore truthful witness of her sad story of want and desolation, — how the soldiers had taken all her little store; how her husband had been killed at Gettysburg, and she was left alone and friendless. Surely those scenes told more than volumes of the awfulness of war.

"On the 10th of May, my resignation as a military officer was duly tendered. The time had come, as I believed, when I could conscientiously ask to be relieved from further military service. I longed to return to studies, which, three years before, I had voluntarily interrupted in order that I might join the army. The war was now finished. Victory had been gained. Soldiering was no longer a matter of solemn duty.

"Pending the action on my resignation, Gen. Bates's brigade was ordered to Moorhead City, — a small village on the beach. Our headquarters were established the opposite side of the channel, at Beaufort; where the sailing and bathing, the sea-breezes and ocean-scenery, were all that could be desired.

"Flowery June was hardly out of its teens when the document arrived releasing me from further service. I visited my regiment, then at Kinston, to bid good-by to my company and the officers, and then returned to Gen. Bates's headquarters.

“ It was, I confess, not a joyful matter to part with those men. Although I had not been with them for a year, yet, in the honest look and hearty grip of those black boys I had commanded, I saw more true manhood than is wont to be accorded to them as a race.

“ June 22, I was relieved from duty on the staff of Gen. Bates’s brigade ; and my soldier-life ended.

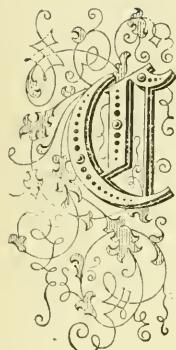
“ With as little delay as possible, I hastened to that home which had been left three years before tearfully, yet proudly, but now ready to give the welcome so often dreamed of,—a happy, glorious welcome ; for it was hearty and unclouded. The same little circle, which at the beginning bade me good-by with aching hearts, now at the end received me back joyously.

“ And so the story finishes. It is unavoidably egotistical. The incidents all cluster around my personal experience ; for it has been my sole intention to record such as belong definitely to my own career, and to preserve a connected story of my life in the army, alike for my personal gratification in future perusal, and for those, who, coming after me, may have any interest in the humblest men of the late exciting period of our nation’s history. And as I write these closing lines, while in memory the many incidents, recorded and unrecorded, pass in vivid review, there is a satisfactory consciousness that the three years of army-life were not uselessly spent. Whatever sacrifices have been made by me have been willingly made, under firm convictions of duty. There is a proud gratitude for the privilege of taking a part, however humble, in the noble work of the past conflict, and of being now permitted to look upon its successful termination, tempered only by regret that the service rendered was not greater.”

Frank W. Draper was the third son of James S. and Emeline A. (Reeves) Draper; born in Wayland, Feb. 25, 1843. He was five feet five inches and a half tall, of dark complexion and hair, with hazel eyes.

Since the war, he has completed a full course of study at the Harvard Medical School; and is now practising his profession in Boston, Mass.

JAMES AUSTIN DRAPER.



ONFLICTING motives held alternate sway in the mind of this soldier for some months before he fully resolved on his course of duty. On the one hand was the little family he most tenderly loved,—the wife in delicate health, the three children (the eldest but five years of age), dependent on his exertions for comfort and support; and these strongly prompted him to remain at home. But, on the other hand, an imperilled country, a pride in following ancestral example, and the enthusiasm of the day, outweighed all other influences; and on the last day of July, 1862, his name was enrolled on the list of volunteers from Wayland, his native town.

He was born Oct. 16, 1835; his parents being James S. and Emeline A. (Reeves) Draper. His occupation was farming. He was five feet six inches tall, with sandy hair and beard, light complexion, and blue eyes.

His marriage with Abbie H. Drury of Wayland occurred on his twenty-first birthday.

For some months previous to his enlistment, he held the position of captain in a volunteer company, and was regarded as an excellent master of the military drill.

The regiment which he joined (Thirty-fifth Infantry, Company

D) was encamped at Lynnfield. Before it left the State (Aug. 22), he was made sergeant in his company; and he also fulfilled the duties of company-clerk. But, amidst all his army employment, he did not forget his family. His leisure time was occupied in writing to them. This was the solace for all the hours of his solicitude in their behalf.

On arriving at Philadelphia (five, p.m., of Aug. 23), the regiment was welcomed by the Soldiers' Relief Association, the members of which had provided an excellent repast for the defenders of their country. In a letter, he thus notices the reception: "There was an immense crowd of people who came out to meet and welcome us to their city, and bid us God speed to our destination. Every one seemed as a father, brother, or sister; and all were anxious to grasp us by the hand as we passed. Cheer upon cheer greeted us; and the day will be far distant when we shall forget our reception in the city of Brotherly Love."

Washington was reached at two o'clock on Sunday; and, at five, a march of fourteen miles was commenced to the camping-ground on Arlington Heights. The heat and suffocating dust were a severe test to these new warriors; and about half of the regiment fell out of the ranks, and did not get to camp until the next day. Of this number, Sergeant Draper was one.

While remaining here, the second Bull-Run battle was fought. The firing was distinctly heard; and the sight of the many wounded and dead soldiers that were conveyed by their camp to Washington was not very cheering to beginners. He writes,—

"God grant we may not be nearer the battle-field than we were yesterday is the prayer of nearly all of us; but, if it is not to be so, we are ready to do our duty as men who know for what and whom we are fighting. Our loved ones at home, made doubly dear to us by the separation, inspire us with a determini-

nation to be overcome by nothing but death ; and, having faith in that Power which controls our destinies, we shall go into action with courage and firmness, resolved to do our utmost to stop this wicked Rebellion."

These feelings and sentiments were soon to be put to the test. Col. Wild, though fully aware that his regiment was not yet sufficiently drilled to make the best appearance on parade-ground, was yet equally certain of their prowess, and their determination to fulfil their duties at whatever cost ; and, when the enemy were found invading Northern Maryland, he offered his command in aid of their expulsion.

Sept. 6, the regiment recrossed the Potomac, *en route* for the enemy. The next day, it was placed in Gen. Ferrero's brigade (second brigade, second division, Ninth Army Corps).

The march was continued. "While halting near a grist-mill in Brookville, we helped ourselves to meal, that was quickly transformed to hasty-pudding under a word from our colonel, who said, that 'men who would not fight for their country should feed those that did.' The miller presented his bill for a hundred dollars' worth of articles taken, and was coolly told that he might consider that as part of his share in putting down the Rebellion." — *Letter.*

Expectations of meeting the foe at Frederick City were disappointed, they having left the day before.

"On Saturday, the 13th, we were close upon them ; and our regiment was ordered out to the picket-line. The next day, the battle commenced at South Mountain, — about two miles ahead of us. Our time of trial had now come. We were ordered forward. Every man seemed ready for his duty. No cowardice was shown. Our line was formed, with rebel shells flying over our heads pretty lively ; and we received the praise of all who saw us for our coolness and order. A narrow belt of woods lay

between us and a part of the rebel line, distant about fifty rods. Through this woods we charged with as much noise as we could well make. The enemy, after firing a volley at us with little effect, retreated. We moved on till we met their volley again from a new line. The firing now became general, lasting till nearly nine o'clock in the evening. During the night, the enemy retreated. I examined their line of battle the next morning; and, where they received our heaviest fire, their dead lay piled upon each other. I hoped never to see such a sight again. Our brave colonel had his arm shattered near the shoulder. He refused assistance in leaving the field, saying he wanted every man to stay and fight. . . .

"I suppose you are ready to ask, ' Didn't you think of home and the dear ones when engaged in the fight? ' I answer, ' No; not until it was all over.' The excitement was so great, our work so severe, the anxiety to do our best so intense, that I could not think of what was five hundred miles away. No one of you can imagine how one's nerves are strained during a fight, and how insensible to danger he becomes." *

The rebels, now comprising the best part of Gen. Lee's army, made a determined stand at Antietam; and the morning of the 17th September was ushered in with the roar of a fierce battle, nearly as bloody as any subsequently fought of the same duration.

The Thirty-fifth had closely followed the retreat from South Mountain, and, at an early hour, stood ready for the order to advance.

From a letter dated after the battle, the following extracts are made:—

"We were already on the march for the immediate scene of

* Extracts from a letter dated Sept. 14, 1862.

action, when an officer was met, who came with orders to hurry up our column. We passed into a position somewhat sheltered, where the shot and shell of both friends and foes filled the air over our heads.

"At three o'clock came the order to charge, with fixed bayonets, across a bridge that spanned the Antietam Creek. This was at once successfully done, under a brisk infantry-fire from the enemy on the opposite heights. Again a line was formed; and we advanced up and over the steep hill from which the rebels had retreated. Here we found ourselves in perfect range of a rebel battery, that immediately sent a murderous fire in our midst, compelling us to retire over the edge of the hill. During this shelling, Lieut. Baldwin of Company D, and several others, were severely wounded; and one man of the company was killed." Sergeant Draper assisted one of these wounded comrades to the rear, and was not in the remainder of the fight.

During the several weeks of inaction subsequent to this battle, while encamped at Pleasant Valley, Md., Sergeant Draper became somewhat restless under what appeared to him a needless delay. His naturally sanguine temperament demanded energetic action. He writes, —

"Although it (Pleasant Valley) would be a fine place to winter in, yet I care not how soon we leave it, if we can only go ahead and fight, or do something else to finish up the war."

Marching-orders at length came; and, under a new leader, a grand movement was being prosecuted with vigor. The tramp through Northern Virginia had no very important features.

On the 21st of November, Gen. Burnside's army arrived before Fredericksburg, Va., and encamped in the town of Falmouth, the River Rappahannock separating these two places.

Three weeks of delay again occurred, broken on the 13th of December by the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, which was

the last in which this soldier was engaged; and in this he was only in at the commencement. While charging up the hill with his comrades, he received a wound, which protruded the bone from the upper joint of the middle finger of his left hand. He went to the rear, and did not again enter the conflict.

The wound was dressed by the regimental surgeon, Dr. Lincoln; and the next day he was sent with others to the hospital-department at Washington.

His general health being good, and the wound being slight, he was allowed a furlough to visit his home.

Returning to hospital-quarters at Mt. Pleasant, he was sent immediately to Convalescent Camp, at Alexandria, Va. Exposure here in unwarmed and loosely-built barracks induced a severe cold, resulting in a most painful neuralgic affection. This last proved beyond the control of medical and surgical aid. He suffered the loss of all his teeth; and, during much of the time, he was also under the weakening influence of an obstinate diarrhoea.

Deeming his case to be beyond their control, the surgeons reported him for a discharge for disability.

His discharge-paper bears date March 28, 1863.

Sergeant Draper had but a low regard for the efficiency of the corps of surgeons attached to the Convalescent Camp. He writes, under date of March 25, 1863, "Most of them are young, and without much experience; and they don't appear to care so much for the sick soldiers as for their own comfort. They act as though the *pay* was the chief inducement to keep them here. I pity the man who is very sick, and falls into their hands."

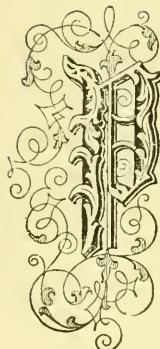
Of the Christian Commission he writes as follows: "It is the most interesting feature of the camp. The agents are young men, who conduct religious services every morning and evening, and also three services every Sunday. I was at first prompted

by curiosity to attend their meetings, and was so impressed with the fervor and heartiness that characterized the exercises, that I find now much enjoyment in being constantly present. On week-days, meetings are held to talk over each other's experience, and pray for each other and the dear ones at home; and many is the wet eye which may be seen at the mention of their names. I never attended any meetings where so much sympathy is manifested.

"Reading-matter is plentifully supplied also by the agents, which serves to pass away the time, and is productive of good."

In November, 1864, Mr. Draper again became a member of the army before Petersburg, Va., in the capacity of brigade wagon-master; in which position he remained during the three following months. He resides in his native town.

WILLIAM DEXTER DRAPER.



REVIOUS to the outbreak of the Rebellion, it was a question involving not a little doubt, whether the noble spirit of patriotism, that so freely offered its treasure and its life-blood in establishing the principles of freedom in this country during the eighteenth century, still survived in sufficient vigor, among the young men of the present generation, to prompt them to make similar sacrifices when those principles became imperilled. But the first few months of actual war dispelled all uncertainty on this point, by the spontaneous uprising of the great mass of our citizens, ready, with one mind and one heart, to respond to any and every reasonable call.

Mr. Draper was among the first to give himself to the service of his country. His enlistment dates May 15, 1861; when he joined, as a private, Company G of the Second Infantry Regiment. In height he was five feet eight inches, with light complexion and hair, and dark eyes. He was the son of Ira B. and Louisa Draper; born at Wayland, Aug. 19, 1840.

The sacrifice made of his strong and vigorous constitution, and the ultimate fatal result, are among the many kindred offsets to the grand achievements outwrought by the war.

On the 29th of May, he was married to Anna W. Wellington,

by whom he had one child, born during his father's absence in the army.

After two months' drilling at Camp Andrew, in West Roxbury, his duties with the regiment were transferred to the seat of war. In the important movements of taking and holding Harper's Ferry and Winchester, the Second moved in the advance; and, when retrograde movements became necessary, it constituted the rear-guard. Col. Gordon, to whom it owed its excellent drill, when in command of the brigade, well knew he could trust his men of the Second; and, when difficult work was in hand, it was assigned to them.* It met the enemy at Jackson and Front Royal in successful encounters; and on Gen. Banks's retreat, May 24, 1862, it drove the enemy from Newtown, single-handed, in spite of his brisk artillery-fire.

On leaving Newtown, after the main body had passed on toward Winchester, the Second was ordered to cover the retreat; which was closely followed by the rebels. Two heavy attacks were repulsed. At a brief respite of the retreat, during the night, the company of Capt. Cary was detailed as skirmishers in case of the continued advance of the enemy. The rebel cavalry soon appeared, the main body of whom were kept at bay: but by a flank movement, effected in the darkness, a portion of the men on the skirmish-line was surrounded and captured; and among these was William D. Draper.

He had faithfully and enthusiastically stood in his place in times of danger, and untiringly performed all the laborious duties and forced marches with his comrades.

We leave them now, for a time, to trace his course as a pris-

* Col. Gordon (then a brigadier-general), under date of Dec. 11, 1862, in a letter to Gov. Andrew, says, "This regiment has ever been perfectly efficient and reliable. Its discipline and military proficiency have ever called forth the praise of its companions in arms, whether from its own or from sister States. It is the model in my brigade of six regiments."

oner,—the first captured of the Wayland boys. It is to be regretted, however, that his unwillingness to pain his friends by a very minute narration of his prison-life will prevent the transmission, in this sketch, of much to indicate the living sacrifice he made for his country.

He was first taken, with other prisoners (about ninety or a hundred in number), to Lynchburg, Va., and confined for several days in an open pen or cattle-yard (used for cattle-show purposes), with no shelter whatever. He was thence removed to the prison at Belle Island, where he remained until he was paroled,—a period of four months.

During this time, no communication passed between him and his friends, who were thus left in anxious suspense as to his fate.

His treatment while a prisoner was any thing but humane: yet he never blamed those in immediate command. They, for the most part, seemed to pity the prisoners, and to regret their inability to alleviate the suffering. Very short rations, and of very poor quality, were the order of the day.

He related that he saw many who died of starvation, combined with home-sickness and slight bodily diseases, which, under other circumstances, would have produced no serious results; and perhaps a few cases in which the food issued was actually insufficient to support life.

He bore his own deprivations manfully, under the resolve to live through them if possible, and to make the best of his fate.

On being paroled, he was sent to camp in Alexandria, where he remained for two months,—until exchanged. Here he found himself almost a skeleton, with only an apology of dirty rags for clothing. Government officials must bear a stigma of reproach for permitting the brave defenders of the country thus to suffer in sight of the Capitol. What added further keenness to the sufferings of himself and his friends was the fact that a box of

ample supplies sent from his home never reached its destination.

About the first of January, 1863, he rejoined his regiment, then on the move, in Northern Virginia, and enjoyed winter-quarters for a short time at Stafford Court House. Here he was promoted to the position of corporal.

The fatal battle of Fredericksburg, Va., had been fought under Gen. Burnside. Gen. Hooker (his successor) was laying his plans for a campaign, and concentrating his forces for effective use. These movements culminated, on the 2d and 3d of May, in the very severe battle of Chancellorsville. In this engagement the regiment took a prominent part. The night of May 2 was spent sleeplessly in line of battle. The fight began at daybreak by the enemy's advance. The Second Regiment constituted a part of the Twelfth Corps, and was formed on the right. The rebel lines in front of the Second were repeatedly broken by its charges. After nearly two hours of fighting, the men having fired sixty rounds each, and maintained their ground, the regiment was relieved, and passed to the rear.

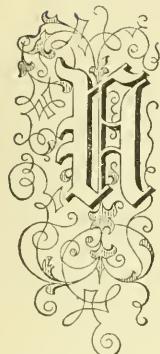
In this fight, Corporal Draper received a wound from a Minie-ball, that proved more severe than he at first supposed. The missile entered the knee, just above the patella, and came out behind, grazing the bone as it passed. The wound, after the first shock, did not prevent his hobbling to the rear without assistance. It remained uncared for by the surgeons for three days; during which time inflammation had become extreme, with intense pain. How he escaped capture, and crawled for three miles, amid the confusion of a retreat, across the Rappahannock, was a mystery to him.

He was conveyed immediately to Washington, and assigned to Armory-Square Hospital, where his wound first received surgical care; but it was too late to prevent very disastrous effects.

The joint of the knee became so rigid as to be incapable of flexure, and remained so ever after.

While at the hospital, he was prostrated by sickness, which proved so severe, that, on the 1st of August, his friends were notified of the expectation of his speedy dissolution. His wife, accompanied by his father, hastened to his side; and, by most careful nursing, he was so far restored as to be able to return home, borne on a litter. During four months, his strength gradually increased, and he was able to walk with the aid of crutches. But a fatal exposure again prostrated him; pneumonia set in; and the 19th of December, 1863, witnessed his departure from the external scenes of earth. His remains repose in the south burial-ground of his native town.

CHARLES DUDLEY.

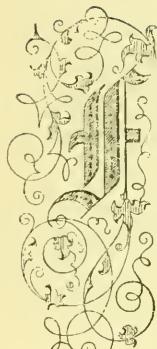


O detailed account of this young man's experience as a soldier has been obtained. He was an adopted son of Benjamin A. and Rosalia Dudley of Wayland.

In person he was of robust form and medium height, with dark complexion and hair; and was about twenty years old when he enlisted, for three years' service, as a private in the Twelfth Regiment of Infantry, June 26, 1861.

After a service of fourteen months, in which he shared the vicissitudes of the regiment in all its movements, including the battle of Cedar Mountain, which occurred Aug. 9, 1862, he unwisely sought to relieve himself from further duties as a soldier; and thus, most regretfully to his friends, he too thoughtlessly added the stigma of "deserter" to his name. The only palliative assigned by him for his unsoldierly course is "extremely rough treatment by his officers."

FRANK P. FAIRBANKS.



RANK P. FAIRBANKS, the son of Windsor and Eliza W. Fairbanks, was born at Concord, N.H., July 5, 1845. In person he was five feet eight inches high, with brown hair, light complexion, and hazel eyes. His occupation was shoemaking.

On the seventeenth day of September, 1863, he enrolled his name as a private in Company F, Forty-fifth Infantry Regiment, for nine months' service.

He was prevented by sickness from being on duty during the battles in which his regiment was engaged; and the only fighting in which he took part was a sharp skirmish at Cole Creek.

The most vexatious part of his term of service was while riding at anchor on board the steamer "Mississippi," in Boston harbor, during four days of a severe gale.

Mr. Fairbanks relates a story of a negro-boy, that illustrates the subjection of the blacks to the spirit of fear when any unusual occurrence takes place.

Soldiers were amusing themselves with tossing the boy in a blanket. At the last toss, the blanket failed to sustain its load; and the boy came through the rent to the ground. He had enjoyed the sport up to this moment; but seeing the disaster, and expecting severe punishment for what he could not help, he ran

as for dear life, and could not be persuaded, for a long time, to trust himself in camp again.

Mr. Fairbanks enlisted from patriotic motives, and, at the close of his nine-months' service, had concluded to join the Union army under a second enlistment; but the death of his father at that time prevented his plans from being executed.

His discharge is dated July 7, 1864.

At present he is a resident of Concord, N.H.

ELIAS WHITFIELD FARMER.



ELIAS WHITFIELD, who left his home and friends with a character which endeared him to them all, and whose traits while a soldier secured warmest feelings of regard from his comrades, was the son of Solomon G. and Elizabeth A. Farmer. He was born at Wayland, April 2, 1845. He enlisted as a private in the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry, in Company A, Capt. Richardson; and is described as being of dark complexion and hair, with gray eyes, and five feet six inches tall.

His physical constitution was never very robust, and parental solicitude doubted his ability to endure the hardships of a soldier's life; but his convictions of duty were too strong to permit him to enjoy the ease and comforts of home while his friends and acquaintances were manfully taking the noble stand demanded by their imperilled country. His words, on taking the final step, were, "Somebody must go and suffer; and I am willing to take my part."

Suffer, indeed, he did; for scarcely had he joined his regiment before disease began its work,* and kept him from active service during nearly all the period of his army-life.

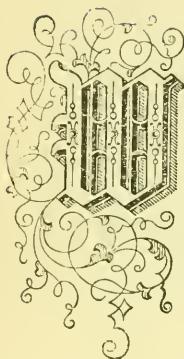
* Diarrhoea, of which he died.

While at New Orleans, he was so sick as to be unable to write to his friends. But, during all his trials and discomforts, he never allowed a murmur to escape his lips ; and not a word of discontent did he ever send in his letters home. The nearest approach to a disquiet spirit was when, after oft-repeated disappointments in obtaining a furlough, he said to a friend, “ If I do not have a furlough soon, I shall have to take one in a wooden box.”

His letters bore constant testimony of regard to his parents, to whom he often transmitted his dearly-earned wages. Only a month before his death, he sent them his last token,—sixty dollars.

The only battle at which he was present was at Port Hudson ; and here he was too feeble to be of much service in the terrible assaults resulting in the capture of that place. He died at Baton Rouge on the last day of October, 1863 ; at which place his remains repose.

MARSHALL GARFIELD.



ITH a family depending upon him for support, and having a son already "at the front" as a volunteer, Mr. Garfield had felt the burden of voluntarily joining the army to bear on other men upon whom rested fewer of the responsibilities of home. But, when volunteer service was not available for filling the required quotas, the inexorable law of conscription was resorted to; and his name was returned as a drafted soldier, July 18, 1863.

The first rendezvous was at Concord, Mass.; the Agricultural Building being used as a guard-house. Great strictness was observed in keeping the conscripts from deserting. He, with others, was next conveyed to Long Island, in Boston harbor, where he remained about a month; when, with a lot of "roughs" from New York, he, with several comrades, was placed on board a transport for a Southern destination. After getting fairly out to sea, the roughs from New York raised a mutiny. They endeavored to seize and confine the officers, with the intention of sailing the boat "on their own hook." But the loyal element was too strong for them; and several were tied up by their thumbs until they were ready to yield.

Four days terminated the passage to Washington; and from thence Mr. Garfield and others were marched under guard to

Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock, — about sixty miles from Washington, — where they were mustered into the Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry, Company H, Capt. Dallas. This was about the first of September, 1863. Near the middle of the month, the regiment was detached for patrol-duty at Culpeper, in Virginia, where it remained for a month, and then returned. During the return, Mr. Garfield's feet had become badly blistered and galled; and frequent fording of streams, with other exposures, induced violent inflammation, which entirely disabled him for marching. He was sent to Mt. Pleasant Hospital, in Washington, for treatment. Here he remained two months in good hands, and so far recovered as to return to his regiment at Beverly Ford, where winter-quarters were established.

Broke camp the first day of May, 1864, and marched through Culpeper, *en route* for Germania Ford. A day's march south of the Rapidan brought the regiment near the enemy's lines; and breastworks were thrown up across the Stone Road, down which the rebels were expected to advance.

The position of the rebels being ascertained, a line of battle was formed, and an advance ordered. The enemy were driven, and some prisoners taken; but a flank movement of the rebel forces on the right, where raw troops were engaged, compelled a retreat, with narrow escape from capture.

The regiment came back to its breastworks, where it was shelled, with some loss. The next day, while on the skirmish-line, several men were lost.

On the night of the 7th, the Eighteenth was on the move all night, though very slow, on account of the darkness. In the morning, while cooking breakfast, orders were received to form a line of battle.

The rebels had secured a position on Laurel Hill; and the regiment was to constitute a part of the force to dislodge them.

While charging up the hill, Mr. Garfield was struck by a Minie-ball, that entered his right arm very close to the shoulder, tearing the flesh and muscles badly, and passing out near the shoulder-blade (scapula). The firing was very sharp; and after he was wounded, to avoid being struck by the bullets, he lay down. While in this position, however, he was hit by a spent-ball in the left leg, which lamed him considerably, without fracturing the bone.

The rebels, being driven till they reached a line of breastworks, then returned the charge; and the Union troops were compelled to fall back. Mr. Garfield now thought it time to get out of the way. His wound had bled profusely, and he was endeavoring to prevent it by tightly grasping it with his left hand. He moved a short distance, and fainted. A soldier, in passing, gave him some water; and he started again. The hospital was nearly a mile in the rear: this he reached by his own efforts, after fainting by the way twice.

He lay there till evening; others, more severely wounded than he, receiving attention first. Dr. Holbrook tenderly dressed his wound, and gave him such nourishment as he needed.

The next day he was conveyed to Fredericksburg, and, after a day or two, to Belle Plain, where he, with others, embarked on a transport for Washington.

On the way to Belle Plain in a train of army-wagons, they were overtaken by a terrible hail-storm: there was a general stampede of the teams; and one, with its load of wounded men, was upset in the *mélée*. To add still further to the day's disasters, the rear of the train was attacked by a band of guerillas, the teams taken away, and some of the men murdered.

On arriving at Washington, he was assigned to Mt. Pleasant Hospital. His wound was now very sore and painful; though he had constantly, by his own care, kept it bathed in cold water,

which the surgeons assured him was probably the means of averting the necessity of amputation.

From here he was conveyed to University Hospital, in Baltimore; where he remained under good care for three weeks, and was thence transferred to New York, and thence to New Haven. His physical system was in good condition, and the wound healed rapidly; but, from the muscular fractures and displacements, the limb was nearly useless.

A furlough of thirty days was obtained, during which he returned home, and at the close was allowed to report at Readville for further treatment. In September, while still unable to use his arm effectively, he was sent, first to New Haven, thence to Bedlow's Island in New-York harbor, where, for three weeks, he was put to work moving lumber.

He then, with about eight hundred others (among whom were thirty deserters of the very worst class), embarked on board a transport for City Point, in Virginia.

This was the hardest experience of the whole war. The men were confined to the lower deck during the whole passage. The rations were thrown down the hatchway, upon the floor; when there was a complete grab-game to see who was the best man.

On arriving at City Point, Mr. Garfield learned that the portion of his regiment formed by recruits (the regimental term of service having expired) had been consolidated with the Thirty-second Infantry Regiment; and to this he reported at Hatcher's Run, just after the battle there.

An expedition was started, early in December, to destroy the Weldon Railroad: the desired point was reached by a circuitous line of marches; and one entire night was spent in tearing up and bending the rails. The whole expedition occupied six days. On returning, there was some skirmishing in the rear, detached portions of rebels following closely. After crossing the Nottaway

River, and halting for a while, a considerable force appeared: a brisk exchange of shots was the consequence; and the enemy soon retired.

The regiment built quarters near the Jerusalem Plank Road, for winter.

About the first of February, it was ordered to move down the Weldon Railroad, and halted at Hatcher's Run. Here the Second and Fifth Corps were in line of battle; and a fight ensued for two hours. It was mostly done in a thick pine-woods.

In what is called the Gravelly-Run fight, on the 29th of March, the Thirty-second took active part. A charge was first made by the Union lines, and a counter-charge was received: the Union force proved the superior; and the rebels retreated with much loss.

On the next day, the enemy had thrown up a new line of breastworks, which were attacked successfully, the Thirty-second taking a foremost part. It held their works for two hours; when, ammunition being exhausted, a retreat followed the charge of the rebels. An hour later, and the line of Union troops was again formed; and, with a fresh supply of ammunition, the rebels were driven. Mr. Garfield thinks it the hardest day's fighting he had yet known. He fired over seventy rounds of cartridge during the day.

The next day, the Thirty-second moved to the left to support Sheridan's cavalry, and was under fire a considerable time.

The day after (April 1), the whole corps moved up to connect with the cavalry for a grand assault, the Thirty-second being on the right of the corps. An advance was immediately ordered, and with such effect, that the whole line of the enemy was routed, and the fate of the rebel capital made certain.

The next day, the Thirty-second moved to the South-side Railroad, and captured a large number of prisoners and a train of cars.

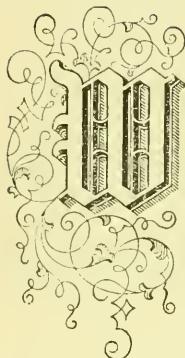
Rapid marches were now made in pursuit of the flying foe; and, on the ever-memorable ninth day of April, the whole army of the rebel general was powerless in the hands of their opponents. The regiment was retained as guard until May the 1st, when it started for Washington, which was reached in twelve days.

On the first day of July, it arrived in Boston harbor; and the men were finally discharged, Mr. Garfield with them, at Gal-loupe's Island, on July 11, 1865.

Mr. Garfield was a son of Francis and Dorcas (Stratton) Garfield; and was born in Weston, Nov. 1, 1832. He was five feet six inches tall, light complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes; and was by occupation a farmer at the time of entering the service.

He was married to Emily Hammond of Wayland, July 1, 1850; and had three children when he joined the army. He still resides in Wayland.

WILLIAM HENRY GARFIELD.



WILLIAM HENRY, the son of Marshall and Emily (Hammond) Garfield, was born at Wayland, May 20, 1843. In stature he was five feet six inches, with light complexion and hair, and blue eyes. He was a shoe-trimmer by occupation.

He enlisted for a term of three years, or during the war, in Company I, Capt. Brigham, of the Thirty-ninth Infantry Regiment, on the first day of August, 1862. It was then recruiting at Camp Stanton; from which place, after a month's drill, it was ordered to Washington, D.C.

After a few days in camp on Arlington Heights, it was assigned to a position near Poolsville, Md., for picket-duty along the Potomac. This was by no means a hard service; and there was but little to relieve the monotony. An occasional sight of the "Johnnies," on picket across the river, gave a not very unfriendly view of the war; while the frequent tramp from place to place along the Upper Potomac, in a leisurely manner, rather favored the inclination of some to a spirit of careless inactivity, which, but for the promptness of the officers, might have produced other and less desirable results. The first winter-quarters—about sixteen miles from Washington—made communication with home by letters very easy.

Early in July, 1863 (after a three-months' camp in Washington), the regiment was put upon a rapid move to North Maryland, to aid in expelling Gen. Lee's army from Northern soil. On reaching Funkstown, Md., the foe was found to be on the retreat. The Thirty-ninth was now attached to the second division of the First Army Corps, and soon joined in the pursuit of the rebels by crossing the Potomac at Berlin on a long pontoon-bridge. Rapid marching for seventy or eighty miles in Virginia, without meeting the enemy, brought the regiment to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, at a place called Bealton Station, where it was allowed to remain, comparatively inactive, for a month; and nothing unusual occurred until the preparations to advance on the rebel forces at Mine Run. Here the men of the Thirty-ninth were first brought under fire of the enemy, which was chiefly in skirmishing; and only one man was wounded. In this movement, by some unaccountable blunder in the commissary department, the regiment fell short of rations; and, for nearly three days, the men were obliged to subsist by foraging. Mr. Garfield says that every kernel of corn left scattered by the mules was carefully picked up by the hungry men to satisfy their appetites. After this, the Thirty-ninth went into winter-quarters at Mitchell's Station, and there remained until the following April, when preparations were made for the final campaign for the capture of the rebel army and their capital.

After crossing the River Rapidan, at about sunset on the 4th of May, a halt was made on a slight eminence; and the men bivouacked for the night.

Moved at eight o'clock on the 5th; and at nine were ordered to the front, where the battle had begun. The regiment now formed a part of the first division in the Fifth Corps. Mr. Garfield states that two men were killed and nine wounded in the regiment in this first engagement.

At four o'clock the next afternoon, a double-quick movement for four miles was accomplished. It was very hot; and five men of the Thirty-ninth were prostrated by sun-stroke.

On the 8th, which was Sunday, occurred the severe fight at Laurel Hill. Here the regiment lost over fifty men. Mr. Garfield was struck on the ear by a bullet; and, in a bayonet-charge, he barely escaped capture.

He was so far exhausted by the heat and extreme exertions during this fight, that he was excused from active duty for the three succeeding days, during the march to Spottsylvania; but he kept with his regiment. For thirteen days in succession, he with his regiment was under fire before they moved from Spottsylvania to cross the North Anna River on the 23d of May. On arriving at the banks of the stream, the men were ordered to stack arms, and get supper: but scarcely had the order been issued, when a lively shelling from the enemy was experienced; and soon a vigorous charge was made on our line, which had hastily formed. It was skilfully arranged on the brow of a hill, exposing an infantry front, with a battery in rear of the centre. The enemy's charge was directed chiefly to the centre, which broke by design, leaving the advancing foe exposed to the batteries, that opened with a destructive fire, which, with a sharp discharge of musketry from the right and left, completely demoralized them; and they retreated precipitately.

For four or five days there was a succession of movements, bringing the regiment often into skirmishes, involving much labor also in throwing up breastworks.

On the 29th, Bethesda Church was reached; and the rebel army was again confronted in force. The Thirty-ninth was here for several days on the skirmish-line, and had a share in brisk movements, and exposures to shelling, for some days, until the 5th of June; when, the enemy having vacated the front, the Thirty-ninth was permitted to rest a few days.

June 11, a considerable force of rebels was encountered, and engaged near White-oak Swamp; but the regiment was silently withdrawn from the line in the night, and pressed on to overtake the main army. On the 16th, James River was crossed; and by a hurried march, which was continued all night, the city of Petersburg was reached before sunrise, June 17.

On the next day, an assault was made on the first line of rebel works, near the Norfolk Railroad. The men had to advance over a distance of near sixty rods, exposed to the fire of the enemy. It was a terrific encounter, but quickly done. The rebels did not retire until many of the assailants had mounted their breastworks, and actually drove them at the point of the bayonet. The works were held until near midnight, when the Union troops were ordered to retire, and build works on ground that was much exposed to rebel shots: so that the work was done chiefly in the night.

After several days spent here, the regiment was ordered to the left, with other troops, to relieve the Second Corps, and, on the way, received a brisk shelling.

Here the Thirty-ninth built what was then named Fort Warren, but afterwards called Fort Davis in honor of Col. Davis, who was killed there by a shell that exploded in headquarters.

Aug. 18 occurred the advance on the left,—to the Weldon Railroad. This was a severe time for our regiment; for, during the fight, the rebels had gained its rear, and a large number of our men fell into their hands. Mr. Garfield says that all but one of his company were in rebel hands at one time: of these, twenty-two were carried to Salisbury, eight escaped, and the remainder were rescued a few moments after being captured by a rear movement of the main body of the regiment. He was among the latter number.

The Union line was heavily assaulted several times during

the next day, and also on the succeeding day, but was able, though only by terribly hard fighting and much loss, to sustain all the charges of the enemy.

The remainder of the month was spent in building forts in place of the earlier breastworks, with an occasional reconnaissance. Among the forts built were Forts Wadsworth and Du Chesne.

For a few weeks in September, the Thirty-ninth camped in the rear to recuperate its exhausted energies.

In November, a raid was made into North Carolina. At a place called Jarrett Station, the railroad was completely destroyed for several miles, which took a day and a night.

The usual routine of garrison-duty now fell to the regiment, with an occasional respite in camp in the rear, near the Jerusalem Plank Road.

The fight at Hatcher's Run next occurred, at which the enemy were driven from their works on the second charge; but, not having sufficient support, "the Union line was obliged to retire, with one in Company I killed, and two wounded."

Mr. Garfield was next engaged in the fight at Boynton Plank Road, on the 29th of March, 1865. He was on the skirmish-line nearly all day. The next day, a movement was made against a large body of the enemy farther to the left. Here, under an unexpected advance of the rebels, the Union line broke, and was barely able to effect a retreat, after losing Col. Tremlett and Capt. Kingsley, with Lieut. Thomas and others.

The brilliant action at Five Forks, in which the Thirty-ninth took part, occurred on the first day of April.

Gen. Warren's whole corps had been ordered forward to aid Gen. Sheridan at that point. The fight began about noon. The infantry occupied the centre; and the Thirty-ninth stood at the post of honor. Sheridan's cavalry-forces were on the right and

left, making a very long line of our troops. The charge was completely successful. Several thousand rebel troops were captured, with twenty-two stands of colors. In this engagement, Mr. Garfield received his second wound by a Minie-ball, tearing the flesh just below his right knee.

A series of rapid movements immediately commenced under Gen. Sheridan,* which, in one week, brought his tired but still enthusiastic men in front of their enemy once more, at Appomattox Court House,—not, however, to re-enact a fierce conflict, but to receive as prisoners of war the entire army of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and thus to terminate the war, greatly to the joy of all the Union, and not a few of the rebel troops.

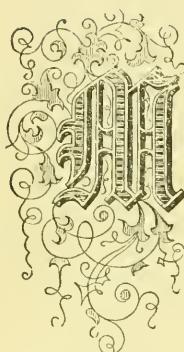
One week later, and the boys of the Thirty-ninth were marching joyfully on their way homeward. It is worthy of note, that this last tramp, though lightened by thoughts that their warfare had ended, was yet one of the hardest of the war. Not a few, from its effects, aided by exposures to drenching showers, were obliged to fall behind; and to some, indeed, it proved to be their last march.

Mr. Garfield received his discharge with his comrades at Readville, Mass.

On the fifth day of December following, he was united by marriage with Eliza May of Woodstock, Conn. He resides at the present time in Wayland.

* Gen. Warren had been superseded by Gen. Sheridan on the last day of battle for refusing to obey orders from the latter officer, who was regarded as his official inferior.

CHARLES WILLIAM GARLAND.



R. GARLAND was a native of Rochester, N.H.; and was born Nov. 12, 1826. He was a son of Richard and Mary (Heard) Garland.

When the call for men to serve in the army for nine months was made,—in 1862,—Mr. Garland felt that he could be spared from his business and home; and he volunteered for that term as a private in Company K, Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, Aug. 28, 1862.

The regiment was then at Readville, where it remained in camp until Oct. 22. At that date, it embarked for North Carolina. The landing was effected four days after, at Moorhead City.

Mr. Garland was engaged with the regiment in a skirmish at Smitherick's Ford, on the Williamstown Road, where two men were killed, and seven wounded.

Exposure after the skirmish to dampness, during the night's bivouac, induced a severe attack of influenza, leaving a permanent cough, and affection of the lungs. After eight weeks' trial of remedies with no effectual result, the regimental surgeon advised that he be discharged from further service, as the best way to save the consumptive symptoms from further encroachments.

He was with the regiment in several of their unimportant marches in North Carolina, and finally returned home on the

steamer "Ellen S. Terrar" during the first week of February, 1863.

His discharge for disability is dated the 31st of January previous.

In stature Mr. Garland was five feet eleven inches and a half, with dark complexion, black hair, and hazel eyes; a shoemaker by occupation.

He was married to Irene Hammond, July 15, 1848.

One of his letters, dated at Newbern, Nov. 13, 1862, contains the following passages: "We have just come in from a twelve-days' march, pretty well tired out. We have seen hard times, and some fighting. The first day we marched twenty miles, and fought two hours* in the evening, standing some of the time in water up to our hips, and were obliged to lie on the cold ground the rest of the night. Several of our men are now sick from these exposures.

"During five days of our march, I had to live on eleven crackers.

"As to the war, I think it had better be settled without any more fighting.

"It is my opinion that the South will fight as long as the North can find a man to oppose them, or a dollar to spend.

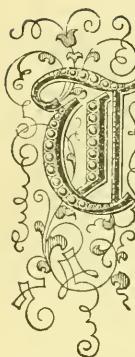
"There are men who are filling their pockets by this war, and they would like to have it continue.

"I hope the people will take the whole matter out of the hands of the politicians, and settle it up soon."

Mr. Garland still resides in Wayland.

* Skirmish above referred to.

DANIEL WEBSTER GLEASON.



HIS soldier was born at Waltham, March 22, 1826; the son of Amos and Mary Gleason.

In person he was five feet eight inches high, of light complexion and hair, with blue eyes.

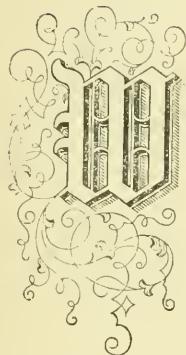
By nature he was not endowed with those abilities that would enable him to fill any very important station; yet such as he had he gave to his country.

And, although some of the less pleasant duties of camp were sometimes assigned to him, he never complained.

His enlistment in Company K, Capt. Crafts, in the Fifth Regiment of Infantry, bears date July 2, 1863; and he was mustered out of service in just one year from his enlistment, although his term was but for nine months.

He bore a share in most of the expeditions of his regiment in North Carolina. In the engagements at Goldsborough and Whitehall he was present, and took an active part; and also at the capture of the rebel fortifications at Mosely Creek, May 22, 1864.

WILLIAM THOMAS HARLOW.



WILLIAM THOMAS HARLOW was born at Sudbury, Mass., Feb. 17, 1835. His parents were Thomas and Mary A. Harlow. He was married to Julia A. Dudley of Wayland, Dec. 10, 1854; and had two children (the younger of whom was two years old) when he entered the army.

By his descriptive list, he was five feet eight inches high, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes. He joined the Thirty-eighth Infantry Regiment, Company A, Aug. 6, 1862, and shared its fortunes during its brief Maryland campaign, in which no unusual incident occurred to him personally. A few of his letters indicate some degree of disgust at soldier-life, with its deprivations and restraints; and, while lying for some weeks on board a crowded transport at Fortress Monroe, he even intimates his willingness to leave the service before the expiration of his term.

Proceeding thence to Ship Island, he found himself severely attacked with that frequent enemy of the soldier, chronic diarrhoea. He went with his comrades, however, to New Orleans, where he was forced to retire for hospital-treatment. Here he remained, with the exception of a week's field-service, until near the middle of May; being detailed as nurse during the latter part of the time.

His views of life in a hospital may be seen by an extract from a letter dated "Charity Hospital, New Orleans, May 4, 1863:" "To be confined here is like being in the State's prison." He thinks the resident surgeon decidedly wanting in humane feelings, and relates that a written recommendation from his regimental surgeon for his discharge was simply pocketed without a hearing.

In his opinion, more men died there from home-sickness than from any other cause.

At the taking of Port Hudson he was present, and took part in the conflict; and though at that time he describes himself as dirty and ragged, and with miserable rations, yet he never wrote in a better or more hopeful spirit.

Very soon after, his malady returned with increased power; and he was conveyed to a hospital at Baton Rouge. Here this wasting form of disease gradually effected its fatal mission; and on the 6th of February, 1864, far from the endearments of home, from the tender care of wife, and the fond caresses of children, he closed his earthly warfare. He was buried side by side with his deceased comrades of the hospital.

SAMUEL HALE MANN HEARD.



T the President's call for an additional number of troops in July, 1862, there seemed no lack of zeal in the cause of our country's integrity.

The young men throughout the entire North responded with alacrity. Mr. Heard, though scarcely fitted for the hard duties of a soldier's life, yet could not be restrained from venturing his health and life in the noble cause.

He had become somewhat familiar with military drill and movements previous to joining the army; and on his enrolment in Company D, Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, he received a corporal's warrant. The time of encampment at Lynnfield passed quickly and pleasantly; and, much sooner than was anticipated, native soil, home, and dear ones, were left for the seat of war.

The sight of an imperilled capital, of slaves, and a slave-cursed territory that had produced the rebellious outbreak, with the preparations for war seen on every hand, gave an added spirit of patriotism as he tramped the soil of the foe in Virginia; and not even the sight of the blood-dripping ambulances passing by the camp with their loads of mangled men could repress the ardor felt to aid in subjugating the proud traitors.

When the regiment moved from camp to do its deeds of valor

at South Mountain and on the plains of Antietam, Mr. Heard was detailed to remain behind as guard over camp and baggage, and so did not participate in those battles.

The subsequent quiet march to North Maryland was pleasant, and without incident of note. At Middletown, he met the wounded men from the battle-field; and on the 22d of September he rejoined the regiment near Sharpsburg.

Much to his regret, Mr. Heard found a two-months' encampment in Pleasant Valley to have induced the development of a painful disease; and he was compelled to submit to hospital-care and a surgical operation. And when, late in the autumn, the army received orders to move, he was advised by the surgeon to remain behind; but stimulated by the hope that activity might tend to his relief, and by the promise of his comrades to do all in their power to make him comfortable, he took position in an ambulance, and started on the new campaign.

An incident occurred during this movement, in the unexpected visit of his father to the army, sent from home by the Soldiers' Aid Society, with kind messages to all, and a trunk of good things, which, owing to army-movements, could not be brought within reach. Deeming his son's health in such a state as to unfit him for soldier's duty, every effort was made by Mr. Heard to obtain his discharge, but without effect. The march continued amid storm and tempest and severe cold. At Sulphur Springs occurred his first exposure to rebel missiles. The shelling was lively for a couple of hours. At one time, as Gen. Ferrero was passing the ambulance in which Mr. Heard was seated, a round shot ploughed the earth within a foot or two of his horse. The general, turning round, said coolly and facetiously, "Dodge that ball, boys." The *ball dodged* one of the boys by its *ricochet* movement, just clearing him as he was crawling under a fence.

On arriving at Falmouth, the disease becoming more active and painful, every effort was made to secure a discharge. Among his comrades, none was more active in his behalf than F. W. Draper,* then connected with the regimental hospital, through whose agency the much-wished-for paper was finally procured; and, on the twenty-ninth day of November (the Thanksgiving Day of his native State), he parted from the Army of the Potomac to return home, where he arrived on Sunday morning, Dec. 1.

Mr. Heard speaks of the kindness of his comrades during all the time of his suffering as unremitting when their opportunities permitted. Aside from sickness, he found army-life and the service of his country as pleasant as he had anticipated, and in some respects even more so.

By his descriptive list, he was five feet seven inches tall, of dark complexion and hair, with blue eyes, and was a farmer by occupation.

He was the son of William and Susan (Mann) Heard; born at Wayland, March 23, 1826. He was united by marriage to Harriet M. Sherman of Waltham on the first day of March, 1839; and, on joining the army, he left her with four children to watch with anxious hearts the progress of events during the absence of the husband and father.

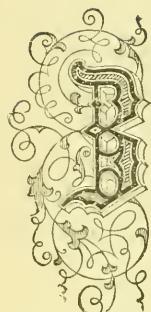
Since his return, he has suffered much at times, not only from the disease,† but from the effects of a surgical operation performed while a soldier.

He still resides in Wayland.

* In a letter of F. W. Draper, dated Nov. 26, 1862, he writes, "This morning, I had the extreme satisfaction of giving to the sufferer his discharge-papers. You can imagine how he felt. Any thing I have done for him was amply repaid at that moment. He showed genuine patriotism when he left his home; and he has certainly sacrificed enough for his country. He has borne his sufferings and disappointments like a brave and true man."

† A disease of the kidneys.

WARREN ALVIN HERSEY.



BEFORE reaching the age legally required for military service, we find the name of this young man enrolled as a volunteer soldier. It is not, however, claimed for him, nor, indeed, for the larger part of our volunteers, that pure patriotism was the sole motive that urged them to give up the comforts and quiet of home for the hardships and dangers of army-life. Viewed at a little distance, a military display has a degree of attraction for any one, and especially so for one of ardent temperament like Mr. Hersey.

While in the army, he confesses to have had times when he would gladly have escaped the obligations of a soldier, could he have done so with honor ; but, now that it is all seen in retrospect, he is happy that he gave his service thus to his country in her time of need.

Mr. Hersey was a son of Ebenezer and Sarah O. (Dudley) Hersey ; born in Wayland, Jan. 28, 1845. He was five feet four inches and a half tall, dark hair and complexion, with hazel eyes ; a shoemaker by occupation. His form was quite slender, but sinewy, and quick in movement.

He enlisted in July, 1862, as a private in Company A, Capt. Richardson, of the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry ; which

left the State for the hostile ground Aug. 24, its first destiny being Camp Belger, near Baltimore, Md.

The "start out" to repel an expected invasion (which did not appear) was the only break upon the ordinary routine of camp and guard duty while at this post.

About the middle of November, the regiment took a pleasant trip on the steamer "Baltic" down the beautiful Chesapeake to Fortress Monroe, meeting there a large fleet, to which it was joined for a more southern destination.

After a few weeks' detention, the whole fleet steamed out of Hampton Roads, presenting a most magnificent sight, and, although separated by a severe storm on the voyage, met in rendezvous again at Ship Island, and thence proceeded to New Orleans. The Thirty-eighth landed near that city on the first day of January, 1863. Here it remained until the 6th of March, excepting a fruitless expedition by boat about sixty miles up the river. A mild climate, and plenty of good rations, with light duty, mark the first winter-quarters as a bright spot in his army-career.

At the last-named date the regiment steamed up the river, and landed two days after at Baton Rouge, and then marched to Port Hudson.

Our soldier-boy was hardly equal to the demands made upon him by this march; and under an attack of that scourging sickness of the army while in southern climates, of which two of his Wayland comrades in the regiment died,* he fell out of the ranks, and, while a short distance in the rear, was taken prisoner, with one other in a similar condition, by a squad of rebel scouts.

At the end of three weeks he was paroled, and sent to New

* Farmer and Harlow.

Orleans. During this time he was well treated, except that, being confined to hasty-pudding and molasses for rations, his health was by no means improved. From New Orleans, he, with about five hundred other paroled prisoners, was sent to Ship Island to await their time for exchange. The hot summer months on this island of glaring sand could hardly be called pleasant or comfortable ; and Mr. Hersey was glad to have the intelligence of being exchanged, and ordered to report to his regiment, then at Baton Rouge, where he arrived late in September.

The following winter (1863-4) was spent near Baton Rouge, Company A doing provost-guard duty in the city ; and, as no exciting events occurred in the vicinity to arouse our boys to action, many of them, and their officers too, became somewhat "demoralized."

The Red-river expedition had been planned by Major-Gen. Banks ; and on the 23d of March the Thirty-eighth took passage on a steamer for Alexandria,— a town on Red River, about seventy-five miles from its junction with the Mississippi. Here it encamped for about three weeks, and then was ordered to move up the river. A large party of guerillas lay in wait on the way, and, from their concealed position, poured a volley into the crowd on deck, killing one man, and wounding several others. Their fire was soon returned with such effect as to scatter them.

A week or more was spent in building breastworks at a place called Grand Ecore ; and then, by a forced march of forty miles in twenty-four hours, the enemy were encountered at Cane River. This march was terribly severe upon the men ; and, under short rations, they were in poor condition for fighting. The rebels were strongly posted on elevated ground the opposite side of the stream. The regiment, with others, crossed higher up the

river, and was sent on as skirmishers. The engagement continued for two hours, when the rebels were driven, and closely followed, until they took position again on a hill covered with wood. They were again charged, repulsed, and scattered.

The march was then resumed down the river for Alexandria; the Thirty-eighth forming the rear-guard, which compelled them to several brisk skirmishes with detached rebel forces.

At Alexandria, the cause of the hurried movement homeward and of the failure of the expedition was clearly seen. The waters of the Red River had so far subsided as to leave the boats aground. Brisk work was now demanded in erecting a dam below the rapids, in order that the boats could be floated down to the Mississippi; otherwise they would be at the mercy of the rebels supposed to be concentrating in that region.

That object accomplished, the march was resumed, with daily skirmishes during five days; when a heavy force of infantry and artillery was encountered, compelling an engagement. The line of battle was formed before sunrise on the 16th; and the rebels were driven from their position, after fighting several hours. Five days more of marching brought the regiment to the Mississippi River, at a place called Morganza, where the troops went into camp until July 3; when they gladly embarked for New Orleans, and the next day were landed opposite that city, at Algiers. Here the men were paid off; and, for three weeks, high living was the order of both privates and their officers.

Orders now came to proceed by transports to Hampton Roads, and thence to Washington, D.C.; where, after a very pleasant voyage, the regiment arrived on the 30th of July.

It now appeared that the destination of the Thirty-eighth was to co-operate with Gen. Sheridan in expelling the rebel forces from the Shenandoah Valley. After encamping for two days at Georgetown, the regiment proceeded northward into

Maryland. At Monocacy, other troops were joined; and all moved to Harper's Ferry.

The Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, having now been concentrated at Hallstown, Va., Gen. Sheridan in command, was ready to advance. The dashing military genius of that officer had been fully established; and, consequently, the soldiers anticipated lively times.

The first movement was on Winchester, Aug. 11; from which the rebels were expelled with only brisk skirmishing. Then taking a position behind breastworks, which were thrown up near Charlestown, Sheridan's troops, in turn, were obliged to fall back to their old position at Hallstown.

On the third day of September, the regiment marched to Berryville, and engaged the enemy in a brisk fight of nearly two hours, compelling him to retire. From this to the 19th, there was skirmishing every day, as movements were made from place to place; sometimes driving, and at others being driven by, the enemy.

Among the points which the rebels held and fortified was Fisher's Hill, about twenty-five miles south-west from Winchester. Against this point, Sheridan's forces were found massed on the 20th September, when a line was formed, and breastworks constructed within rifle-shot of the rebel works. On the 22d, late in the afternoon, an advance was ordered; a flanking position having been gained by the Eighth Corps. Hard fighting was expected; but the flank movement accomplished the object, and the rebels fled precipitately. After a brisk cannonading and musketry-fire of fifteen or twenty minutes, which did but little damage,—most of the shots overreaching the columns as they charged up the steep sides of the rocky hill,—our forces then advanced southwardly as far as Harrisonburg, and camped there until Oct. 6, when a return was ordered.

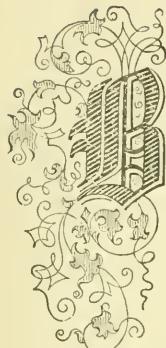
Two days of brisk marching brought the troops to Cedar Hill, fifteen miles south-west of Winchester. Here breastworks were erected under expectations of an attack. On the morning of Oct. 19, the Eighth Corps, forming the first line, was surprised; and a panic was the result. The second line, in which was the Thirty-eighth, was soon in readiness. The rebels came pouring on with a terrible fire of cannon and rifles, to which the regiment was greatly exposed. The destruction was awful. The second line broke in confusion, and retreated about three miles, losing nearly all the artillery. At this junction came Gen. Sheridan, riding at a furious rate, bareheaded, "swearing furiously at the officers, and encouraging the men to form," assuring them that they could recover the lost ground. The effect was like magic. The tide was immediately turned; and before night-fall a Union victory placed his men in their breastworks again on Cedar Hill, with all their cannon retaken, and many of the enemy's added.

Late in November, quarters were established at Camp Russell, near Winchester; and, expecting to winter there, nice huts were built accordingly. There was much disappointment, and some hard words; when, just after their completion, orders were received to march to Winchester as provost-guard. After a month's stay here, the regiment was ordered to Baltimore, which was reached on the 6th of January, 1865.

One week later, and it was steaming down the Chesapeake, on its way to Savannah in Georgia; where, after a very rough voyage of six days, it arrived and landed. Service here was in garrison for the defence of that city until March 5, when another embarkation ensued, and the troops were landed at Morehead City, under orders to proceed to Kinston to the relief of Union forces there; but, having gone as far as Newbern, the order was countermanded.

The regiment remained at Morehead City for a short time, and then went to Goldsborough as guard of that town until May. It then returned to Morehead. Two days after this, the Thirty-eighth again embarked for another trip to Savannah; where it staid in camp till the last day of June, and then left for home by steam-transports. The regiment arrived in Boston harbor on the 5th of July, and landed on Galloupe's Island. On the 13th the men received their discharge, after three years (a few days only lacking) of service,—much of it as severe as that which fell to the lot of their associate regiments in this memorable war.

WILLIAM KINGSTON HILLS.



UT few particulars are obtained of the army-experience of this soldier, a son of William H. and Deborah Hills. He was born at Boston, July 13, 1842.

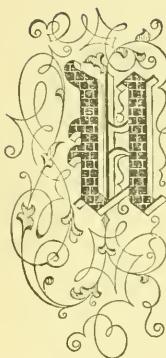
His descriptive list shows him to have been five feet eleven inches tall, of light complexion and hair, with blue eyes; and that he enlisted as a private for nine months in the Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, Company F, on the 17th of September, 1862.

His discharge bears the same date as that of his comrades of the regiment, July 8, 1863. At the time of his enlistment, he was employed as a brakeman on steam-cars.

Mr. Hills confesses to have had but little military enthusiasm, and, from his point of view, saw but little to admire or commend in the official movers during his nine-months' service in the territory of North Carolina. He was with his regiment, and was engaged at the battle of Whitehall and in other important movements; but, by reason of indisposition, he did not share in the exposures of other engagements with the enemy.

His younger brother, Albert White Hills, served during six months of the winter of 1862-3 as a nurse in the Columbia-college Hospital at Washington, D.C., then under care of Surgeon Crosby.

LUTHER DOW HOLMES.



NDER a failure to procure from this soldier any facts in his army-experience, the sketch which follows has been arranged from such other sources of information as were within reach.

He was a native of Brighton, Mass., son of David and Lucy Holmes; born March 2, 1835.

With a robust form, five feet five inches and a half tall, light hair and complexion, and gray eyes, he seemed formed for much endurance. His occupation was butchering.

His first enlistment was for three months, in Nims's Light Battery. Here he served as a private from May 18, 1861, to Aug. 2 following, in the State of Maryland.

July 31, 1862, he again entered the service as a private in Company D, Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry; and was discharged for disability, Oct. 19, 1863.

He accompanied his regiment to the heights opposite Washington, and was detailed as guard over camp-equipage while his comrades passed through their first two battles at South Mountain and Antietam.

At Fredericksburg he was detailed as company cook, and was not in the fight at that place. He was with his comrades in

their career in Kentucky, and accompanied the expedition to Jackson, Miss.

Returning from that campaign, he was taken sick, and spent the remainder of his time at Camp Denison, near Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Holmes possessed some peculiarities which subjected him occasionally to rather hard jokes from his comrades. He had a remarkable fondness for pets; and the appearance of a large tom-cat taken with him as a special chum, and always seen sitting on his knapsack during a march, gave to the owner a distinctive prominence.

On the disappearance of pussy in the Western campaign, he transferred his personal regards to a raccoon, that he kept for some time after his return home.

Although by no means deficient in personal bravery, Mr. Holmes was regarded by some of his comrades as not particularly sensitive to the influence of military fame; and that to take things easy while in the army was to some extent his ruling principle.

He was married to Susan Frye of North Andover, June 6, 1869.

WILLIAM HENRY JAMESON.



EGARDING duty to his country as among the essential elements of a true manhood, the President's call for more troops to carry on the war, in July, 1862, found Mr. Jameson ready to join with others in a cheerful response; and on the 8th of August he became a soldier in Company D, Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment.

In stature he was five feet six inches and a half, having a light complexion, light hair, and gray eyes. He was a shoemaker by occupation.

He was the son of Stephen and Sarah (Whipple) Jameson; born at Wayland, Jan. 12, 1844.

He entered with the ardor of youth into all the preparatory duties of camp, and left with his regiment for the fields of military valor in full hope of aiding in the subjugation of rebel power. Doubtless, also, the usual motives of a desire to see the world in other aspects than those of his home had their effect on his mind; and the moving panorama of the eventful times gave also added impetus to his patriotic desires.

The easy camp-duties on Arlington Heights, where the sight of war-stained veterans showed him the rougher effects on men who had seen service, and the marches from thence through the State of Maryland to meet the foe, then pushing their way

across the northern part of that State, need no detailed description.

Unprepared as were the boys of the Thirty-fifth by any practical knowledge of tactics, their commander, Col. Wild, trusting to their valor, rushed them into actual conflict with the foe at South Mountain on the 13th of September.

In this battle, Mr. Jameson bore his part, from beginning to end, without flinching, and came out all right.

This battle was soon followed by the yet more terrific one, four days after, at Antietam. The columns moving to the charge under brisk fire, the quick movement across the bridge, the deploy to the right, the rush up the steep hill to its summit, the repulsing storm of shot and shell from rebel batteries, the falling back over the brow of the hill, constitute the first part of the action in which our soldier took part on that day. The second part was scarcely less trying. Moving now to the left, an advance was ordered in the face of a heavy infantry-fire. Reaching a slight protection, an hour or more was spent in a very lively exchange of shots; after which, being out of ammunition, a retreat became necessary, which proved more destructive than the advance, the enemy's bullets striking thickly all around, killing many, and wounding more. In this battle, Mr. Jameson escaped also unhurt.

On the following day, while endeavoring to draw a charge preparatory to cleaning his musket, it accidentally discharged its contents, tearing the flesh from between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand as he held the ramrod six or eight inches from the muzzle.

The wound was hastily dressed; and he was immediately sent to Alexandria for hospital-care in St. Paul's Church. Here he remained, under good treatment, until his discharge for disability was deemed advisable; which he received Nov. 13, 1862.

A year's stay at home entirely recruited him; and he again felt impelled to give his country such further service as might lie in his power. Accordingly, on the first day of December, 1863, he enlisted as a private in the Fifty-ninth Infantry Regiment (Company A). But here, again, he was disappointed; for scarcely had he landed at Alexandria, Va., when he was taken sick with fever, and conveyed to a hospital in Washington.

On his partial recovery, he was detailed as ward-master in the hospital; in which service he continued till the close of the war. His second discharge is dated June 14, 1865. His health was then in not very sound condition; but he found restoratives in the pure air and home-treatment of his native place, where he now resides.

WILLIAM ALFRED JESSOP.



N the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Jessop's first military service was rendered as a private in Company K, Capt. Reynolds, of the Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, which he entered, by enlistment, Sept. 17, 1862.

He was a native of Boston, Mass.; a son of Joseph H. and Mary Ann (Jones) Jessop; born Dec. 4, 1832.

In stature he was five feet two inches, of light complexion, with blue eyes and light hair. He was a farmer by occupation.

During his stay with the regiment at Readville, nothing of special importance occurred. His sinewy limbs and working-habits found employment, besides the drill routine, in such work as sinking wells, &c.

A pleasant voyage on the steamer "Merrimack" brought him and his comrades to the shores of North Carolina, where they landed at the thriftless place called Morehead City, on the 26th of October, during a chilling rain-storm. The hard floors of an old machine-shop constituted their hospitable beds for the first night; and the next day they went into camp at Newbern.

After about one week's stay at this place, the expedition to Tarborough called our soldier, with his comrades, into active service, and face to face with the enemy. Skirmishes were the order of each day as they moved into the interior, yet without

serious loss, only two men of the regiment being killed; a few shots from Union batteries being always found sufficient to disperse the rebels when they gathered in much force. Among the sly tricks of annoyance practised by them was the sudden inundation of camp, one night, by their tearing down the dam of a saw-mill. A lively time among the boys was the consequence. The return from this first expedition found the men considerably exhausted and badly foot-sore.

A month of camp-duty near Newbern now occurred, during which the men were employed in building barracks. While cutting timber about three miles from camp, Mr. Jessop had a narrow escape of life from a falling tree, by which he was struck, and disabled for several days.

On starting for the Goldsborough expedition, Mr. Jessop (who was found to be an excellent axe-man) was detailed as pioneer. This service, as is well known, both in the advance and retreat of an army, has its extreme hardships of toil, as well as its peculiar exposures to the bullets of sharpshooters. Of this latter class, while on the expedition, five men were discovered secreted in a tree nearly covered with moss; and our soldier was one that helped fell that tree to the ground with its nest of hapless men.

No one exposed to death-dealing missiles from the guns of an enemy can tell how narrow the escapes by which his life is spared. Sufficiently near to be startling, however, was the time when Mr. Jessop and a comrade were engaged in felling a tree, and that comrade was shot dead.

One of the interesting incidents witnessed by Mr. Jessop was the burning of several gunboats in process of building by the rebels across the river. This feat was accomplished by two boys of a Connecticut regiment, who, being expert swimmers, crossed the river unobserved by the rebels, swimming a considerable part of the way under water.

The main object of this expedition being to destroy the railroad bridge over the Neuse at Goldsborough, this duty, of course, fell upon the pioneers; and, while the fighting was going on, they were busy tearing up rails, running cars off the track, and tarring the bridge-timbers for their more speedy and effectual destruction by fire. Before the rear-guard was withdrawn, a vigorous charge of about four thousand rebels was made on them three times; but Belger's Battery was double-shotted, and laid them in heaps until they finally desisted. As a singular instance of the effects of one shot, Mr. Jessop mentions, that, as a column was advancing (four men deep), a single ball from a rebel cannon struck a file of men, and instantly killed them all. On returning across the contested route of the advance, where ten or twelve of the killed had been buried, it was found that the bodies had been disinterred by the rebels, stripped of their clothing, and left unburied.

Mr. Jessop next accompanied a detachment sent thirty miles into the country to destroy a quantity of provisions and other stores, which was successfully accomplished, and without loss.

The siege of Little Washington was the next place of active service; where the men were kept in snug quarters by the rebel generals Hill and Garnett for six weeks, with the usual accompaniments of siege operations. All communication from their source of supplies being cut off, the Union troops were reduced to very short rations. Four days of this time, Mr. Jessop was under surgeon's care, suffering from a severe blow on the head by a falling timber.

During the siege, Gen. Hill sent word to Gen. Foster, that, if he would allow the unarmed citizens to leave town, he would then try his strength in earnest. The siege was happily relieved, April 15, by re-enforcements sent up the river in boats, that defiantly, and at very great risk, passed the rebel batteries along its shores.

Just after the siege, Mr. Jessop, with four others, went out about five miles to forage. Coming to a fine-looking house, they were invited in, with seeming hospitality, to partake at a well-set table of refreshments; a pretty daughter of the family serving the famished soldiers. While eating, one of the party caught sight of several rebel soldiers making a reconnaissance upon these hospitable quarters; whereat no time was lost in making good a retreat to a somewhat safer position.

From the time of its return to Newbern, the regiment was stationed there as provost-guard until its return to the old camping-ground at Readville, at the expiration of its term of service.

Mr. Jessop, though the army-service was much harder than he expected to find it, was not deterred from a re-enlistment when the service of "one-hundred-days' men" was called for. This term he served in Company K, Forty-second Regiment of Infantry, in and near Alexandria, Va.

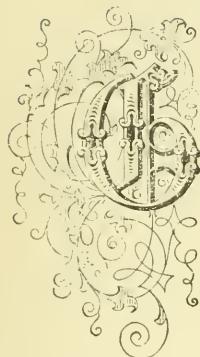
At this time, Mosby's guerillas were in that vicinity; and frequent skirmishes were the result. On one occasion, Mr. Jessop and comrades had a narrow escape on board cars that were fired into by the rebels. As a protection on the next excursion (going out to get timber for barracks), a number of rebel prisoners were tied to the cars, who thus became shields to our men.

The hardest march of our soldier's life was from Alexandria to Great Falls, a distance of twenty-seven miles, accomplished during the hours of one night.

Mr. Jessop was promoted to the position of corporal during the latter part of his term of service.

At present, he is a resident in Wayland.

GEORGE GILBERT KEMP.



GEORGE GILBERT, son of Ezekiel and Mary E. (Morey) Kemp, was born at Hopkinton, Mass., April 2, 1834.

In stature he was five feet eight inches, having a dark complexion, with black hair and blue eyes. He was married to Abbie M. Loker of Wayland, Feb. 27, 1859, and had one child, when the perilous condition of the country called upon the citizens enrolled for duty to leave the comforts of home, and intrust the care of their loved ones to others, while they went to the defence of national honor and to the subjugation of a rebellious faction.

Mr. Kemp responded to the call, and enlisted for nine months in the Forty-fourth Infantry Regiment (Company K, Capt. Reynolds) on the seventeenth day of September, 1862; and he continued a member of his regiment until the expiration of the term of service, without being off duty for a day.

The regiment was drilled for a month at Readville; and then, on the twenty-second day of October, it embarked on board the steamer "Merrimack" in Boston harbor, and, after a pleasant voyage of four days, arrived at its destination in North Carolina.

Mr. Kemp was soon after detailed as a carpenter to erect barracks, which occupied several weeks. He was with the regiment

in the Goldsborough expedition, and took part in the fighting at Kinston and Whitehall on the 14th and 16th of December. Kinston he describes as a very handsomely-built town, of about four thousand inhabitants; although the rebel portion of them had retired to more acceptable quarters during the presence of the Union troops. At Whitehall the firing was briskly kept up for several hours across the river, resulting in a loss of eight killed and fourteen wounded in the regiment. At Goldsborough the Forty-fourth was held in reserve, while other troops effected the destruction of the railroad.

About the first of February, 1863, the regiment marched rapidly on Plymouth, where a large amount of stores and provisions were destroyed, and then returned to Newbern, doing guard and picket duty.

About the middle of March it was ordered to Washington, N.C.,—a place at the head of Pamlico Sound, about forty miles distant from Newbern. Other troops came also, amounting in all to eleven hundred and sixty men, under command of Gen. Foster in person. The United-States gunboat "Commodore Hull" lay in front of the town. Thus situated, a siege was commenced on the 30th of March by a rebel force of about fifteen thousand men. Breastworks and other means of defence were built; and until the 16th of April, when the enemy retired, Gen. Foster's little band was exposed to a daily shelling. It was a trying time for the last few days, when the alternative seemed to be drawing near,—to offer terms of capitulation, or starve in the garrison. But great was the rejoicing when the enemy were seen to raise the siege. Their works were then remodelled for defence against a further attack from land-forces; and the regiment soon after left for Newbern, and was there stationed as provost-guard until June 6, when it embarked for Boston. Its members were discharged at Readville, June 18, 1863.

Mr. Kemp speaks in the highest terms of the officers of his regiment,—humane, and careful of the lives and comfort of their men, yet brave and firm in the hours of peril.

He found the negroes ever ready to do all in their power to aid the Union troops; and were even more faithful to trusts committed to them than the average of whites under similar circumstances. About a hundred of them were organized in the defence of Washington, and worked in exposed situations with a commendable degree of bravery and persistence, giving good proof of their soldierly qualities and patriotic spirit.

Mr. Kemp regarded the war, on the whole, as a great good; and is sincerely glad to have aided the consummation by his personal presence in the army as a soldier.

He is still a resident citizen of Wayland.

ALBERT FRANKLIN KING.



T must always stand very much to the credit of our young men, after deducting all that may be said of the enticements of military parade, the allurements of novelty, and the blandishments of anticipated heroic achievements, that so many of them gave themselves to the work of war under the strong conviction of *duty to their country*.

Mr. King was of this class. He saw that somebody must respond to the call for more troops; and on the 1st of August, 1862, he enlisted for three years, or during the war, as a private in Company I, of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry.

He was a son of Benjamin F. and Eunice (Dunton) King; and was born in Sudbury, Mass., March 11, 1844. At the time of his enlistment, his occupation was shoemaking. His height was five feet seven and a half inches, having a light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. The camping-ground at Lynnfield, where he first joined his regiment, was soon exchanged for that at Boxford; and at both there was but little room for sober reflection amid military duties, the calls of friends, and busy preparations for a departure to the seat of war.

Leaving Boston, Sept. 6, for Washington, the regiment reached that place at four, P.M., Sept. 8.

The march was taken up the next day across Long Bridge to an encampment on the Virginia side of the Potomac, which was soon left for a series of tramps in the State of Maryland.

While out on picket-duty on the banks of the Potomac, Mr. King, with two of his comrades, visited the hostile soil of Virginia by stealthily fording the river.

Stewart's cavalry were busy making raids into Maryland ; and their incursions were frequently magnified so as to test the pluck of the Union boys to some extent, as they were marched hither and thither, expecting at every turn to confront some of the enemy.

The nearest approach to actual contact seems to have been at Conrad's Ferry, on the 8th of October ; but the sly rebels neglected the opportunity to have a meeting by recrossing the river.

While on picket-duty at Muddy Branch, report came that an old man from Massachusetts was in camp, and wanted to see the Wayland boys. Speculations as to who he could be were useless ; and it was a pleasant surprise, on coming in sight, to observe the well-known form of a citizen of Wayland.

The winter-months began to develop Mr. King's incapacity long to endure the life of an active soldier. Heart-disease seemed ripening into serious consequences ; but he continued with his comrades, in hope of a favorable turn during the warmer season of a warm climate.

There was hearty cheering when news came to break camp on a march toward Washington ; for the winter-quarters had proved detrimental to the health of many of the soldiers besides Mr. King.

By the middle of June, it became evident to the army medical-department that Mr. King's case of disease would entirely unfit him for field-service ; and he was accordingly discharged for dis-

ability on the twenty-fifth day of June, 1863, and soon after returned home.

He speaks in high terms of most of the officers ; though such exceptions occurred as the confiscating, under general orders, of the private soldier's whiskey-bottles, and appropriating their contents with such effect as to produce the utmost disgust on the minds of the temperate portion of the regiment.

The only unofficer-like conduct of Col. Davis was his venturing to disobey an order to proceed *at once* on a reconnoissance with his regiment while in Maryland. The prudent colonel sent, instead of a reconnoissance *in force*, a trusty orderly, who reported a battery-force of the enemy in such position as would send destruction into the ranks of any advancing column. The colonel's disobedience won for him a higher degree of respect from his command.

Mr. King was united by marriage with Emily E. French of Wayland on the 15th of February, 1865; and is still a resident of the town.

EDWARD ISAAC LOKER.



HE subject of this brief notice was a son of Charles and Zuriah Loker; born at Wayland, April 22, 1842. He was considered, both by himself and his parents, as unfit for army-service; and hence, not choosing to volunteer, he was drafted, July 18, 1863, and assigned to Company H, Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry. He reported for duty Aug. 5 following.

The regiment soon after was put through a series of rapid marches in Northern Virginia, during one of which he became overpowered with fatigue, fell behind, and was captured. He was first confined at Belle Isle: while here, he sent a brief note to his parents, announcing his fate, and saying he was well. Nothing more was heard of him, until, at the close of the war, his death was reported as having taken place at Andersonville, Ga., April 10, 1864. His grave was marked as No. 480.

WILLIAM LOVEJOY.



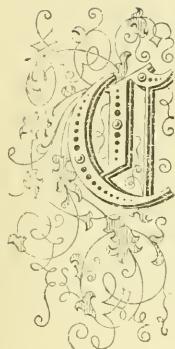
MPRESSED with the importance of preserving the vital principles of justice and human rights in our government, which were so seriously threatened by the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Lovejoy could not forbear lending his personal aid in the military service.

He accordingly enlisted, July 14, 1864, as a private in Company K of the Forty-second Infantry Regiment. In this organization he continued for nearly four months ; being on duty in the defences of Washington, and near Alexandria, Va. He was called into no engagement with the enemy ; and he regards the incidents in his experience of too trivial a character to be placed on record.

Mr. Lovejoy was the son of Kimball and Sarah A. Lovejoy ; born in Boston, June 21, 1836. He was five feet five inches in stature, dark complexion, with eyes and hair black, and an engineer by occupation. He was united by marriage with Anna M. Bent of Wayland.

He was honorably discharged, Nov. 11, 1864, from a war which he regards as a necessary link in the achievements of this generation toward universal liberty.

CHARLES HENRY MAY.



CHARLES HENRY MAY was a native of Concord, Vt.; and was born Jan. 30, 1837. His parents were James and Fidelia May.

With an ardent love of his country, whose peace had been disturbed by the rebellious spirit at the South, and with a sense of duty that seemed imperatively to demand his services in quelling that spirit, he early took the resolve to volunteer as a soldier; and on the second day of July, 1861, his name is found enrolled as a private in Company B, Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry, then recruiting at Camp Cameron, in Cambridge, under Col. Powell T. Wyman. Mr. May was five feet eleven and three-quarters inches tall, light complexion, brown hair, blue eyes; a bootmaker by trade.

The six weeks of camp-duty, although filled with daily incidents, impressing each soldier with their seeming importance, are now regarded as unworthy of even a passing notice. Col. Wyman was found then, as he ever after proved himself, to be a thorough military man, brave and efficient in every branch of tactics.* Chaplain Fuller here began his most beneficent and sympathetic regard for the men of his regiment by supplying

* Col. Wyman was killed instantly in the battle at Glendale, June 30, 1862.

them with greater facilities for improvement than usually fall to the lot of soldiers, and which he continued to bestow while his life continued.*

Mr. May left the State with his comrades, Aug. 17; and, for the three succeeding weeks, was posted at Baltimore, forming part of the garrison of Fort McClellan. The city of Baltimore was at this time in a semi-rebellious state; and Union soldiers who appeared on its streets, singly or in squads, were subjects of constant derision and insult, which often resulted in scenes of violent outbreak.

The next post of duty was at Camp Hamilton, Fortress Monroe, which constituted the first winter-quarters of the regiment. So far as the enemy was concerned, nothing of importance occurred. A few times only did they make their appearance in numbers sufficient to call our troops into line; yet these first summonses of the long-roll, in expectation of a fight, will never be forgotten for the thrill of excitement produced.

A wide-awake soldier will not allow a winter's encampment to pass without some occurrence beyond the usual routine; sometimes even at the risk of unsoldierly conduct. Of this nature the following may suffice as a sample, in which Mr. May took the leading part. Having satisfied himself that an old rebel farmer, some two miles from camp, had more pigs than were requisite for the support of himself and family, and having a fancy, moreover, for a little excitement, he invited three of his comrades to take a walk one evening outside the lines. Their steps, though diverging in different courses as they left camp, seemed to be drawn together as by a common magnet, until they met at the aforesaid rebel's pig-pen. Here his comrades took possession of

* Rev. Arthur B. Fuller was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. He was the pet of the regiment, always at his post of duty, comforting the sick and wounded with the kindest feelings of brotherly attention.

a pig each, but not without sufficient disturbance to arouse the farmer. His companions made good their retreat with their booty; while he, in a blundering manner (so the farmer no doubt thought), was behind-hand in securing a fourth prize, for whose capture the rebel contended stoutly by holding on by the ears what our soldier retained by the other extremity. In this dilemma, with many hard words from the legitimate owner, our soldier, thinking that his comrades were at a safe distance toward camp, then loosened his hold, with the comforting remark to his contestant, "If you will be so hoggish as not to let me have one of your pigs, you may keep him and be welcome."

Complaints of the farmer at headquarters, and consequent investigations, were fruitless of result.*

Less successful, however, were his efforts to capture a rebel captain, whose home (which he occasionally visited) lay a short distance outside of the Union lines. After stealthily watching that house for more than a score of nights to waylay its owner, he felt certain, on one occasion, that he had entrapped him; but a diligent search of the house one dark night, much to the discomfiture of the captain's family, resulted only in the confiscation of a couple of pies. Official orders soon after caused a cessation of such doubtful military movements.

During the stay at Fortress Monroe, Mr. May had the opportunity of witnessing that celebrated naval contest, on the 8th and 9th of March, between the rebel iron-clad "Merrimack" and the yet more novel species of naval architecture, "The Monitor."

At the first appearance of "The Merrimack," the long-roll was beaten; and the men lay on their arms during the night, in constant expectation of a combined attack of the land as well as naval forces.

* The next day, the officers were treated at dinner-time with a nice roast pig, much to their apparent enjoyment. No questions were asked, and no lies told, on the occasion.

The scene was grand, almost awful. The sinking of "The Cumberland" under the iron prow of the rebel "monster," and the burning of "The Congress" in the night, gave a fearful chill to every Union heart, which was only relieved on the succeeding day by the unexpected appearance of the little "Monitor," whose turret was almost the only thing visible, as she steamed around the "monster," careless of his terrific shots; and, at last, how great was the joy when the heavy metal of one of its guns peeled off some of the scales of the iron-clad, and compelled her to retire from the conflict! and greater still the relief when the last of "The Merrimack" was seen blown to the sky in fragments by the rebels themselves!

On the 8th of May, the regiment was ordered to Norfolk. It was among the first Union troops to enter that city,—not soon enough, however, to prevent the firing of the navy-yard, which was then in a fierce and terrific conflagration. On the way, the enemy's shells from a small battery came sufficiently near to be heard in their misdirected passage overhead.

Moved to Suffolk on the 17th, a town of about six or seven hundred inhabitants, all of whom were rebels except a store-keeper, whose Union professions were probably improvised for the occasion.

Mr. May, while in search of water, chanced to call at the parsonage, where the vociferating wife of the church dignitary, in no very polite terms, ordered him off, with threats, that, if the Yankees came there for water, she would certainly poison it. Her husband was taken the next day, trying to reach the rebel lines, with important despatches on his person.

But this is only as a pleasant prelude to the rough work that awaits the advance of the noble Army of the Potomac in fighting its way on to Richmond, the rebel capital, and in which the boys of the Sixteenth are soon to join.

Its junction with that army was effected at Fair Oaks on the 12th of June; when it was assigned for duty in Heintzelman's Corps, in Hooker's division and Grover's brigade. The terribly destructive battle of Fair Oaks had been fought; * and hundreds of horses and thousands of human bodies lay dead in the vicinity where now the Sixteenth encamped. "The ground," says Mr. May, "seemed alive with maggots; the bodies had not all been cared for; and insufficient burials made the air sickening with an intolerable stench." He, with others, was detailed the first day to look up the unburied carcasses, and cover them with earth.†

To such a scene were soldiers, all unused to battles, first introduced, and with the prospect of being at any hour the participants in a conflict yet more severe. But with stout hearts and steady purpose, under the guidance of cool and intrepid officers, there was no quailing when their time of first trial came.

June 18, the regiment was ordered to feel the position of the enemy, supposed to be intrenched beyond a piece of swamp-land. Picket-firing commenced as the men entered the swamp: the rebels were driven; and, flushed with their success, the boys of the Sixteenth rushed on, contrary to orders, and drove from their breastworks their opponents, whose steady stream of fire did not check the determined advance. The whole action, known as the Woodland Skirmish, lasted about two hours; and the regiment lost sixty-nine killed, wounded, and missing. Col. Wyman and his men were rewarded for their first valor by a note from Gen. Hooker: "I can trust them anywhere."

* May 31 and June 1, 1862.

† The notorious repacity of rebel privates is illustrated by the following fact: Mr. May found the body of a rebel in a spot a little sheltered, but still in the precincts where the battle must have hotly raged. He was shot dead while in the act of drawing on a pair of Union pants, which he had taken from the body of their owner that lay near by.

Says Mr. May, " My first levelling of a rifle at a rebel, with deadly intent, was in advancing against the pickets. My cap failed to explode. He saw me, and dodged behind a tree. My gun was quickly recapped, and discharged at his head as he was aiming his piece. I saw his gun fly into the air; and his head disappeared."

Crossing a cart-path to aid one of his comrades (Speakman) who had fallen mortally wounded, Mr. May received a volley from the enemy; one ball of which entered his cap, and tore it from his head; and another passed through his pants,—without grazing the skin in either case.

Hitherto, the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, had been inspired with hope of quickly and successfully winning the glory of taking the rebel capital; but the time had passed, as subsequent events showed, when it would have been possible for a more determined and energetic commander to have pressed on from the first onset at Fair Oaks. Beloved and endeared to his soldiers as he undoubtedly was, they must yet admit that his spirit prompted delays, through over-carefulness, when others would have rushed on to victory or death.

On the 28th of June began that fierce onset of the rebel forces, which, though nobly contested by McClellan's men, yet ultimately compelled his "masterly retreat" as it has been called, though a most disastrous one as it surely was. In the fighting of the 28th, Mr. May was in his place with his comrades. During the engagement, they were drawn, by the enemy's displaying false colors, into a position where they barely escaped capture. The colonel, finding his command nearly surrounded by rebel forces, ordered every man to look out for himself; which they did in a hasty and rough style, bayoneting their way out through the rebel ranks.

The Irish element is well known for its intrepidity and fortitude.

tude, and is well illustrated by the following anecdote related by Mr. May.

In the heat of the conflict, a son of the Emerald Isle, well known to the boys of the Sixteenth, was seen making his way to the rear. "Pat, where are you bound?" was their salutation. "An' sure," quoth he, "I've got a bit of a scratch on my leg; I'm going to get it bound up; I'll be back soon;" at the same time lifting his pants, and disclosing the effects of a shell that had carried away the biggest part of the flesh from one of his legs, below the knee.

Mr. May saw him half an hour after under a tree near the surgeon's quarters. "Pat, why haven't you returned to your regiment?"—"Och, an' sure the doctor won't let me at all." Gratefully let all such tokens of a true-hearted bravery and fortitude be remembered.

The next day, Mr. May was detailed as a pioneer. A retreat was now inevitable; and the business of a pioneer under such circumstances becomes most arduous and dangerous. He must be on the extreme alert between the two forces, exposed to the random shots of his own troops as well as to the well-directed fire of sharpshooters from the enemy. To work with the axe, felling trees, and placing other obstructions to delay the advance of the enemy, and to hurriedly destroy all camp-equipage and war-ordnance that would otherwise fall into the hands of the foe, requires at such a time the stoutest arm for strength, and heart for bravery. Mr. May performed this for two days; and then his system yielded to the combined effects of these exertions with the night-exposures on a damp soil, a noisome atmosphere, and water too deleterious for healthful use. The swamp-fever completely prostrated him. He was left by his comrades in a place of safety; but, amid the confusion of that retreat to Harrison's Landing, he was overlooked, and, for five days and nights,

remained alone and uncared for. He drank water from a spring near by, and nibbled a little from a few hard-tack he had with him. He had passed his fifth night thus, and saw that he was getting worse instead of better, and that he must die if he remained there: so he resolved on an effort to follow the direction of the army. In a seven-hours' trial, in which he would walk, and sometimes crawl on the ground, until he fainted, he accomplished about a mile and a half; when he came in sight of a Union soldier. His case was reported at headquarters; and, soon after, he was conveyed to the regimental hospital. Here he received the kind attentions of his chaplain, and also medical aid, and, the next day, was placed on board a transport in a state of complete exhaustion. He says, "I can recall nothing that transpired from the time that I left the field-hospital until I found myself at Brooklyn, N.Y.,"—a period, as it appears, of over seven days. What treatment he received, therefore, on the passage, or the first days at the hospital in Brooklyn, is unknown: but the crisis of the disease had passed, leaving its victim a complete wreck of human strength and vigor, which nature, aided by the most attentive and judicious nursing, alone could restore; and, as if by special providence, just such care and attention awaited him. There were angels of mercy in those days, sent by the spirit of pure beneficence to the sick and suffering soldiers.

Scarcely had consciousness been restored, when Mr. May found himself visited and cared for daily by a woman of the kindest and most sympathizing feelings, and characterized by the dignity and refinement of true womanhood. "To her tender nursing," says Mr. May, "more than to any other single cause, do I owe my life." And he was not alone in receiving her attentions: many a soldier will bless the memory of Mrs. Brewster forever. It should be added, that the lady had ample means for furnishing all the little comforts that go to make the

dull hours of sickness in a hospital seem more homelike; and these she provided without stint.

The wife of Dr. Munson is also gratefully mentioned by Mr. May as another of the female visitors whose presence was a sunshine to light up the pallid countenance of the sick soldier with gladness.

For nearly four months he was detained in this hospital before being transferred to Convalescent Camp at Alexandria; and he speaks in high praise of all the arrangements of the place for the comfort and restoration of its invalid inmates.

At Convalescent Camp, however, the case was different. Surgeons and physicians of comparatively small experience, added to the less comfortable barracks, made many a soldier long for the time to come for his return to field-duty.

After thirteen days of confinement here, he received his discharge from hospital-quarters, and rejoined his regiment, then recruiting at Alexandria. Sad was the meeting. It was indeed the "Old Sixteenth;" but where were the familiar faces of a year ago? Of the eighty effective men of his company that he left at Harrison's Landing, in Virginia, only three remained to exchange greetings with him. Three or four of the missing had been promoted to other organizations; a few were out on detached service: but the many were either among the sick and wounded at hospitals, or calmly reposing in the soldier's grave. For, during the interval, the regiment had passed through fiery ordeals at Bristow Station,—the second Bull Run,—at Chantilly, and the remaining fields of McClellan's retreat, as well as the miasmatic depletions attendant on that gigantic sacrifice in the swamps of Virginia.

After several movements, in which no event of importance occurred, the grand concentration of forces under Gen. Burnside began, which culminated in December in the attempt to seize

the town of Fredericksburg, and to storm the batteries by which it was defended. The first part of the programme was carried out, and the town was in possession of Union troops for three days; but the severe defeat and great loss in trying to effect the second part must ever be chronicled with sadness. During this fight, the Sixteenth was not engaged, except as a reserve on the skirmish-line below the town, and to guard the middle pontoon. It was on picket-duty the night after the battle; and, being within talking-distance of the rebels, an armistice was mutually agreed upon so far as to allow a free exchange of coffee (of which the boys in blue had a good supply) for tobacco, which seemed the only article of which there was a surplus among the rebels.

A long winter of inactivity now awaited the vast encampment of the Union army before Fredericksburg. No movement was attempted except what was familiarly termed "the mud campaign." Mr. May was out two days and a night in this, detailed to make corduroy roads for the passage of the artillery. All sorts of amusement were resorted to in these dreary months; and, in the erection of their quarters, there was no lack of ingenuity displayed. Mr. May, being familiar with the use of tools, constructed a log-house, that, for its trim appearance and many conveniences, gained the compliment of being the best in the division.

In January, 1863, he was detailed as driver of Gen. Berry's private wagon.* This position was retained until the death of Gen. Berry on the bloody field of Chancellorsville; and consequently he escaped the dangers of that fight. He was, however, on the field of combat, and went for the lifeless body of his commander.

After this he was still retained at division headquarters as wagoner of Gen. Humphreys.

* Gen. Berry was in command of the division.

The next grand movement soon followed. The bold push of the rebel commander, with his almost entire army, to invade Northern soil, demanded the most prompt and energetic action; and Gen. Hooker was the man for the time. The rapid marches of his numerous forces will ever be regarded as wonderful, and the noble endurance of the soldiers as worthy of the highest admiration; for in such times of trial is the true valor of a warrior seen, no less than on the field of active combat. So great was the fatigue in these forced marches, that, the moment after a halt, many a soldier would drop to sleep regardless of hunger or aught else.

At the great three-days' battle of Gettysburg, Mr. May's duty as wagoner forbade his taking part in the fierce conflict; but he had ample time and opportunity, besides attending to his duties, to witness the fearful scenes of each day. The final charge of the rebel forces, heavily massed in three lines, and their bloody repulse, he describes as fearfully grand, as he viewed it at the distance of less than half a mile.

While encamped at Germantown, Mr. May received a severe injury, that nearly disabled him for three months; during which time, he was detailed to aid in dealing out forage.

Nothing further occurred of noteworthy consequence until the winter of 1863-4 found his division quartered with many others at Brandy Station, Va. He had for some time been desirous of again joining his comrades, and of fulfilling his duty as a soldier in the ranks. His requests to that end were denied; and, to secure his purpose, he resorted to the means of a discharge for re-enlistment. This was effected, his discharge bearing date Jan. 3, 1864; and his re-enrolment for three years in Company B, Capt. Nutting, Sixteenth Regiment, was dated the day following. Late in April, he obtained a furlough of thirty days, which he gladly improved in visiting his home.

On returning, he reported at Alexandria. Here he was detained four or five days. His regiment had passed on, and passed through the trials of the Wilderness fight, and had reached Cold Harbor, before he rejoined it. The reason for the delay in reaching his comrades may be found in the fact, that, on reporting at Alexandria, he, with others, was detailed for special service to collect the wounded that had been left behind in the fights of our advancing army, and remove them to Fredericksburg.

To show how easily a panic is sometimes created, he relates, that when a halt had been made for the night, just after supper, a clattering and rumbling was heard approaching the bivouac: this was at once interpreted by some one as a rush of rebel forces. The intelligence so startled the whole body, — some five or six thousand, mostly raw recruits, — that an uncontrollable stampede occurred; and the greater part of the night was spent in a straggling effort to get somewhere; the sole cause of all being, as was afterwards ascertained, a six-mule team that had run away from its driver.

The guerilla mode of warfare adopted by the rebels was sometimes very exasperating, and prompted to summary proceedings on the part of the boys in blue. When near Port Royal, a leader of one of those lawless bands had been captured who had recently taken several Union teams, and murdered their drivers. With but a hasty trial, — which, however, clearly proved his guilt, — he was sentenced to be shot; and the sentence was executed forthwith.

Mr. May found his regiment now in the third brigade, under Col. McAllister, engaged in throwing up breastworks on the left of the army, where they were subjected to considerable disturbance from artillery and sharpshooters.

A day or two after, while out on picket, a conference took

place between the rebels and the Union soldiers. Good feeling prevailed. The rebel pickets were from the celebrated Hampton Legion, and were a good-looking and intelligent set of men. The state of things was freely talked over: they expressed themselves as tired of the war, and believed that a large part of the rebel army had also the same feeling. Mutual agreement was made, that, in case of a surprise in their illicit conference, they would aim high in firing. After a very pleasant hour, with considerable trading of tobacco and coffee, the amicable parties separated for hostile duty.

June 15.—The regiment moved to Petersburg, and came into position at midnight in the works captured previously by the colored troops.

In the afternoon of June 16, a line of battle was formed, and, at six o'clock, moved out to the enemy's second line of works. The firing from skirmishers and from these works was severe for two hours. Our soldier's cap-box was shot away; the ball passing through his coat without harm to himself. At the close of the fight, the men worked until midnight in building breast-works.

June 17.—The regiment relieved troops to the right under severe fire. While occupying this position, our troops delivered the most rapid musketry-fire that Mr. May had yet witnessed; and the rebel works, being about fifteen rods distant, returned the compliments vigorously.

June 18.—At three o'clock in the morning, were ordered up with as little noise as possible. Nearly all the boys expected, after the severe handling of the last three days, to be relieved, and sent to the rear; but not such was to be their lot. The line was quickly formed, and ordered to advance at a double-quick. Without much loss, a favorable position was gained before the rebel works, which were to be taken by storm. The troops were

arranged for the charge in three lines. It was a fearful, almost desperate attempt, and must cost the lives of many brave men; but not one was there who cared to betray cowardice. The first and second charge was unsuccessful; but the third proved irresistible. The first Maine Heavy Artillery sustained the severest loss in this engagement. Of nearly a thousand that went into the action, only about four hundred remained unharmed at its close.

In the last charge, Mr. May, whose regiment was in the rear line, had advanced with his comrades to within six or seven rods of the breastworks of the rebels, when he was struck by a Minie-ball, that entered his left ankle on the inside, and came out at the opposite side; as is usual, tearing a large hole at its exit, and mutilating the bones in its passage, so as entirely to disable him. He crawled to a place of greater safety, and was picked up late in the evening, and conveyed to the field-hospital.

The next day, at ten o'clock, A.M., his wound was dressed by Dr. Jewett, brigade-surgeon; and, the day following, he was conveyed to City-Point Hospital. At that early period of the investment of Petersburg and Richmond, it is not surprising that ample hospital-quarters had not been provided for the fast-accumulating numbers of wounded. Mr. May thinks there was at the time of his arrival about an acre of ground nearly covered with disabled men, who were waiting to be cared for; and that surgical aid was very scantily supplied. During nine days of intense pain, he waited to receive proper attention. He was visited once during this time by an inexperienced man, who claimed to act under authority; whose treatment of one of his tent-mate sufferers was such, that Mr. May refused to let him see his wound; and who, when he entered the tent on the next day, was greeted by such a simultaneous discharge of boots, bottles, and other missiles, from all quarters, as induced a hasty re-

treat, and an entire abandonment of all further attempts at even a respectful reconnoissance.

He was finally visited by a naval surgeon. A consultation with two others unanimously decided the necessity of amputation, which was skilfully done about midway from ankle to knee.

The day following, he was sent, with a large load of others, to Philadelphia, where he found the best of treatment, and every accommodation for his comfort.

Unfortunately for his speedy and sound recovery, the bandages had slipped during his removal from City Point; and the flap had got so displaced as to slough off. Gangrene set in, resulting in a protrusion of the bones, and such weakness as to render a secondary operation too hazardous to be attempted. From all this, however, he finally recovered, except a troublesome tenderness resulting from the bony protrusion.

Dr. Barr was his chief surgical attendant while at the Christian-street Hospital, where he remained for three months; whence he was removed to South-street General Hospital, remaining there until near November following, when he obtained permission to return home in season to vote for Presidential electors and State officers, under a furlough of thirty days, and with instructions to report at Boston.*

It is not unworthy of note, that the only instance of his receiving a penalty for unsoldier-like conduct was while at the hospital in Philadelphia. He had unwittingly violated the rules

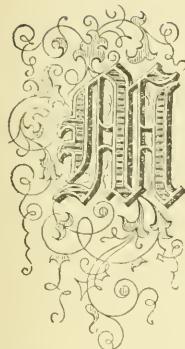
* It was a pitiful sight to behold this maimed defender of his country painfully move up to the polls on crutches to exercise his right of suffrage (in his own words, "About the only right a poor man has"), and then be challenged by the petty jealousy of partisan feeling to prove his claims.

It is by no means pleasant to state also in this connection, on the testimony of Mr. May, that the dietetic department of Pemberton-square Hospital in Boston reflects dishonor on those who had it in charge. To remain there for several weeks, and not even for once to have good sweet bread, shows a very culpable neglect.

by indulging in a whiff of his pipe on the steps of the hospital; and for this he was sentenced to a week's deprivation of out-door exercise, at which time he was not able to go to the dining-room for rations without assistance. His final discharge is dated Feb. 18, 1865.

He was married to Augusta A. Farmer of Wayland, March 29, 1865; and now resides in that town.

WILLIAM ARIEL MAY.



R. MAY, like many others, could not resist the flood-tide of enthusiasm that was lifting men from obscurest ranks, and prompting them to lend such aid as they could command for their country's service; and, like others, he little knew the severe strain to which human constitutions must be subjected at times in army-life. He fondly hoped to bear his part; but inexorable fate had planned for him but a brief experience of military service.

He entered that service, July 29, 1862, as a private in Capt. Richardson's Company (A), of the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry; and was discharged for disability (from incipient phthisic), Jan. 7, 1863.

The regiment had experienced its hour of excitement in Maryland (Oct. 12, when under orders to move to the Pennsylvania frontier to oppose Stewart's cavalry). It had taken its boat-ride down the Chesapeake to the renowned Fortress Monroe, and there was waiting patiently, or perhaps impatiently, for the next movement.

During five weeks of delay on board the over-crowded "Baltic," not a few were reported as on the sick-list; and among them was William A. May. He was allowed to land for more careful hospital-treatment; and, while there, he sadly saw "The Baltic"

steaming off to sea with his comrades, bearing them perchance to fields of glory that he must forego.

Mr. May regarded his treatment while at Hampton Hospital as leaving nothing to be desired for the comfort of the confined soldier.

One thing, however, came within the sphere of his observation, which he regarded as a flagrant violation of justice; to wit, a system of bribery among some of the surgeons, whereby money would procure the soldier's discharge. One case he positively knew, where a discharge-paper was procured for fifty dollars, that could not honestly have been obtained.

In other cases, where the disability was in too *infantile* a state to warrant the discharge, surgeons advised the applicant how to manage, by diet and otherwise, so as to bring the *desired maturity*: in other words, men who ought to have been compelled to quit the hospital for the field *were counselled to feign sickness* in order to avoid service to their country, which they had sworn to render faithfully.

After his return home, when the call was made in 1864 for a hundred-days' men, Mr. May again enrolled his name for service, which, for the time being, was faithfully rendered in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va., chiefly.

His parents were James and Fidelia May. He was born at West Concord, Vt., Dec. 19, 1840.

His height was six feet, his complexion rather light, with brown hair and dark eyes. He was of slender form, and by occupation a shoemaker.

He was united by marriage to Sarah Hersey of Wayland in August, 1859.

JOHN MELLEN.



JOHN MELLEN, "a good, brave, and faithful soldier," as he was called by his comrades, was a foreigner by birth, and, up to the time of the Great Rebellion, had not become a naturalized citizen of the country for whose interests he fought and died.

He was fully aware that no legal demand could be made for his military services; yet he so loved the land of freedom, and so wished that its sacred inheritance might descend unimpaired to his children, that he freely offered himself upon its blood-flowing altar.

He was the son of Felix and Ann Mellen; born in Ireland in 1839. In 1857, Oct. 4, he was married to Susan Dolan, by whom he had four children (one of which was born a few months after his father had joined the army).

His enlistment occurred Aug. 9, 1862. He was of light complexion and hair, with blue eyes; and was five feet eight inches tall. He served in Company I, Capt. Wade, of the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry.

Having a good and vigorous physical constitution, he was able to be constantly with his regiment, and ready for any duty. Mentally he was ever trustful and hopeful. No clouds of disappointment ever dispirited him; and neither deprivation, hardship, nor peril, ever tempted a word of murmur from his lips.

With an unbounded affection for his family, he manifested in all his letters a desire for their comfort, and he sought to inspire them with the same courageous hope that moved him to duty; while, to all the friends that remembered the family of the absent soldier, his soul was ready to overflow with gratitude.

In one letter he writes, "I hope I am doing my duty to God, my country, and my family; for which I pray every night and morning. . . . I hope I shall never disgrace the town I enlisted from, nor the name of an Irishman,— death to me first!"

Christmas, which to a good Catholic is so fully freighted with social enjoyment as well as religious fervor, was the only time when he expressed in his letters a lonely feeling. He was on Ship Island, "where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sand," and where "no Christmas tokens were to be found."

Where some would mutter hard words of complaint at the soldier's fare and lodging, he cheerily writes, "We get along very well. . . . We make our bed by digging up the ground with our bayonets to make it light; then spread our blankets, and fold them over us while we sleep."

In one of his last letters he says, "God is good; and he will take care of us."

Leaving out of view all the minor incidents of marches and transports, and of campaigns where the scenes were ever varying and novel, we approach that scene of surpassing interest, where his voluntary offering of life-blood was accepted on the plains of Bisland.

He had seen the effects of the first day's (artillery) fight; and on the following morning, April 13, 1863, when all was ready for an advance of the infantry, a calm conviction took possession of his mind that he would not survive the fight.

Under this conviction, he came to one of his comrades and

told him of his feelings, saying, "I do not fear death; but, for the sake of my dear wife and children, I dread to go into the battle to-day." And when the fearful trial began, while he bravely faced the death-missiles of the enemy, he involuntarily exclaimed, "O God!—my dear wife and children!" He received the fatal bullet about four o'clock in the afternoon. It passed through his heart; and he died instantly, while in the act of loading his rifle.

A comrade * who attended his burial writes, "Early the next morning I found his body. It lay just as he fell. His left hand still grasped his rifle, containing the powder; while in his right he clinched the emptied paper with its ball. . . . We buried him in front of the rebel line, under some magnolia-trees. . . . It was a sorrowful loss to his company; for he was a brave soldier, and a friend to all who knew him."

On receiving intelligence of his death, the Wayland Soldiers' Relief Society met, and passed the following resolutions:—

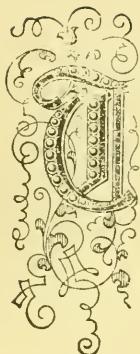
"WHEREAS, *Among the inevitable casualties of war, we have heard with deep regret that one of our brave volunteers from this town, MR. JOHN MELLEN, has fallen in battle: therefore*

"Resolved, *That, while we deplore his loss from the ranks of our noble defenders of the country, we would extend our sympathies to his afflicted wife and children, trusting that they may be sustained under their great trial.*

"Resolved, *That his faithful services as a soldier are duly appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to MRS. MELLEN."*

* Joseph O. Bullard.

CHARLES WILLIAM MOORE.



HE heavy depletion of the Union army in its conflicts with the rebel forces in May and June of 1864, and the great number of men required for the subsequent siege of Petersburg and Richmond, demanded the withdrawal of all the veteran troops in the defences of Washington and other places. To fill the vacancies thus made, the War Department accepted a limited number of recruits for a hundred-days' service.

Mr. Moore took his place among these, by enlistment, on the 14th of July, 1864, in the Forty-second Infantry Regiment. He served his full time without incident of much importance, and was chiefly employed in provost-guard duty at Alexandria, Va.

He was the son of William and Eunice Moore; married to Emily A. Butterfield of Wayland; was twenty-seven years old at the time of his enlistment; and was a shoemaker by occupation.

JOSEPH MARSHALL MOORE.



T was not a matter of forecast and long-settled purpose under the influence of which Mr. Moore resolved to enter the army-service. The war had been waged, in all its varied aspects of victory and defeat, for nearly three years. The hopes and fears of men who loved their country had risen and fallen with the tide, inspiring every one to do something for the cause of truth and freedom, either at home, or amid the scenes of actual conflict.

Not insensible to the prevailing spirit of patriotism, Mr. Moore yet had reason to feel, that with a wife and two young children depending upon him, and with a physical frame and constitution by no means robust, it would not be his first duty to rush into the exposures of army-life.

But when Gen. Grant had assumed command, and the President's call for more men had been issued, his purpose to leave home and family was fully made; and accordingly he volunteered as a private in Company G (Capt. Wilde's), of the Fifty-ninth Infantry Regiment, Feb. 26, 1864.

His descriptive list shows him to have been five feet five inches tall, of dark complexion, black hair, and blue eyes, and by occupation a shoemaker.

He was a son of Willard and Mary (Marshall) Moore; born at Wayland, Jan. 9, 1833.

His marriage with Mary L. Balcom of Sudbury occurred in July, 1851.

On the 26th of April, the regiment left the quiet hills of New England to take an active part in a campaign that was to close the war.

The capital was reached in two days. A sudden attack of temporary sickness, induced by over-exertion just before starting, prevented our soldier from reaping his share of enjoyment of the trip. One night was spent in barracks on the edge of the city; and the next morning the regiment was moved by boat to Alexandria, stopping at the "Soldier's Rest" over night. It then moved a few miles inland, and encamped. It was now in the enemy's territory: and it is not wonderful that recruits of scarcely a week from their homes should be a little skittish; not strange that an orderly out on the picket-line should, in the hours of night, mistake a harmless stump for a rebel foe, and order his squad to take good aim, and fire; nor that the alarm-roll should be beaten, calling from their dreamy slumbers these veterans to bravely stand against the supposed advances of the foe.

Hard marching brought the Fifty-ninth across the Rapidan at Germania Ford into the very midst of those deadly conflicts in the Wilderness on the sixth day of May,—just ten days after it had left Massachusetts.

Says Mr. Moore, "We were under the expectation of a terrible fight. It was the first time we had been in sight or sound of a battle; and the noise of the conflict, with the sight of the dead and dying men with all their ghastly wounds, was sickening and fearful indeed. Pallid faces were seen among our bravest as our line was moved to the front."

The regiment was under fire, though not very severe, for four hours. It was extremely hot ; and many were sun-struck during the afternoon : Mr. Moore was among the number. During the firing which had been kept up, the rebels were mostly hid from view among the pines ; but, on a sudden, they made an advance upon our line. The last words Mr. Moore heard were from an officer to the color-bearer, " For God's sake, hold to the line !" He was carried to the rear, insensible, by a stout comrade, George Parmenter of Natick. On restoration to consciousness, he found himself at an improvised field-hospital. His friend Parmenter was with him : and well for him that he remained ; for in a short time a detachment of rebels appeared, and took such prisoners as they wished. On the stout and willing shoulders of that friend, Mr. Moore escaped to a place of safety. The night air aided somewhat in his recovery from the shock ; and the two started to find the regiment. From loss of rest, and absence of food, added to the sun-stroke, Mr. Moore was unfit for duty, and was ordered to the hospital in the rear ; but he had no relish for hospitals while the fighting was going on, and contrived to keep near his comrades. On a hill occupied by a Southern planter, he found a position where he saw much of the fighting at Spottsylvania.

Gen. Burnside, of the Ninth Army Corps, soon appeared here, and politely asked the owner to allow him to use his house for headquarters. The man was enraged, and so unwise as to refuse the request. As a consequence, not only was there a forcible seizure of the domicile, but a general confiscation of hogs, sweet-potatoes, tobacco, and whatever else the premises afforded, with a prompt arrest of the enraged owner. His negroes immediately employed themselves in baking bread, for which they were duly paid by the general and his staff-officers.

The great heat of the first days of this fight had been suc-

ceeded by drenching showers, and insufficient protection had drawn upon Mr. Moore a painful attack of rheumatism; and, while his comrades were still in the vicinity of Spottsylvania, he found himself, one morning, entirely unable to move without the most excruciating pain.

With a sad heart he saw, that, for the present at least, he must give up the hope of continuing with his regiment; and that he must submit himself to what he most heartily loathed,—hospital-treatment amid a mass of suffering humanity.

He was moved in an ambulance to Fredericksburg. Already every public building and many private ones, as well as tents, were crowded with sick and wounded men; and no better beds for repose could be had, on his arrival, than the damp ground or hard floors, the latter of which he had the privilege of using as best fitted to his case. After a few days of waiting at this city, made doubly desolate by the fortunes of war, he took his turn of removal to Washington, *via* Belle Plain, by land, and thence by steam-transports up the Potomac,—the latter tolerable for comfort, except the intolerable stench from festering wounds, added to the foul air of a thousand pairs of lungs, each trying to appropriate its share of the wasting oxygen, and leaving its surplus of deleterious carbon instead; but the former most intolerable by being crowded into baggage-wagons without springs, driven by men not over-careful upon corduroy-roads. It was the hardest ride our soldier ever experienced; and the groans of his wounded companions testified to their agony, and added to the awfulness of one feature of war that is too often overlooked. Death in its worst forms on the battle-field would be a sweet relief compared to such hours of living torture.

On reaching the city of Washington, he was taken to Mt. Pleasant Hospital, where for two weeks he received kind attentions from both nurses and surgeons, but without any sensible

improvement. Intense pain, with a swelling of the joints of the lower limbs, indicated the nature of the disease.

At that time he was removed to Chester Hospital, in Pennsylvania. He found things here in some important respects not as well regulated as they were reported to be. His stay was prolonged to nearly six months. At the close, there was some perceptible degree of improvement in his condition: he was able to move with the aid of crutches; and in November, under a furlough of ten days, he returned home in season to cast his vote at the general election.

Soon after his return, he was again transferred; and Turner-Lane Hospital received him to share its tender mercies. He believed himself to be in a fair way to speedy recovery: but a young and inexperienced surgeon thought to aid the processes of nature by experiments suggested by a theory of his own; to wit, that, by forced muscular action under etherization, the stiffened joints could be limbered up for normal action.

But, alas! instead of success, there was induced an increase of pain, followed by utter prostration of vital energy. Such was the extent of the relapse, that a message was immediately despatched to his wife, that, if she wished to see her husband alive, she must lose no time in visiting him.

She and his brother immediately came; and, after six weeks of anxious care and watching, she had the satisfaction of seeing him so far restored as to permit her return.

Petitions were now sent by friends at home for his removal to a hospital in Massachusetts. By the aid of Hon. Henry Wilson, senator in Congress from Massachusetts, these petitions received prompt attention; and a satisfactory response was obtained, by which his removal to a hospital in the city of Worcester was secured.

Mr. Moore bears testimony, with much feeling of regard, for

the valuable services rendered to him and others in Turner-Lane Hospital by a distinguished and wealthy lady of Philadelphia, Mrs. Matthews, who gave freely and bountifully of money to supply needful articles for the comfort of the sick and wounded men ; and, what was still more grateful to them, by her personal attentions almost every day, contributing to soothe, as with the tender hand of a mother, the sufferings of these men, so far remote from the comforts of their homes.

At Worcester, after a stay of two weeks, he obtained leave, on furlough, to return home ; where, under care of a local physician, he soon found himself more rapidly recovering, and by whose influence he was permitted to remain until his discharge from the army was obtained, which was July 6, 1865.

The effects of the surgical mal-treatment were evident for months afterward ; though at present they have disappeared.

Mr. Moore is still a citizen of Wayland, engaged in mercantile business, and though greatly disappointed in the amount of service he was able to render to his country, yet rejoices at having volunteered his aid in good faith for the restoration of his country's integrity, unity, and prosperity.

SAMUEL MOORE.



SAMUEL MOORE, the only son of Samuel and Julia A. Moore, was born at Wayland on the 15th of February, 1844.

Though not having attained a vigorous physical maturity, yet he felt the importance of the hour, and a willingness to obey its summons to duty. He first went as a nine-months' man in Company G, Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry; and served his full time without being off from duty a single day. His enlistment is dated Sept. 28, 1862.

He left the State for the seat of war Oct. 22 following.

On reaching North Carolina, his company did not accompany the regiment on the expedition to Tarborough; and the first movement that brought him in contact with the rebels was on the 14th of December, at Kinston. But neither here nor at Goldsborough was the regiment under severe fire. At Whitehall, however, it was placed in advance, and moved to its position under a severe shelling from the enemy. "At first," he says, "I felt much afraid of being hit by the bursting shells; but, after a short time, my fears went entirely away."

The regiment was on provost-guard duty at Newbern during the winter and spring, with only a few unimportant movements in the vicinity.

He received his discharge at Readville, June 18, 1863.

In stature he was five feet nine inches high, with dark complexion, hair, and eyes. Farming was his avocation.

Unlike many of his comrades, he did not deem his duty to his country done at the expiration of his term of stipulated service. Accordingly, he became a Union soldier again by enlisting in the Second Regiment of Cavalry, Nov. 20, 1863.

One month was spent on Long Island, Boston harbor, waiting for recruits. At the end of this time, he, with forty-two others, took boat for Alexandria, Va. The voyage was exceedingly rough, with intense cold; and much sickness and discomfort were experienced. On reaching the regiment, then stationed at Vienna, Va., he was assigned to Company H (Capt. Rumery).

Through some unaccountable delay, these recruits were not armed and equipped for service until after the expiration of four or five weeks. Their employment during this time was building barracks and horse-shelters.

After this time, Mr. Moore was on frequent service in scouting-parties and in squads or battalions to molest and capture Moseby's guerillas. Some of these expeditions were intensely exciting, from the many narrow escapes of either party from being captured or killed.

One man belonging to the regiment, Davis by name, with whom Mr. Moore often went on a scout, became a noted leader. His knowledge of the topography of the country, and his sagacity in detecting the hiding-places of the rebels, were such, that he seldom went out without securing more or less prisoners. His usual plan was to ride all night, and arrive in the neighborhood of his prey at about daylight in the morning. Pistols (revolvers) were the usual weapons resorted to in close quarters.

In July, 1864, the regiment was stationed for a few days at

Falls Church, Va. It moved from there July 10, under orders to proceed in haste towards Washington. The enemy were met in considerable force near Rockville, Md.; and a series of skirmishes took place, which ended in a charge that routed the rebels. Their retreat was daringly followed by squads of Union men, among whom was Mr. Moore. He, with a few others, had advanced into a dangerous proximity: and the danger was first perceived by a charge of rebel infantry, on both sides of the road, pressing down to flank them; while the rebel cavalry force suddenly halted, and commenced a counter-charge. It was a desperate case. The only alternative was to surrender, or run a gantlet of bullets. Some of his comrades chose the former: he put spurs to his horse, and made for a retreat. It was a narrow chance for life. At the distance of half a mile, he met his captain with a considerable portion of the regiment, and was glad to feel himself comparatively safe. But the peril was not over. The rebels continued their advance, compelling their foes to retire. Mr. Moore received a heavy blow from a sabre in the hands of a rebel captain who was rushing furiously past him. The blow was a glancing one, cutting through the hat on the back side, and stunning him, without producing any serious wound.

When he became conscious, he found himself prostrate on the ground, in the presence of rebel soldiers, to whom he surrendered as a prisoner of war. This was on the 13th of July.

While he was recovering from the effects of the sabre-stroke, a rebel soldier called out with an oath, "Why don't you shoot him?" at the same time cocking and levelling his rifle. The quick interference of another soldier saved his life from the intended destruction. During this engagement, sixty-seven others were taken prisoners by the rebels. These men were robbed of every thing valuable. If they possessed any article

of clothing, from hat to shoes, that was better than that of their captors, they were compelled to make an exchange. The next day, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the prisoners began their march, which was continued through that day, the following night, and until nearly sunset the next day, with nothing to eat during the whole time but the few blackberries they could pick on the way. Their guard betrayed no sympathy, but were perpetually taunting them with coarse jests and abusive epithets. On arriving at Leesburg, Va., they received their first rebel rations,— just half the quantity allowed to their guard.

The march was continued westward, fording the Shenandoah to Cedar Creek; thence up the Shenandoah Valley to Stanton,— a distance, in all, of a hundred and fifty miles. They were without blankets or camp-equipage, and subsisted on half-rations. The nights were very damp, and no wood was allowed for camp-fires. Weary and footsore, they were glad to be crowded on board freight-cars *en route* for Charlottesville, *via* Lynchburg, to Danville, Va., — close to the southern boundary of the State.

While at Lynchburg, they were confined two days in an old building; and here one of their number was shot dead by the rebel guard for presuming to look out at a window.

Danville Prison consisted of four old tobacco-houses, stockaded and carefully guarded. The buildings were three stories high; and each floor was occupied by two hundred and fifty men.

The guard had orders to shoot every man that was found looking out from the barred windows; and, being largely composed of boys from fourteen to eighteen years old, they seemed to delight in the sport of shooting at a Yankee soldier.

Rations of coarse corn-bread, ham, and bean-soup, were at first issued for three meals per day. Soon after, they were diminished to two, and finally only enough for one per day, and that of corn-

bread alone, which was in such condition, at times, that the human stomach loathed it. The men, reduced almost to starvation, became rapacious, and hard-hearted towards each other, in some cases, and would steal their comrades' rations if chances offered.

With only the floor to sit or lie upon, and no garments except the filthy rags that but half covered them; infested with vermin, of which it was impossible to rid themselves,—their condition became almost intolerable. One object of this inhuman treatment seemed to be to prevail on the prisoners to engage in the rebel service, with the hope of life by so doing. A recruiting-officer visited the prison every few days to induce enlistments. True to their country, not one of our native-born citizens accepted the base offer. They could nobly suffer, but never ignobly betray their trust. A few of the foreign soldiers, however, gave their services to the rebels.

Hospital-quarters, though affording a little better food, were the dread of the prisoners. To go there was to die. They were destitute of medicines; and the surgeons could do but little for the sick. Cane-sirup and white-oak bark were the specifics for all cases.

Only two cases of successful escape from prison occurred while Mr. Moore was there, though some other attempts were made.

There was a general disposition among the prisoners to make the best of their lot, and to live through it if possible. A few had Testaments to read. Games and puzzles, and a variety of other methods, were resorted to, that the long hours of the weary days might seem less burdensome.

A clergyman resident in Danville visited the prison, and sought to recommend religion to the attention of the prisoners. He occasionally would bring a few tracts for distribu-

tion. His presence was generally acceptable, and his influence good.

About one week before our soldier received his parole, there arrived a box of clothing from the Sanitary Commission. It was a godsend to the men to exchange their filthy tatters for clean, new garments. A pair of pants and a blouse was the allotment to Mr. Moore.

At length came the happy day of release (Feb. 19, 1865), after seven months and nine days of prison-life.

On arriving at parole camp (Annapolis), he obtained a furlough for thirty days. More dead than alive, he came to his home in Wayland,—a mere shadow of his former self, and so weak as to be almost incapable of moving.

On returning to camp somewhat recruited, he was promoted to a corporalship.

His exchange was not effected until a few days before Lee's surrender. He returned to his regiment, but not in season for any active service.

He was present in the grand review at Washington in May, and received his discharge on the 1st of June.

His perils and sufferings never induced any regret at having become a soldier; and, should occasion require it, he is still ready for the service of his country.

At present, his residence is in his native town.

JOHN NOYES MORSE.



S a private soldier, Mr. Morse stands among the most perfect patterns for unflinching fidelity; and, as fulfilling the higher trusts of a non-commissioned and commissioned officer, he won the sincere respect of all who knew him in those relations.

He was the son of Jonas N. and Sarah H. Morse; born at Wayland, May 13, 1844.

He was six feet tall, with light complexion, dark hair, and blue eyes, and studying to become an organist at the time of his enlistment.

From a record of his army-life, carefully prepared by himself, the following extracts are taken as the narrative of his experiences:—

“ I signed my name as one of the quota of Wayland soldiers, at a mass-meeting in the Town Hall, Aug. 4, 1862; and was sworn into the service of the United States, the next day, at Lynnfield Camp. On the 16th following, I was mustered into Capt. Dolan’s Company (D), Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment; James H. Baldwin being first, and John W. Hudson second, lieutenant.

“ Left camp on the 22d on cars for Boston; and, after a heavy march through the city, started late in the afternoon, on the cars of the Old-Colony Railroad, for Fall River, and thence by the

steamer ' Bay State ' to Jersey City, N.Y. The ride from this place to Washington was signalized by nothing unusual, excepting the hospitable entertainment received at Philadelphia, a cold breakfast at Baltimore, and a still less inviting supper at the capital.

" With but a brief halt, we started on our first hard march (about twelve miles) to Arlington Heights, where the first bivouac was gladly welcomed.

" *Aug. 30.* — We saw what havoc actual service made in regiments as Pope's retreating army passed our camp. Rumors were abundant that the enemy were near us; and we daily expected to hear the long-roll. Yet we found no harder service, until Sept. 6, than the usual camp, picket, and fatigue duties. At that date, we had orders to proceed in light order to join the army in Maryland. Cooking our own rations, and the bivouac at night, gave us some new experiences not altogether pleasant, except from their novelty.

" Our route lay through Leesborough, Brookville, Newmarket, Frederick City, to South Mountain, where we had our first fight. We had been previously assigned to Reno's (Second) Brigade, of Burnside's Corps.

" The battle was going on well up the mountain at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of September; when Col. Wild, taking us part way up, formed the regiment into line. We threw our blankets into piles, and moved forward, expecting hot work. Our special orders were to attack a battery, from their rear or flank, as we could get position. Our way lay through some heavy timber, and it was difficult to keep in line. The battery retired from its position before we came in sight; and we kept on towards our lines, and had got partially under cover, when the rebels opened a galling fire on us. The remainder of our brigade, being in position, returned the fire; and we fell into line

in their rear. It was during this movement that Gen. Reno fell, a short distance from our company, mortally wounded ; and, a few moments after, Col. Wild's arm was shattered. The firing was very brisk indeed for two hours ; when it became so dark, that the action was abandoned by the enemy. Our shots told effectively on their ranks, as I found the next morning on going over the ground. Their dead actually lay in piles in a narrow lane where their line was maintained.

"We were up and ready for more work before daylight the next morning ; but our foe had retired during the night, and we started in pursuit. The following day, we lay in sight of their skirmish-line near Antietam.

"There had been considerable artillery practice during this movement, but no engagement until the 17th. We got under fire about noon, near the stone bridge, across the creek. Our brigade took the bridge, after an attempt had been made by another and failed. On crossing it, our regiment came into line, with orders to charge over a steep hill. We had got just over the brow, when we met a heavy artillery-fire, and were ordered to lie down. The rebel battery had a good position. We could distinctly see them load and fire, and the balls coming towards us, and striking in the line. Private Reed of our company was nearly cut in two by one ; and Lieut. Baldwin was severely wounded in the thigh. The company then fell to the command of Sergeant Gotleib, as the captain was off sick, and Lieut. Hudson was on staff-duty.

"Late in the afternoon we advanced again, and engaged the enemy in a cornfield a few rods away. Here was hot work. Company D, having a part of the line most covered, suffered less than the others. The action was kept up until nearly dark. Our ammunition became exhausted ; and our position was such as to prevent a fresh supply without great hazard. Under these

circumstances, we were ordered to fall back, under cover of the hill; where we remained during the night in bivouac, expecting another hard and bloody day's work. But we lay in quiet all the next day; and on the 19th moved forward to find that the foe had fallen back on Harper's Ferry, and had crossed the river.

"We now encamped in vicinity of the battle-ground until Oct. 7; making rough shelters with rails, overspread with our blankets. Lieut. Hudson returned to take command of the company soon after the battle. Oct. 3, the army was reviewed by President Lincoln.

"A six-hours' hard march over the mountains took us to a much better camping-ground, in Pleasant Valley, where, under Brig.-Gen. Edward Ferrero, we became somewhat familiar with military drill and field-movements.

"Oct. 27, we began our march down the Luray Valley, just east of the Blue-Ridge Mountains; passing through Lovettsville, Bloomfield, Upperville, and Piedmont. Heard cannonading most of the time in our front, and in the gaps of the mountains as we passed.

"Welcome news from home reached us on the 5th of November, through the visit of a townsman; but, being on the move, we could see him but a short time.

"Passed through Amosville on the 8th, and thence to Sulphur Springs, with the rebels close upon us. This Southern watering-place was situated amidst pleasant scenery; but the buildings looked dilapidated and desolate.

"Nov. 13 we were ordered to fall in, and were marched off through the village to the river. Before reaching it, several straggling shots of artillery were heard, giving us a hint of what awaited us; but the night passed in quiet. On the morning of the 15th, as the troops were put in motion, our regiment occu-

pied the rear, and the wagon-train in rear of us. Suddenly a rebel battery opened on the train; and the Thirty-fifth was ordered back under heavy shelling, in easy range, to protect the train. Soon two of our batteries moved into position, and opened by an accurate fire, which soon silenced the rebel guns. Quite a number were wounded, and one or two killed, in this artillery affair.

"The following night we held Lawson's Ford, four or five miles from the scene of the skirmish; and on the 16th passed through Fayetteville, and three days after came into camp before Fredericksburg. Here commenced what is called "Burnside's blunder," though we of the Ninth Corps never believed a word of it. On arriving before the city, no part of the rebel army was in sight; but no pontoons were in readiness for us to cross the river, as had been expected. In twenty-four hours, the opportunity to advance was lost. The rebel army promptly appeared, and fortified the naturally strong positions south of the river; and, by the time our pontoons came, those positions were nearly impregnable.

"We camped about a mile from the river, making our quarters comfortable as possible. The season was very rainy, and the ground was soon trodden into mud. Under such circumstances, soldiering became somewhat irksome.

"The latter part of the time, our regiment was ordered to the left to support the Second New-York Battery.

"Dec. 11 occurred the bombardment of the city. I never heard any thing so grand as the continuous thunder of our artillery, that sent their destructive shots into the city from five until eleven o'clock of that day, during which a pontoon was laid across the river. The enemy were driven from the city, and a continuous stream of our troops began to cross in readiness for action the next day. The Thirty-fifth crossed on the morning of the 12th. While lying on our arms, a few of us started off

to explore. Our walk through the city showed us almost every thing in ruins,—stores, dwelling-houses, and churches riddled with shot, and many burned to the ground. At several houses we saw the tables set for the morning meal, with every thing in readiness, indicating the haste in which the inmates had been compelled to leave.

“During the time of our stay in the city, we were under bombardment of the rebel guns, and had many narrow escapes.

“Soon after crossing the pontoon, we Wayland boys saw and recognized the dead body of Rev. A. B. Fuller. A rough coffin was made by two of them, and the body taken under their care to the Lacy House, across the river.

“At eleven o’clock we were ordered to fall in, and occupied the line of march across the city for three hours; while other troops were thrown forward towards the heights fortified by the rebels, shot and shell dropping uncomfortably near us meanwhile.

“At about two o’clock, P.M., our turn came to move forward. From the city to the rebel forts, the ground gradually rose; the distance being about three-fourths of a mile. There was a slight ridge a quarter of a mile from those forts that was barely sufficient to afford protection if we kept very low. Major Sidney Willard commanded the regiment; and, as we started in line of battle, he was the first to fall while gallantly leading us.

“The ridge before named was our front line: here we stopped, and commenced firing. After our ammunition was exhausted, we fell back a few feet, and gave place to fresh troops. Thus the firing was continued very briskly until after dark; when the army fell back to the city, leaving only a single line at this extreme front.

“Among the casualties of the day, none caused such indignant feeling in my own mind as when a man just in front of me, not

having the pluck to stand up and fire, merely rose from his reclining position a little, and discharged at random his musket, the contents of which passed through the head of a comrade in front, killing him instantly.

“ The next day was a quiet one along most of our lines. About nine o’clock, P.M., our regiment moved again to the extreme front to relieve the picket. We took position very near where we lay in line of battle the day before, and made ourselves comfortable as possible in the mud; some of us being fortunate enough to get some slats from a fence to sit or lie upon. The night passed quietly, except at one time the rebs fired a volley from half the length of their line, which made us grasp our rifles the tighter, and wait for the charge that every man of us expected. It was a long night; and we were compelled to lie low all the next day, or be targets for rebel shots. At eight the next evening we abandoned the line, and marched directly across the river to our old camping-ground. All this hard and bloody work amounted to nothing in the shape of good for us. What we did was to drive the enemy from the city into his fortified works: nor could more have been expected in our immediate field of action; for between us and the battery-crowned summits of the enemy were at least two well-arranged and well-filled lines of rifle-pits, which, with the batteries, completely swept the ground of our advance, except the slight knoll at which our line halted. And even had we advanced, and taken the first range of batteries, there were others beyond, to which Lee would have retired in impenetrable security.

“ Attempts have been made to show what troops or generals were accountable for this failure. One thing is certain: no blame can be attached to the Ninth Army Corps.

“ Dec. 19, we were glad to take by the hand one of our friends direct from home,—Mr. J. S. Draper, who came with

letters, packages, and a box of good things, for the Wayland boys.

“Jan. 1, 1863, I had permission to wear the insignia, and exercise the functions, of a corporal, and, after enduring such honors for five weeks, was promoted by the reception of a sergeant’s warrant; and I performed also the duties of company clerk.

“We remained in camp very quietly about eight weeks longer; the only show of excitement being the day (Jan. 21, 1863) set for a second attempt to advance on Lee’s forces: this was prevented by the mud, which, from rain-storms just previous, had become so deep as to render army-movements impossible. In the attempt I saw numbers of battery-guns, each drawn by twelve or fourteen horses.

“Feb. 9 was our day of deliverance from this cheerless camp. *Réveille* called us from our slumbers at half-past four o’clock; and soon after we were on the cars for Aquia Creek. Here was the great military dépôt for our army-stores; and the Potomac, which widens at this place into a cove, presented a lively appearance, with its almost innumerable steamers, sloops, and tug-boats, with barges and other craft.

“We were crowded on board the steamer ‘Louisiana,’ which took us down the river, by Fortress Monroe, to Newport News, where we landed on the 11th, and laid out our camp on a long and level plain a little back from the water. This trip was such a relief from our winter’s camp-life, that we enjoyed it very highly.

“In front of our camp appeared the wrecks of ‘The Congress’ and ‘Cumberland;’ and near us were the graves of many of the brave men that fell on board them in that naval action, which first tested the superiority of iron-clads over the old wooden hulks, and of the monitors over all others for a close action.

“ We lived like ‘home guards’ in our new and delightful camp. Boxes filled with goodies came from home,—some the special tokens of our dear ones, and one the contribution of the Soldiers’ Aid Society of Wayland.

“ A rich treat to me was the musical performance of a well-trained German band, which performed every pleasant evening from eight o’clock until late in the night.

“ While here, our chaplain left us; and Capt. Dolan received his discharge. Lieut.-Col. Carruth and Adjutant Wales, who had been taken prisoners near Sulphur Springs (by the politeness of some rebel ladies with whom they were dining), were exchanged and returned to us the last of February. We were glad to see them; for we all thought very much of their gallantry.

“ On the morning of March 26 we struck tents, and at half-past three o’clock, P.M., went on board the steamer ‘John Brooks’ for Baltimore, arriving there about noon of the day following; when we took cars for Pittsburg, Penn., where we arrived on the 29th, and partook of a good meal supplied by the citizens. The people along the line of our transit showed also their friendly regards in various ways. At Mifflin and Altoona, collations were supplied. Here we exchanged the uncomfortable freight-cars, densely packed (like cattle conveyed to market), for regular passenger-cars, and proceeded on our way to Cincinnati, where the Fifth-street Market House was fitted up for a soldier’s refreshment-saloon, and we partook of a bountiful repast.

“ The river was crossed just after midnight to Covington, Ky.; and we made ourselves comfortable in a street bivouac. The following day was spent in strolling. I crossed on the wire suspension-bridge to the very pleasant place of Newport,—a suburban appendage to Cincinnati.

“ April 1, we took cars for Paris, Ky.; where, on arriving just after dark, we were ordered to remain in cars over night, which

some of us were careful to disobey. I strolled up to the village, and, after getting a supper, found a chapel-door open, and walked in: here was a good coal-fire left burning; and, with a few comrades, a very comfortable night's rest was obtained on benches and settees.

“ April 3 found our brigade and a battery moving on the pike for Mt. Sterling,—twenty-two miles distant. The pike-roads in this region are smooth and hard, and we thought they would be capital to march on; but the trial convinced us otherwise. Our feet would blister much sooner than on a tramp over an uneven surface.

“ The visit of the Ninth Army Corps to the State of Kentucky was designed, among other things, to keep in due subjection certain lawless hordes of rebels, which, in several parts of the State, had been committing grievous depredations. Consequently we were sent in different directions by brigades and regiments, and kept often on the move.

“ On the 17th we were marched two miles beyond Winchester, and camped in a pleasant grove. Here we were paid off for four months, and permitted to have a taste of civil life in town by dining at the Central House, and by an evening's entertainment at the hall,—of tableaux got up by the Union ladies for the benefit of the hospital.

“ May 5 we took a southerly direction, passing through Lexington, Nicholasville, Lancaster, and Montauk. During our march, we crossed the Kentucky River in a very mountainous region. The road being on a high level plain, we suddenly wound round and down the mountain-side, with a perpendicular wall of limestone above and below us, till we came to the river, which flowed between walls of perpendicular rock six hundred feet high. Crossing upon an elevated bridge, we almost as suddenly emerged from these rock-beds to an open, level, fertile region again.

“ While in camp near Lancaster, Lieut.-Col. Carruth received his commission as colonel; and the non-commissioned officers presented him with a very fine sword on the occasion. Crab Orchard and Stanford were embraced in our next movements.

“ At dress-parade, June 1, we had orders to pack our extra baggage, and draw three days’ rations, and, the same day, began our march to Nicholasville; and there (June 4) we took cars for Covington. It was now clearly intimated that Vicksburg, Miss., was our destination; and we proceeded at once to Cairo, and the next day embarked on ‘The Imperial’ for a trip down the Mississippi. This overland route was tiresome, but relieved by the ready hospitalities of citizens wherever we stopped.

“ The scenery, as we passed down the river, was very monotonous; being mostly wildwood, with now and then an opening made by girdling all the trees, leaving their bare trunks to gradual decay, and at long intervals a village of log-huts.

“ Our arrival at Memphis, on the 10th of June, was signalized by being paid off. We found the park, with its adornments of pond, trees, shrubs, and flowers, quite an attractive place. At Helena, on the 12th, we had our first sight of a negro regiment.

“ Early on the morning of the 14th we came in sight of Vicksburg, and landed soon after at Young’s Point, on the Louisiana side, just above the city. After a fruitless march of four miles and back, we embarked on ‘The Omaha,’ and steamed up the Yazoo River to Snyder’s Bluff,—a very strong position commanding the river, built by the rebels, who spiked their heavy ordnance when compelled to evacuate it. Here we first met the Western troops in large numbers.

“ Berries were ripe, delicious, and plentiful; and we feasted on them on our march of four miles to Mill Dale. On the 29th we moved to Oak Ridge, where we remained till the 4th of July; when news came of the surrender of Pemberton, with his

army and armament, to Grant. Previous to this intelligence, we received our letters from home, some of which had been three months on their way. It was a memorable time; and, in the midst of our rejoicings, we had orders to move at once in pursuit of the army of Johnston, who contrived to keep out of our way until Jackson was reached.

"The weather was excessively hot, and the roads dry and dusty as an ash-heap. Water was a scarce article on this march; and what we found had to be tinctured strongly with coffee to make it palatable. Springs and running streams were out of the question. The night of July 9 we bivouacked within four miles of Jackson, where Johnston was intrenched; and the next morning we loaded our guns for action, and moved slowly towards the city. Cannonading began early; but we did not advance into the fray that day. The day following we moved to the left, and took position under a heavy picket-fire. Col. Carruth was here prostrated by a severe sun-stroke, and we were for a long time deprived of his valuable services. This line on the left we held, with alternate reliefs, until the morning of the 17th, when, hearing no firing, we advanced directly into the city; and our regimental flag was the first to wave from the cupola of the State House. The enemy had left, and crossed the river during the night, destroying the bridges after them. Johnston was not pursued, except by some of our cavalry, who gave his rear-guard a parting salute.

"Our work being over in that campaign, we returned to Mill Dale on the 24th. Here we encamped for a while, luxuriating on spring-beds, which we made of young canes, raised about a foot above the ground to keep us from being water-soaked during the frequent showers, that descended in torrents.

"I embraced an opportunity to visit the city of Vicksburg, and found it a very cheerless, deserted place. It is built on a

bluff, with the Court House on the highest point. In the steeply-sloping banks towards the river were numerous excavations, where the timid sought shelter from the shells of their besiegers, the destructive results of which were visible everywhere; and the entire aspect bore witness to the terrible effects of war.

“The country was found to be very unhealthy; which, with the experiences of the march to Jackson and back, brought nearly half our men on the sick-list. Our regiment embarked on the boat ‘Planet,’ Aug. 6, and steamed up the river, arriving at Cairo on the 12th; and by cars we reached Cincinnati on the 14th. Four days later, we began a march to the south, guarding a large wagon-train.

“On reaching Paris, we were highly gratified by the generosity of a grocer named Griffin, who offered us any thing we wanted, agreeing to wait for his pay till we were paid off. He was a true Union man; and it fell to my lot, as commanding officer of the company, to pay him in full the next time the paymaster came round.

“Aug. 24 we resumed our march, passing through Lexington, and camping about four miles beyond Nicholasville, where we remained until Sept. 9; at which date we moved again through Lancaster to near our old camp in Crab Orchard. Nearly a month was spent here, when (Oct. 2) we began our rough march over the mountains into East Tennessee. The regiment now numbered only a hundred and twenty-three guns, under command of Capt. Myrick.

“Passing through several places of interest, we reached Cumberland Gap on the 14th. The mountain-scenery here is grand. Five days more of heavy marching over the steep and rough mountain-roads brought us to Knoxville. This entire tramp of seventeen days was an exhausting one. Many rivers were

faded, and we were under short rations, with but a small chance for foraging in such a barren, thinly-settled locality; and, to add to our discomfort, it was rainy more than half the time.

"After three days of rest, we were sent on platform-cars, during a rain-storm, to Loudon. Arriving late in the evening, wet and cold, we picked our way in the dark to a hillside, where we passed the night in bivouac. The village was on the opposite side of the river, reached by a pontoon-bridge. On the 28th, all our forces were withdrawn from the Loudon side, and the bridge taken up and carried by us, piece by piece, to the cars. We then moved towards Knoxville six miles, to Lenoire, and began to build winter-quarters. All was quiet until early on the morning of Nov. 14, when orders were received to break camp. Every thing seemed moving to the rear with considerable haste. The rumor was, that Longstreet had crossed the river near Loudon, and was forcing back our advance posts. Our pontoon-bridge (which had been thrown across the river here) was burned, and things seemed verging on a panic, when an engine and tender arrived from Knoxville, and off jumped Gens. Burnside and Ferrero. Our troops were faced about in less than fifteen minutes; and we had the satisfaction of believing that there was to be no retreat quite yet, at any rate. Our regiment remained on their arms till two o'clock next morning, and were then ordered back to Loudon through the mud. About ten the next morning, we heard firing just below us on the river, and soon found that Longstreet's forces had crossed, and were pushing us. Our brigade was put on the skirmish-line; but the rebels had gained a flanking position on our right, which compelled us to fall back to Lenoire. It now became a serious business to save our batteries and trains, as the roads were in an extremely bad condition. Our brigade was ordered

to help drag the batteries through the mud, while other troops held the rebels in check. At this task we worked all night, and till ten the next day (16th); when a detachment of the enemy were upon us, and we were forced into a sharp skirmish. We barely escaped being captured, and retreated to a hill, where our batteries were got into good position, by which the rebels were held at bay. At night, the retreat was continued; and Knoxville was reached early in the morning. I was as completely tired out as I ever was in my life. The boys dropped down for an hour's sleep, and then were marched to the north side of the city, where we remained during the siege.

"We found the negroes hard at work, throwing up rifle-pits all around the city and on the adjacent hills.

"All hands now worked briskly on the defences. We dammed up a creek to make a pond in front of us, and tore down many buildings that might give shelter to rebel sharpshooters.

"Longstreet's army soon surrounded us, and constructed regular siege-works. On the 19th, several skirmishes took place in our front, and some shells were tossed into the city. The more exposed houses were abandoned by their occupants; and our soldiers helped themselves to what was left, for rations began to diminish.

"The rebels seemed to pound hardest on our left during the siege; and the night of the 20th was especially noisy. We lived in our rifle-pits, which were three or four feet deep, and about as wide: across this trench, our shelter-tents and rubber blankets were spread for protection during storms.

"On the night of the 23d, sharp firing on our front indicated trouble. Major Wales took a volunteer party of us to the spot, where we found our picket-line broken by the rebels. We kept them from a further advance till the next morning; when, being re-enforced, we drove them back to their lines again.

“On the night of Nov. 28 was fought the great battle of the siege,—the rebel attack on Fort Saunders. This fort made the western angle of our position, and was so close to the enemy as to constitute our extreme front at that point. We had noticed that the telegraph-wires were being taken from their poles all through the city. The use made of them was to stretch them (during one dark night), about two feet from the ground, from stump to stump, where the trees had been cut in front of this fort. By this stratagem the advancing rebel lines were tripped up, and thrown into disorder; and it was thought by good judges to have been the means which saved the fort from capture. It was a bloody field for the rebels. Some were shot down on the very top of the fort; and a great many were killed in the ditch outside. The battery-men, finding their guns of no use in so close an engagement, cut their fuzes short, and threw the shells, lighted thus, over the parapet, to explode among the ranks of the foe that had gained the ditch.

“On the morning of the 29th, I was out on the picket-line. At about four and a half o’clock, I found our line giving way on the left without firing a gun. The lieutenant in command was at this moment absent; and, as the next senior officer, it fell to my lot to manage the affair. Not seeing the propriety of a retreat in this manner, I ordered a line at once, and moved it into position. The rebels soon came on us: but we held our position until morning; and, being then re-enforced, the enemy were quickly driven back. As an instance of the narrow escapes which all experience more or less while engaged in firing, I had stood, for partial protection, behind a post, and left it just in season to escape a shot that would probably have at once ended my military career.

“An hour or two after, during a flag of truce for burying the dead in front of Fort Saunders, I had the pleasure of walking

out in front of our lines, and having a social talk with some of the rebels.

" Nothing of note occurred until Dec. 5, when the rebels abandoned the siege. Our patrols brought in quite a number of prisoners. On the 7th, 8th, and 9th, our forces were in pursuit of Longstreet towards Morristown, stopping at Poor Valley until the 15th; when a cavalry force of the enemy threw us into line of battle, but without any engagement.

" We were here so far from our base of supplies, that our rations of food and clothing were less than on any other campaign. A gill of coarse meal and a small piece of fresh meat was all we had for a day's issue; and some days our only rations consisted of corn on the cob (an ear or two to each man); and we had no salt. Our clothing (and particularly shoes) was about used up; and this caused more suffering than any thing else.

" Feb. 1 found us quietly camped on the banks of the Holstein, a few miles south of Knoxville. Two weeks later, Col. Carruth appeared, with health still greatly impaired, and took command of the brigade. We marched to Strawberry Plains on the 24th; and two days after, with a part of the Fourth and Twenty-third Army Corps, we moved twenty-six miles, to Morristown. The rebels lay in force five miles beyond; but as both armies concluded to watch each other, rather than fight, our brigade was ordered back; and we next camped at Mossy Creek, on the railroad, to cover the right flank of our army. During these movements, the weather was stormy and very uncomfortable; and the results gained were nothing beyond two or three little brushes with rebel cavalry.

" Rumors of a return to the North had so often proved false, that we almost began to despair; but, on the 17th, a quiet march to Knoxville initiated the long-wished-for movement (toil-

some in the extreme) across the mountains into Kentucky. Cars were taken at Nicholasville, April 2; and our progress thence, *via* Cincinnati, to Baltimore, was uninterrupted. From thence we steamed up the Bay to Annapolis on the 7th. Here we found a short period of most desirable repose, with good rations, commodious tents, and new suits of clothing, with many other comforts, made more appreciable by our long period of destitution.

“On the 23d, when the whole army was in motion towards Washington, and our regiment had got half a mile from camp, I was very much surprised and overjoyed at seeing my father, who had just arrived. A short leave of absence was obtained, which was spent at the hotel in Annapolis. After two days, I rejoined the regiment as it was passing through Washington. We camped a short time near Alexandria to draw ammunition, and then moved on with the immense army as guard of a train. On the 3d of May we were at Bealton Station, in Virginia; and the next day we crossed the Rapidan at Ely’s Ford.

“Our regiment, being detached to guard a supply-train, escaped all the fighting of the Wilderness until it reached the North Anna River.

“While near Fredericksburg, we camped on the battle-field of Dec. 13, 1862; and, on looking over the ground, I was not surprised that we got no nearer to the rebel lines on those memorable days. Their position was next to impregnable.

“The regiment was now ordered to the front; but Company D was detailed as special guard for an ammunition-train,—a piece of good luck (so the boys said) never before experienced.

“From this time until we reached Cold Harbor, we marched parallel with the army as it flanked its way towards the rebel capital. At Cold Harbor we found Grant pretty strongly intrenched, and much hard fighting going on. One or two

charges from the rebels was a regular night's work ; but they always got sent back with great loss.

" Our comrades of the Thirty-fifth had been detailed as an engineer corps, and, though often necessarily under fire, were exempt from the thickest of the fights.

" Here the ammunition-trains of three divisions were consolidated into one, and the guards of the other two reported to me as senior non-commissioned officer ; to whose charge the future safety of the Ninth Corps' ammunition-train now was intrusted, under a staff-officer. (I had commanded Company D since it left the Wilderness.)

" After remaining here a few days, the train moved, and crossed the river a few miles below City Point, and then came to the rear of the army before Petersburg.

" Near the last of June, Company D was ordered to join the regiment, which was still on engineer service, making gabions, and strengthening lines of works.

" In front of our position, the lines of the two armies approached very close ; and at such a point the picket-firing became almost incessant. Our different lines were reached by means of covered ways, or trenches, dug of sufficient depth to allow soldiers to pass unobserved by the enemy. At the point above referred to, a lieutenant-colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment had planned and dug a mine under the nearest rebel fort. This was blown up very successfully July 30, and the 'Battle of the Crater' was fought. In this the Thirty-fifth took part. We had orders to be ready to march at the hour of midnight. But little sleep was had that night. At two in the morning, we moved by a covered way to the front, where the whole Ninth Army Corps was massed. Our position as engineers was in the rear of the corps, with orders to follow, at a distance of three hundred yards, with guns, shovels, and picks. The explosion of the mine was the signal to advance.

“Owing to somebody’s fault, the troops were not all in position till it was quite light in the east,—a good two hours later than was intended. The fort was *raised* at a quarter before five o’clock; and, as it went up, a momentary panic was created, it being only some twenty rods distant, and many were not expecting it. The explosion shook the earth like a good-sized earthquake; and a heterogeneous mass of guns, carriages, platforms, earth, stones, and abatis, with living men, was sent flying into the air, which was darkened for a time. The charge was soon made by our troops. As our turn came, we gave three hearty cheers, and advanced. We moved by the right flank. Lieut. Hatch (commanding Company D) and Lieut. Berry, just in front of me, both fell before they had gone a rod from the pit,—the former wounded, the latter killed. The command of the company now fell upon me. I led them on to the crater; and we immediately began re-facing a portion of the *débris* to protect our line. Our guns were brought into active use. Company D had a good position, and could almost keep a rebel gun silenced at our left that was making it warm for us with grape and canister. I secured a place whence I could see over the top of the blown-up fort, and used three guns as fast as my comrades could load them for me. About ten o’clock, the Thirty-fifth was ordered off to bring ammunition to the front, and, about noon, went back to camp. Soon after, we heard a rebel charge that drove our troops back to our lines, leaving the dead and wounded on the field.

“The captured rebels said, that, as there was brisk skirmishing that night, they expected an attack on the fort, and had put in an extra supply of troops, who were all blown up. One chap with a broken arm remarked, ‘It is rather rough to set a fellow flying, and then clip his wings.’

“It was a sad defeat. I mention one fact that by no means

alleviates the disaster. The Fifth Army Corps on our left, and another on our right, were sitting on the tops of their rifle-pits calmly, while we were being cut to pieces and driven back. A very little help from them on either flank would have secured a good position for us; and a victory would probably have been gained.

"It was a day and a half before a flag of truce could be recognized by the rebels under which to bury the dead; and then the hot sun had so aided the progress of decay, that whites could only be distinguished from negroes by their hair. We dug two trenches, and laid the negroes side by side in one, and their white comrades in the other; details from each division burying their own dead.

"After this, the Thirty-fifth was employed in building forts chiefly. This was done by night, and our sleep was obtained by day,—so far as the legions of flies and the extreme heat would permit.

"On the resignation of Gen. Burnside, about the middle of August, the Thirty-fifth was ordered back into line, and, on the 19th, took part in the Weldon-railroad fight. The action had commenced before our arrival. We hastened our movement, and closed in with the Fifth Corps just as a body of rebels were about to flank it. We met a heavy fire, but held our own; and finally drove the enemy back, killing a large number in front of our regiment. The Ninth Army Corps, and more particularly our division, in my opinion, saved the Fifth Corps in that action. Our regiment lost two officers wounded (one died in a day or two), two men killed, and twenty wounded. Company D was in my command during the day; and no body of men ever acted better in battle. They were perfectly cool and steady when under severe fire. The next day we lay in line of battle, comparatively quiet. On the 21st, the rebels made some demon-

stration in our front, opening their batteries on the Fifth Corps at our left (an angle in the line brought us also in direct range); and, as they fired rather high, the 12-pounders dropped around us so thick as to make it rather risky: so we advanced our line a short distance. While in this movement, a ball came bounding along, first striking a shovel, and breaking it in the hands of G. A. Spofford, and striking the bottom of his foot; then bruising my shin, and soon after stopping in a rubber-blanket. Towards evening, my leg got pretty stiff; and I left the company, and took up my quarters a short distance in the rear with Mr. Campbell,* where I remained three or four days.

“From this period, one-third of our men were under arms all the time.

“About Sept. 1, we received into our regiment two hundred German recruits, fresh from the old country, who (excepting perhaps half a dozen) could neither read nor speak a word of our language; and the next day a hundred and fifty more were added, making us the largest regiment in the corps. Fortunately for me, none of these men were assigned to Company D.

“Sept. 21, I had notice of being commissioned as lieutenant; and Company D, which I had commanded for a long time, was formally given to my charge.

“Very suddenly on the 25th, we had orders to pack up and move; and on the 30th occurred the last movement that I took part in. On that day was the battle of Poplar-spring Church.

“About the middle of the forenoon we marched across an open plain from our extreme left, and at the distance of a mile were formed in line of battle as a reserve; while the first line of rebel works was taken by other troops.

“Then, as we advanced to the second line, the rebels found a gap in ours, and pushed us at that point, and at the same time

* Hospital attendant.

turned our left, and sent a galling fire on our flank and rear. We were ordered to fall back. This movement was done with great credit to the Thirty-fifth, considering its foreign elements. We retired for protection behind a small knoll, until shots from both flanks compelled a farther retreat. From this point I retired with the aid of four of my men. While I was endeavoring to straighten the line, a shot from the right flank laid me on my back *instantcr*; but, my whole company being with me, I was immediately taken to the rear on a blanket, making a *détour* in the woods to avoid contact with an advancing column of the enemy, which at one time appeared nearly in front of us. But the men got me safely off, and soon found a surgeon, who extracted the ball. During the night, I was taken to a field-hospital. The result of the battle was, that we retained the first line of works taken, with but very little else.

"At first, and for a day or two, I suffered no pain; the whole limb being paralyzed. The ball had entered the thigh; and, grazing the hip-bone, it lodged in the groin, coming almost in contact with the femoral artery. I was soon after conveyed on the bottom of a muddy box-car over a roughly-constructed road to City Point. It was the hardest ride I ever took. At the hospital here I received good care and treatment; and the wound, although quite severe, gave me little inconvenience, all things considered, and continued to improve rapidly.*

"After ten days of hospital-life I obtained leave of absence, and took a boat for Washington, where I met my father, to whom I had written soon after I was wounded. After getting somewhat recruited, I came homeward as far as New York, where the New-England Rooms, under charge of Col. Howe, afforded an-

* The modesty with which Lieut. Morse thus speaks of his wound may be inferred from the fact, that the surgeon in attendance pronounced it fatal; and a letter received from a comrade earlier than his own contained this sad intelligence for his friends.

other grateful resting-place. From thence I came to Wayland quite comfortably.

“ My sensations can be better felt than described on reaching home once more after an absence of nearly two years and a half. Friends and neighbors flocked in to see me, which was very gratifying.

“ My ardent wish was to be able to return to duty at the front; but I found that the nature of my wound would render it impossible: and on the 18th of January, 1865, I received an honorable discharge.

“ In closing this narrative, and on looking back on my army-life, I feel conscious of having enlisted, and of endeavoring to fulfil my duties as a soldier, from worthy motives. My country was in danger from her enemies, and I wished to help avert that danger; and if my services were of any avail in aiding to rid that country from the great disturbing cause (chattel slavery), and of giving to a race of human beings their freedom and manhood, I am glad of it, though this formed no part of my motive at first for becoming a soldier. On the whole, I never could have felt that I was in my rightful place had' I refrained from joining the ranks of the Union army.”

JAMES EDMUND MOULTON.



AMES EDMUND MOULTON was drafted for military service July 18, 1863. His parents were Joseph and Mary Moulton. He was born at Wayland March 27, 1835. With two other drafted men, he was conveyed first to Concord, Mass., and thence to Long Island in Boston harbor.

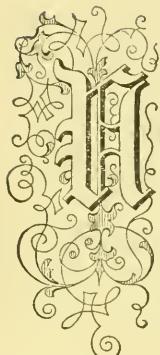
The tent-floor being the ground, somewhat hollowed out by long use, a rain-storm the day previous had left several inches of water beneath the tent. The hay which constituted the soldier's bed did not prevent the chilling effects of the water; and the next morning found Mr. Moulton unable to move. Dr. Hayward took him to hospital-quarters, where he received every attention; but he remained on his bed until ordered to embark for the South.

He arrived at Alexandria about the middle of November; and the resident surgeon then considered his case (without examination, as Mr. Moulton states) to be feigned, and ordered the torturing operation of cupping from three to seven times a day.

An Irish surgeon soon succeeded this doctor; and, by humane treatment, Mr. Moulton began to recover.

Six weeks after, he was sent to Convalescent Camp, where an examination by the board of surgeons resulted in his discharge for disability, on the first day of February, 1864; and on the next day he returned to Boston, not having been instrumental in rendering the least service to the country as a soldier.

DENNIS MULLEN.



O personal account has been obtained from this soldier of his services while in the army.

He was a private in Company I, Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry; and it is believed that he served faithfully at every post of duty assigned, so long as he continued a member of the regiment, from the time when it left Massachusetts (Sept. 24, 1862), in all its movements, including its trying campaign in Louisiana, and during the siege of Port Hudson.

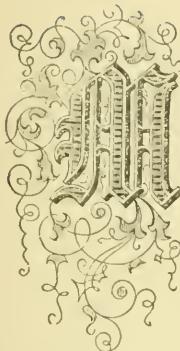
It was his fortune to be taken prisoner in July, 1863; but it is understood that he endured no special hardships while in the hands of the enemy. After a few weeks he was paroled, and sent to Ship Island.

On being exchanged, he was transferred to a cavalry regiment in Louisiana, where he served till the close of the war.

Mr. Mullen was a native of Ireland. In stature he was above medium height; of light complexion, hair, and eyes. He was a married man, and by occupation a blacksmith.

His present residence is not known.

AMBROSE MIRANDA PAGE.



MIRANDA and JULIA A. PAGE were the parents of this soldier, who was born at Princeton, Mass., Oct. 23, 1842. He had resided several years in Wayland previous to the war, and partook of the enthusiastic spirit of his associates there, aroused by the stirring appeals to arms that throbbed through our borders with resistless power; and, though less able to endure severe hardship than some others, he resolved not to be recreant to the call of duty.

He enlisted as a private in Company D, Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment, Aug. 5, 1862. In stature he was five feet eight inches, with light complexion and hair, and blue eyes. He was a clerk by occupation.

His service of nearly three years was more than ordinarily eventful and varied; yet the materials for his record have been so scantily supplied, that justice will be but imperfectly rendered to him in the following narrative.

Ordered to move to the hostile territory with his regiment before it had attained any proficiency in military drill, and to face the enemy in severe battle only six weeks from the time he left the quiet employments of home, it would not have been surprising had he been found wanting in the needful endurance. Yet in all the marches through Maryland, and on the first trial

of battle at South Mountain, with the subsequent exposures and trying duties, and the yet more terrific experiences at the Antietam fight, Mr Page bore his part faithfully, and with a true patriot's devotion.

While in camp at Pleasant Valley, he was detailed as an ambulance-driver, Oct. 18, 1862. By this appointment he was saved from the fatigues of marching, and from the perils of actual battle, to a considerable extent.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, he had a good chance to see from the hills of Falmouth its terrific displays of bombardment, with the heroic movements of our troops on the following day in their unsuccessful charges upon the rebel works. During that day, his services in removing the wounded were not required; but on the following night there was an incessant demand for all his energies, amid the groans of the mangled men. The vivid pictures of this great conflict, with its attendant horrors and sublimities, are ineffaceably engraved on his mind.

The winter at Falmouth passed without excitement. A visit of a friend from Wayland made an agreeable surprise; and the supplies he brought of needful clothing made the surprise yet more delightful.

Towards the close of winter, orders came for a move of the Ninth Army Corps under its old commander, whose defeated plans while controlling the Army of the Potomac made him none the less dear to his former veterans.

The ambulance-department moved out of camp to Belle Plain, where it embarked on transports for Newport News. It was a bitterly cold and tedious voyage. The boats were unmercifully crowded, and both men and teams suffered also from want of ample sustenance. But a few weeks' camping in excellent position gave fresh impetus to all hands in proceeding to conquer the Rebellion in a western campaign on the soil of Kentucky.

Of Mr. Page's personal experience in this movement from camp on the shores of Hampton Roads, *via* Baltimore, and during the extensive ride thence to Cincinnati, and of three months in the spring and summer of 1863 in the borders of Kentucky, no record is made; nor, indeed, of the more eventful movement back to the metropolis of Ohio, and thence to the Mississippi, down whose turbid current Gen. Burnside's veterans steamed to aid in the reduction of Vicksburg. Imagination must supply the details of all that he saw of novelty, of beauty, and of grandeur, in these trips; with all the rough experiences over the arid fields of the State of Mississippi in pursuit of Johnston's forces; of the siege at Jackson; of the crowded ambulances on returning to Milldale; and the return to Northern soil. It was a period demanding the severest exertions under circumstances that only the true patriot could endure without a murmur.

In common with a large part of the Ninth Corps in the Mississippi campaign, Mr. Page found the climate and exposures too much for his powers of endurance; and the tiresome trip up the river was made still more tedious by confirmed sickness from fever and chills. On arriving at Cincinnati, Mr. Page, with several others of his regiment, was transferred to hospital-quarters at Camp Dennison, near that city. Here he remained during the next six months, during the last four or five of which he was detailed to act as hospital-steward.

In the winter of 1863-64, Lieut.-Col. King of the Thirty-fifth Regiment was post-commandant at Lexington, Ky., and had gathered around him for clerical and other duties several of the disabled men of the regiment. Among these, Mr. Page was one. He reached the place on the 19th of January, 1864, and immediately entered upon duty as quarter-master's clerk; which position he filled with acceptance until March 29 following. This was, perhaps, the most agreeable portion of his army

experience ; for the duties were light, the quarters comfortable, and the companionship was select, while considerable opportunity was afforded to mingle in the general society of the place.

Under special orders to rendezvous at Annapolis, Md., all the members of the post left at the close of March, and in a few days were rejoined by their comrades of the Thirty-fifth.

Mr. Page was permitted to return home on the fourth day of April under leave of absence. His health was very far from being in a perfect state. Lieut.-Col. King had been appointed recruiting-officer for Suffolk County, Mass., with an office in Boston ; and to that office Mr. Page had received an appointment as clerk, which he was glad to accept in preference to field-service, to which his physical condition seemed now entirely inadequate. In this position he rendered acceptable service until Sept. 10 following. On the 25th of August previous, he was promoted to second lieutenant in the Nineteenth Unattached Company (H) of Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, which was then on duty in the defences of Washington, D.C. ; and on the 24th of September he proceeded, under special order, to report to its commander.

After fulfilling the duties of this position until Dec. 21, he was at that date detailed by Col. Wells, provost-marshal-general of defences south of the Potomac, as assistant provost-marshal at Fort Albany, Va. ; and was ordered on duty at that post the same day.

Here Lieut. Page passed the remainder of his army-life very pleasantly.

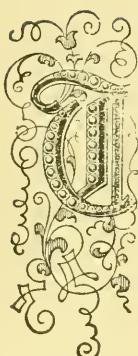
His marriage with Emma T. Drury of Wayland occurred at Washington, Jan. 18, 1865 ; and housekeeping in military quarters added an unusual charm to the remainder of his military career.

He received his final discharge June 17, 1865.

In offering his services as a volunteer soldier at the outset, Mr. Page was actuated by no personal ambition; his sole object being to aid in putting down the Southern Rebellion. And, as subsequent events disclosed themselves, he cheerfully accepted the situation, and sought only to discharge his several trusts with fidelity; and he may feel a just pride in declaring that his experience in the service of his country, viewed in all its relations, is to him of priceless value.

His present residence is Marlborough, Mass.

WILLIAM LEVI PARKER.



HIS man, although a resident of Wayland at the time of his enlistment (August, 1862), was not a native of that town.

In person he was of medium height, with light complexion and hair. By occupation he was a painter. He was about thirty years of age, and married.

He joined the Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment, and served therein as a private, from the time it left for the seat of war until the morning of the battle of Fredericksburg (Dec. 12, 1862); when he basely flung aside the patriot's devotion to his country, disregarded the soldier's reputation for fidelity and bravery, and chose to enter upon his army-record the reproachful epithet, *a deserter*.

HENRY DANA PARMENTER.



HENRY DANA PARMENTER became a soldier in the United-States service by enlisting for a term of nine months, Sept. 17, 1862, in the Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, Company F, Capt. Daland.

It was known as the "Cadet Regiment," and numbered among its privates, as well as officers, a large proportion drawn from the *élite* of Boston and vicinity.

On the 24th of October, 1862, it received orders to report to Major-Gen. Foster, in North Carolina. On being transferred to the steamer "Mississippi," in Boston harbor, it was there very uncomfortably detained for several days during the prevalence of a severe gale. The good boat outlived the tempest, and safely landed its living treasures at Morehead City, N.C., on the 14th of November following.

Mr. Parmenter's impressions of men and things at his first landing on Southern soil may be inferred from the following extracts from one of his letters to his friends:—

"We had heard so much at the North about the loyal people of North Carolina, that I expected to witness some demonstrations of joy at our arrival; but I have been disappointed. At Morehead City we saw no whites, save the soldiers doing guard-

duty. The town is in a wretched condition: the road from thence to Newbern is through a sandy desert interspersed with swamps; and most of us thought it hardly worth fighting for.

"There are some white families at Newbern and the interior who *profess loyalty*. They get knowledge of our plans, and watch our movements; and, strange to say, the rebel army come straightway into possession of all such knowledge."

Concerning the blacks, he writes, "I must say, I have not heard of or known a case of dishonesty in one of them."

On the 12th of December, the regiment was put upon the march in Gen. Foster's expedition to Goldsborough to destroy the railroad communication between Richmond and the more southern States. The first severe fighting was experienced at Kinston, where the rebels had collected a force of about five thousand men and several batteries to oppose Foster's advance. It is thus described by Mr. Parmenter in a letter:—

"The rebels expected that we should move in the *direct route*, and enter the town on the east side; consequently they had arranged masked batteries and rifle-pits on the way, and had made similar preparations for our reception in that part of the town: but Gen. Foster, after a march of one day, took a circuitous course, which brought us before the town on the south side. The rebels, however, came out here, and chose their ground in front of an almost impassable swamp, through which a narrow causeway led. Their batteries were placed so as to rake this causeway.

"Our batteries were duly posted to do effective service; and the contest began in earnest. In the midst of the artillery-fray, our regiment was ordered to proceed along the causeway a certain distance, and then file to the right. The mud and water was about half-knee-deep, and a thick underbrush made our movement somewhat slow; while the noise of the cannonade,

and the shells rushing and crashing over our heads, made our position any thing but pleasant.

"We were halted within two rods of a rise of ground covered with shrub-oaks, behind which were posted the rebel infantry. We could hear, but not see them. We began firing by companies through the brush, and then at will, as fast as we could. Our fire was briskly returned. Our favored position exempted us from severe loss during the two hours that we lay here, while bullets and shells were incessantly making 'music on the air' just above us. We had but eight killed and twenty wounded in our regiment.

"The contest of the day was ended by a charge of the Tenth Connecticut and other regiments. The rebels were routed, leaving their dead and wounded. We took about five hundred prisoners, and eight pieces of rifled cannon. Before leaving the town, the rebels had set fire to large piles of cotton and grain, which were burning all night."

The above engagement was on Sunday, Dec. 14. The next day the regiment resumed its march, and on Tuesday met the enemy again at Whitehall in larger force. This place is on the Neuse River, about midway between Kinston and Goldsborough. Mr. Parmenter writes, —

"Our road lay at the foot of some high land, running parallel with the river, between which and the road was a swamp. Beyond the river the rebels lay in ambush, with a large number of masked batteries. All unexpected, they opened fire upon us with shot, shell, canister, and grape. As soon as possible, our batteries were got into position on the elevated ground at our left; and, in an almost incredibly short time, forty-three of our guns were in active use. Our regiment was ordered to support a battery. We were placed where our fire could do no good; and we lay during four hours where the shells of our own batteries

were flying just over our heads, and those of the enemy were bursting and striking unmercifully near. I was at one time covered with earth thrown up by an exploding shell that had struck quite near me. The roar was stunning; but their fire slackened, and was finally silenced. They drew off their forces; and we received orders to move on.

"At a distance of ten miles from Goldsborough, we bivouacked for the night. The next day we were held in reserve, and only partook of the contest at Goldsborough by hearing the noise of the cannonade."

As the regiment was now detailed for provost-guard-duty at Newbern, no further incidents of note occurred in Mr. Parmenter's experience. In a letter he notices his chaplain, Rev. A. L. Stone, as follows: "He is beloved by the whole regiment, and is familiar with every man he meets. His services during engagements are spoken of as of the highest value to the wounded."

Mr. Parmenter is the younger son of Jonathan D. and Lois (Damon) Parmenter; a native of Wayland; born May 19, 1834.

His descriptive list shows him to have been five feet seven and a half inches in height, dark complexion, brown hair, and hazel eyes. School-teaching and agriculture were his avocations.

He held the position of corporal during his connection with the army.

He was mustered out of service with his comrades on the 8th of July, 1863.

CHARLES HAMMOND RICE.



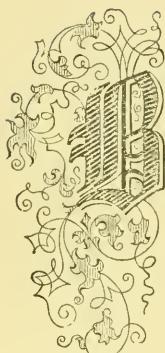
ELATIVE to the naval service rendered by Mr. Rice, no detailed account is accessible. He entered the service Dec. 23, 1862, on board a school-ship in the waters of Charlestown Navy Yard, and resigned in the following April.

His second enlistment was Sept. 26, 1863; and it is believed, that, for nearly a year, he was faithfully occupied as acting-ensign on board the gunboats "Macedonia" and "Savannah," near Key West.

He was of light complexion, and of tall, portly physique. He was a native of Bangor, Me.; and was united by marriage with Mary L. Ames of Wayland.

His present residence is in one of the Western States.

JAMES ALVIN RICE.



Y his remarkable coolness and intrepidity while in the cavalry service, this soldier won from his comrades the title of "the bravest boy in the company." Indeed, at times he was so unconscious of danger, that his conduct seemed reckless.

He was of slender form; five feet four inches tall; of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair. His birth occurred at Natick, Dec. 26, 1841.

His first enlistment was in the Eleventh Regiment of Infantry, in Company K, May 8, 1861. Weakened by sickness soon after his regiment began its field-service at Washington, he found himself unable to fulfil his duties as a private with comfort or satisfaction; and, when ordered forward to meet the enemy at Manassas, he became entirely prostrated, and was left behind.

Medical care did not seem to recruit his energies; and he applied for a discharge. In this he was seconded by his brother in the same company and by his captain, but without avail. His brother writes, "James is not stout enough to bear the hard service of a soldier; and I think his only chance for life is to get a discharge."

Under repeated disappointments and continued ill health, he took the unsoldier-like course of helping himself by abruptly

leaving the army in August, 1861. In this he was successful. This act, however, so far as all the facts in connection go to show, was not done under the influence of any unworthy motives. On arriving home, he told his friends that he meant to join the army again as soon as he was able; and this promise he fulfilled in October following by enlisting in the First Cavalry Regiment of Maine.

Even while unfit for service, he loved to ring out in clear tones the soldier's well-worn ditty,—

“A soldier, a soldier, I'm longing to be :
The name and the life of a soldier for me !”

And several of his letters came home bearing the couplet as his chosen motto.

The cavalry service, with its dashing encounters, its thrilling incidents of scouting, and hairbreadth escapes, was well adapted to his enthusiastic, daring temperament. He was ever ready, and even eager, to go on a scout; and was always found among the very foremost where intrepidity was required.

It is to be regretted, that, while he wrote often to his friends at home, he never describes events in their details; and so his narrative must be meagre and dry where it should be filled with intense interest. Yet his jaunty expressions seem to delineate forcibly his own heroic spirit, while they mark with graphic brevity the scenes and events in which he bore a part.

To say, for instance, of the second Bull-run battle, that “we had a good smart fight, and I am all right,” conveys a most emphatic idea of this youthful cavalier. So also of the engagement at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862 (the first at which he was present), “It was a good fight, and I had my horse shot under me.”

He was at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam; also

at Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1863; at Fredericksburg under Burnside; and at Gettysburg,—concerning which none of his letters are now found to speak.

On the second day of May, 1863, while on a scouting-party near Gordonsville, he, with fourteen others, was taken prisoner, and held at Richmond for several weeks, when he was paroled, and came to Alexandria. He tersely sums up his treatment while in rebel hands by writing, "They stripped me of every thing, and tried to starve me."

While on parole he obtained a furlough, and came home. During this visit, he was arrested as a deserter from the Eleventh Infantry Regiment. After a few days of confinement in the county jail and at Fort Independence, he was carried South in handcuffs, having twice attempted an escape. He desperately resolved and declared that he would never be returned to that regiment; and, when in the vicinity of Washington, he gave a stunning blow to his guard, made good his escape, and found his way to his cavalry comrades, who gave him protection until his exchange as a prisoner, which occurred soon after.*

Oct. 31 he writes, "We had a hard fight at Freeman's Ford, and came near losing our whole regiment.

"*Dec. 7.*—We fought two hours, and gave them the worst of it. I believe I am the luckiest man that ever lived.

"*May 15, 1866, near Harrison's Landing.*—We have been on the move ever since the 2d, and a number of fights have been the consequence; but I have had my old luck. I almost believe that a bullet can't hit me. Five of my companions were killed at my side. Yesterday, about three miles from Richmond, we had a good fight that lasted six hours. We got the advantage, and took two pieces of artillery and two hundred prisoners.

"*June 3.*—We go scouting every day. My company, with

* He was exchanged Oct. 11, 1863.

two others, went towards Culpeper yesterday, and saw about sixty rebels; and then turned and ran for camp, disgracing the whole army.

"Aug. 20.— A fight is coming soon. I trust in the One that has safely carried me through all the battles.

"Aug. 22.— We have had two good fights north of the James. I am the luckiest man living. I go where others don't care to go, yet I have never been hit; but I have had another horse shot under me."

After the Weldon-railroad fight, where he was greatly exposed and several of his near comrades fell, he again speaks of his fortunate escape from personal harm.

On a raid to Richmond at an earlier date, March 1, 1864, he writes of one of his hardest-fought battles, "The cavalry went in dismounted to charge a rebel battery, whose well-directed fire of grape and canister compelled a retreat, which the rebels followed up, capturing many of the men and horses."

At a skirmish near Rappahannock Station, the rebels were driven; and, in following them up, our cavalry-boy gave chase to two of them, and, having the better horse, soon came within a short distance, when he ordered them to halt and surrender, at the same time giving them a threatening flourish with his revolver, which was innocent of powder and ball, he having previously discharged all its contents in the fray. Seeing his resolute attitude, they concluded to yield to him as conqueror; and under the fear of his harmless pistol, backed by his daring determination, he brought them triumphantly to camp.

By a letter dated Aug. 29, 1864 (but with no mention of locality, as was the case with many of his letters), it appears, that, his regiment having in the evening come up with a body of rebel infantry, and his colonel wishing to ascertain their number and position, he volunteered his services as a spy. He

writes, "After I had taken off my boots and stockings, and all my military gear except my revolver, I contrived, by creeping on my hands and knees for about a hundred rods, to pass their pickets unperceived; and, having secured the needful information, I came back in the same way. I knew the chances were that I should be shot; but I would not have it said that Rice was less fearless than any of his comrades. I mean, when I leave the army, to leave a good name behind me, or not leave it alive."

But the fates were not always to protect him from harm. In the engagement that ensued, he was wounded twice; a pistol-shot making a hole through his thigh, and a musket-ball passing through the calf of his leg, and killing his third horse. He was carried to a hospital; but he could not bear to be away from his company. The wounds that others would call severe, and gladly make the reasons for absence from service, he regarded as too slight to detain him in a hospital. He writes, "My captain came to see me; and I told him that I could ride very well, and I wanted to go with him; and, after he had seen the doctors, he took me back with him to the regiment."

The next severe engagement at which he was present was at the Boynton Plank Road, Oct. 27, 1864; and this was his last. He received a wound from a Minie-ball that passed completely through the lower part of his chest from side to side, which proved to be fatal.

His last communication to his friends at home was dated at Emory Hospital, Washington, D.C., and was written by the hand of an amanuensis. It says,—

"I am wounded, as you know, by a Minie-ball, that came very near taking my life; and it is not impossible that it may be the means of my death yet; but I hope to live to see you again. Give my love to mother, and tell her I shall write as soon as I am able."

He lingered in much pain until Nov. 23, when death came to his relief.

In closing this sketch, it is proper to say, that though, in some respects, his impetuous temperament made him appear externally uninviting to refined characters, yet there is reason for believing that at heart there was more real goodness than is possessed by some others of smoother accomplishments. He entertained no malice, — not even toward his enemies. "If I am ever killed in battle," says he in a letter, "don't lay it to the rebel soldiers, but to those who caused the war."

It cannot be reasonably believed that any one, after considering the service he rendered with such ardent enthusiasm while a calvary-man, will be willing to speak, except in the mildest terms, of his indiscretion in deserting his post in the Eleventh Regiment of Infantry.

EDMUND RUSSELL.



EDMUND RUSSELL, son of Josiah and Nancy Russell, was born at Roxbury, Mass., Aug. 8, 1835.

He was married to Nancy T. Campbell of Mercer, Me., Feb. 5, 1859; by whom he had one child, when the defence of his country called him from home.

His enlistment in Capt. Graham's company, in the Thirty-ninth Infantry Regiment, occurred Aug. 8, 1862. He was five feet eight inches tall, with light complexion, hair, and eyes; and was a farmer by occupation.

Mr. Russell, soon after his return from the army, removed to a distant home in the West, where he now resides; and no minute account of his army-experience has been obtained.

He was with his regiment while on outpost-duty in Maryland, and until he had the fortune of a broken leg while in winter-quarters at Mitchel's Station, Va. A tree twenty inches in diameter, which he had cut down, in its fall made an unexpected rebound, and fastened his leg to the earth, breaking the bones below the knee in two places. This was on the 7th of March, 1863. He was soon removed to Carver Hospital, in Washington. On his sufficient recovery, he was sent to camp at Readville, Mass., and detailed as a cook; where he remained until near the close of the war.

JOHN JAMES SEARL.



UDBURY, MASS., was the native place of this soldier, who was born March 23, 1835; John H. and Caroline (Belcher) Searl being his parents.

The war had hardly commenced, when the Fourth Battalion of Militia went into camp at Fort Independence, in Boston harbor; and was recruited to a full regiment (Thirteenth Infantry) in July, 1861.

Mr. Searl enlisted, and joined this regiment as a private in Company H. He was a shoemaker by occupation; stood five feet nine inches; was of light complexion, dark hair, and blue eyes. He had been married more than a year to Rose Hammond of Wayland, and had one child, when he entered the army.

On the last day of July, he, with the regiment, left the harbor by boat for the city of Washington, and immediately went on duty in Maryland. There was much stir in doing patrol and picket duties, and several alarms occurred when a brush with the rebels was expected; but no severe service was encountered up to March 1, 1862.

At this time, extensive gunboat preparations were being made on the Upper Mississippi in order to open the navigation of that important stream for Union purposes from Cairo to

New Orleans. To man these boats, nine hundred men were detached from the several infantry regiments already in the field; and the lot fell upon Mr. Searl to be one of them.

His first transfer, Feb. 18, 1862, was to a receiving-ship stationed on the waters of the Mississippi, at Cairo. Here he was drilled in the management of heavy ordnance, and soon became an expert. Cairo was at this time nearly submerged by a sudden rise of twenty-five feet in the waters of the Ohio River.

The river-boat "Louisville" being transformed into the gun-boat "Baron De Kalb,"* she became the home of our volunteer so long as she remained afloat, — a period of about sixteen months. She was a boat of two decks, carrying an armament of thirteen guns from nine to thirty-two inch caliber, with a crew of a hundred and eighty men. She was constructed so as to have twenty-eight inches of solid wood on her sides; and these were covered by iron plates two inches thick. Her propelling power was two engines moving a stern paddle-wheel. The guns were arranged on the lower deck, — two at the stern, three at the bows, and four on each broadside. Capt. Paulding was commander. It should be mentioned, also, that among her means of defence, in case of an attempt to board her, was an arrangement of hose, by which the hot water from her boilers could be discharged on an enemy.

On entering this boat, Mr. Searl received the appointment of corporal of the marines, and soon after was appointed captain of one of the heavy guns. The navigation of the Mississippi, as well as other rivers in rebel territory, was dangerous at this period from sunken torpedoes and other obstructions deposited for the destruction of the Union vessels: consequently, extreme caution became necessary.

* By some annalists this boat is spoken of as "The Louisville," instead of "The De Kalb."

On the 3d of March, the fleet moved down the river to Columbus, in Kentucky. This was a very heavily-fortified stronghold of the rebels; but they were aware of Admiral Foote's extensive gunboat preparations, and resolved to evacuate their forts here, and concentrate their armament at Island No. 10,—a place admirably located to command the river, about fifty miles below Cairo. To this point the admiral now directed his attention. Gen. Pope had also concentrated a heavy land-force of Union troops six or eight miles below the island, and had defeated the rebels at New Madrid. Not only was the island itself thoroughly fortified, but there were several heavy shore-batteries on the opposite banks of the river. On these batteries and forts the heavy ordnance and mortars of Foote's fleet commenced a tremendous bombardment, and continued it for nearly a month, without very marked effect.

The gun of which Mr. Searl was captain was an eighty-four-pounder, requiring eight men to manage it. In the early part of the firing, by some great carelessness in swabbing, a gun of this caliber, situated near him, burst while ramming home a shell, which also exploded. The concussion prostrated every man on deck. Two were killed outright, and forty were wounded. A fragment of the shell struck Mr. Searl in the abdomen, opening a hole, so that his intestines protruded. He also received a severe blow in the back by a ramrod, as he believes. It severed his sword-belt, tore his clothing, and created a lameness that continued several weeks. The fracture of the walls of the abdomen, though at first thought to be very severe, if not fatal, gave him far less trouble.

Admiral Foote now resolved on an attempt to run his boats past the batteries to gain the lower side of the island. The gunboat "Carondelet" was prepared for the first trial by protecting her sides with bundles of hay. A day or two previous, he

had made a successful strategical attack on one of the island batteries, and spiked its guns. On the night of April 5 (which was very dark and rainy), it having been ascertained by some of the officers at what hour the guard of a rebel shore-battery was relieved, and the rebel countersign having been also secured, eight picked men were selected from the fleet to accomplish what seemed a very hazardous feat. It was nothing less than to feign themselves the rebel relief-guard (assuming their dress, &c.), and then to spike the guns of the battery. The latter work was assigned to Mr. Searl. The party started off in a boat, made their landing unperceived, and, a few minutes in advance of the relief-time, proceeded boldly to their work. It was a success. The countersign proved correct. The guard of rebels were duly relieved by their Yankee deceivers. Mr. Searl used his rat-tail files on seven of their heavy guns; and at a concerted signal the corporal's lantern was extinguished, and all hands made good their escape to the boat. The success was equalled only by the boldness of the strategem.

The next night, being cloudy and rainy, favored "The Carondelet" in running the batteries. She was discovered, however, and fired at, but passed without injury. Another gunboat soon followed. Gen. Pope, under their protection, crossed the river to the Kentucky side; and the rebels, seeing themselves now fairly cut off above and below, with Pope's army flanking them, wisely surrendered. The army-stores captured were immense. They were not all saved, however; for the rebels scuttled four transports laden with provisions before they surrendered.

May 1, the fleet anchored off Fort Wright, and opened a bombardment, which continued for a week. On the 10th, eight rebel gunboats (three of which were rams, and iron-clad) came up the river, and attacked the Union boats. It was a brisk affair of two hours, in which their rams seriously injured the gun-

boat "Cincinnati;" but, in return, their fleet was so essentially damaged, that they were glad to retire. It should be recorded that "The Baron De Kalb" conquered one rebel gunboat, and gave her in charge of a new boat,—"The Cairo,"—with a crew of raw hands, who allowed the prize to escape, much to the excitement of the "De Kalb's" crew, who heartily cursed their inexperienced comrades of "The Cairo." All that saved "The Cincinnati" from capture by the rebels was the use of her hot-water hose when the enemy were about to board her. Mr. Searl believes that only two of the rebel boats escaped unharmed.

After several more days of bombardment of Fort Wright, it came to terms of capitulation; and the flotilla proceeded down the river to Memphis, where it anchored June 5. It was hoped that the surrender of this city would be made without a fight, as no rebel force at first appeared; but the next day, before the crews had taken breakfast, six rebel boats were seen approaching round a bend of the river, and within fifty rods.

Cables were cut at once; and with what steam could be commanded the boats moved up stream, followed by the rebels. Foote had but five boats here; three of which, fortunately, were rams. These rams were anchored a mile or more above; and scarcely had the firing begun when they came down with a fearful rush. The first dash of "The Queen of the West" sent to the bottom the rebel boat "Gen. Price." Almost at the same instant the boilers of one other rebel boat burst, and terribly scalded her crew. The rebel boat "Beauregard" was soon disabled; and the others ran ashore, one of them being fired by her crew. The fight lasted an hour and three minutes, and was conducted throughout with terrific fury. Only one of the Union boats was seriously injured, and that ("The Lancaster") was entirely disabled in the first part of the action. It was a

most exciting scene, and was viewed by the entire mass of the citizens of Memphis, who stood in every available spot, anxiously awaiting the result which determined the fate of their city. It surrendered very quietly after this naval action.

A notable instance of female spunk and cool bravery occurred when "The Beauregard" was disabled. The wife of the captain of that boat was on board: she was a most inveterate hater of the Northerners, and was determined that the flag of her husband's ship should never be struck to the Yankee power. She accordingly took possession of the halyards in person, and refused to haul down the colors, or to permit them to be struck by others. She was warned of serious consequences by Capt. Paulding; but, with curses, she dared his threats. He coolly levelled his pistol at her, and the next instant she fell dead.

"The Baron De Kalb" was detailed to guard the city for two months; and the crew were allowed to go on shore by watches of twenty-four hours each to enjoy themselves *ad libitum*.

About the 1st of January, 1863, orders were received to join a flotilla under Commodore Porter for the capture of Arkansas Post, about a hundred and fifty miles up the Arkansas River. The naval force arrived before the place Jan. 8. A considerable body of infantry was landed, and gradually approached the fortifications.*

The gunboats moved into position, and the cannonading began furiously. In fifteen minutes, "The De Kalb" was badly used up: six of her crew were killed, and fifteen wounded. To save her from complete destruction, she was run up close under

* It should be mentioned here, that, for some misdemeanor, Mr. Searl was in irons at the commencement of the fight, with one day longer to serve out his time of punishment. The captain came to him, proposing a release, saying, "We want your help."—"I think I'd better fulfil my part of the contract," said Mr. Searl dryly. The captain then said, "Searl, I was sorry to punish you; for you didn't really deserve it. Will you now call it square?" He gladly acceded, saying, "I don't like this racket overhead if I am not in it."

the guns of the fort, and shelled it vigorously. It was reported after the action that one shell from this boat killed twelve English sailors in the fort. After fighting two hours and a half, the place surrendered. A case of "grit" in this fight is not unworthy of notice. A boy seventeen years old, on "The De Kalb," was struck by a cannon-shot, that took off his leg below the knee. As Mr. Searl passed him, he held up the bleeding, shattered stump, saying, "You see what I've got; but I don't care if we only whip 'em." Another case was of a man who had his neck fearfully torn open by a shell fragment. He was told to go below. "No," said he, "not till I have given 'em one shot more."

After repairs were completed, "The De Kalb" was sent up White River with "The Mound City" to capture a fort. A rebel pilot was impressed, who rendered his service in guiding the boat up the stream, prompted by a cocked pistol held at his head. During the cannonading, a shot from the fort penetrated the steam-drum of "The Mound City," by which a hundred and thirty of her crew were severely scalded. Many of them leaped into the river to escape their torture, and, while swimming, were fired at by sharpshooters, and many of them killed. Fifty-two scalded men were picked up, and taken on board "The De Kalb." To revenge the barbarous conduct of the rebels in shooting defenceless men, the Union crews were all ordered to arm with pistols and cutlasses, effect a landing, and rush upon the fort, showing no quarter to any one. This order was firmly and fully executed. About ninety rebels were killed indiscriminately.

"The De Kalb" remained here nearly a week; in which time the bodies of seventy-two men who had jumped overboard, and were either shot or drowned, were recovered and buried.

To aid in the reduction of Vicksburg was our next destina-

tion. With a small flotilla we first went up the Yazoo River, and took possession of the city of Yazoo. This was a dangerous trip, from the torpedoes in the river and the sharpshooters on the banks. The boat "Cairo" was blown up by a torpedo, and sunk. There was no general engagement, except a few minutes with a battery. The city surrendered.

Among Gen. Grant's plans for reaching the rear of Vicksburg was to float his forces in transports through artificial channels made by cutting trees in the bayous, so abundantly found in this region. "The Baron De Kalb" accompanied this expedition. Much of it was slow work: eighteen miles only were accomplished in eighteen days. It was a curious sight, so many vessels steering inland where such things had never been before. The difficulties increased: sharpshooters multiplied on all sides. The plan was abandoned, and a safe return accomplished.

The next plan was to run the gantlet of the batteries, and so reach the rear of the city from the southern side. Every thing was ready. Mr. Searl and several of his comrades were now serving some months over their enlisted time; and, when the order came to move, fifty-three of the men mutinied. A body of the marines was drawn up with loaded revolvers; and the captain gave the mutineers five minutes to return to duty, or be fired into. At near the expiration of this time, all but three succumbed; and these finally yielded. "The De Kalb" had been so roughly handled by the enemy, that she was in a leaky condition; and it was found, on starting, that she had so large an amount of water in her hold, that it was deemed imprudent to put her through: so her crew escaped the danger, but saw the whole transaction. As a punishment for their refractory pranks, twenty-five of the mutineers were landed, and compelled to cut a trench from the river, in an exposed position, up to a battery, and to work it fifteen days.

Here Mr. Searl was taken sick with fever, and was glad to be returned to boat-quarters. "The Baron De Kalb" was again ordered up the Yazoo; and, while quietly proceeding on her destination, she encountered a torpedo, whose explosion completely shattered her bows, and she quickly sank. The water was sufficiently shoal to allow the men to stand on the hurricane-deck, submerged to their waists.

Mr. Searl did no more fighting, but remained in surgeon's care until the surrender of Vicksburg.

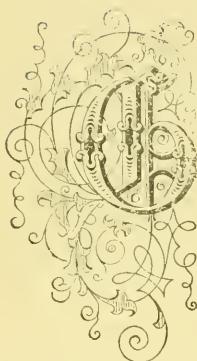
He visited the place rendered famous by a long siege and a most severe and destructive bombardment; and, while in the city, received his discharge.

He was still under medical care when he steamed up the river on his way home, not without a sense of honest pride that he had faithfully remained more than his stipulated term in efficiently serving his country.

After his recovery, he again enlisted to serve on the frontier; and was sent to Ogdensburg, N.Y., where he remained for six months.

He now resides in Boston, Mass.

GEORGE ANDERSON SPOFFORD.



GEORGE ANDERSON SPOFFORD partook fully of the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm that was surging across the country during the spring and summer of 1862, when the dangers that threatened its demolition assumed a gigantic form not dreamed of during the first year of the war; and when the call by the President was issued, in 1862, for more men to enrol their names in defence of the long-cherished principles of freedom, he freely gave himself to the service.

His enlistment is dated July 31, 1862; and he was mustered into the service as a private in Company D, Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry, then recruiting at Camp Stanton.

The descriptive list shows him to have been five feet four and a half inches tall, with light complexion and hair, and brown eyes, and a shoemaker by occupation.

His parents were David and Elizabeth Spofford; and his birth occurred at Wayland, Sept. 5, 1842. He was an only son, whose departure for the perilous duties of a soldier's life caused emotions in the home-circle that none but those in a similar condition can fully know.

On the twenty-second day of August, the order for the regiment to report at Washington was carried into effect by a rail-

road-ride to Boston, and a tiresome march through the streets of that city, loaded down as each soldier was with scores of articles that proved by this first three-miles' tramp to be comforts of a very burdensome nature.

By rail to Providence, by boat to New York, and thence by steam-cars to the capital of their country, gave the soldiers some opportunities to see new sights, and thus keep up an excitement, but for which the hearts of some might have sickened with the thoughts of leaving friends and home for the grim realities of war.

Washington, with its mighty confusion of moving military forces, with its dirty streets patroled by numerous swine, placed in contrast with its massive and rich public edifices, altogether gave no very favorable impression to our soldier as the seat of that government he had come to defend.

Two weeks of camp-duty on Virginia soil hardly fitted the boys of the Thirty-fifth for field-service in the corps of Gen. Burnside, and attached to the brigade of that active officer, Gen. Ferrero. But such was their lot; and by a series of easy movements, in light marching-order, across the territory of Maryland, our soldier with his comrades found himself within hearing of those terrible sounds of actual battle into which he must soon rush and bear his part.

Of this march little need further be said: it had its incidents of novelty and fun. The bivouac on a warm night was quite as enjoyable, perhaps, as a bed at home; and good appetites gave zest to the soldier's rations, especially when a little foraging added thereto a slice of fresh pork or the leg of a turkey.

Arriving at Middletown on the 13th of September, the regiment was placed on picket-duty, with orders to exercise extreme caution, being near the enemy. The next morning, the smoke of the battle at South Mountain was in view. In the

afternoon, the regiment was moved to the front. Every thing but arms and ammunition was left in the rear.

The men were ordered into line of battle at about four, P.M.; which was effected in good order, but with considerable noise.

The enemy were concealed, and their first volley disclosed their position. Their bullets whizzed harmless over the regiment; but Gen. Reno, commanding the division, was fatally hit.

At the close of the day, the men of the Thirty-fifth had become mixed up with other troops, owing to the excitement and their inexperience in field-movements. Lieut. Hudson of Company D rallied part of the company, and said he would lead them. The firing was kept up till late in the evening; when those who wished lay down on the ground for rest and sleep.

During this first battle, our soldier says he was much excited by the scenes and occurrences of the conflict, which made an impression on his mind never to be forgotten.

This initiatory conflict was soon followed by the terrific contest of the two great armies at Antietam, which occurred on the 17th of September. "We formed in a cornfield, under fire of the rebels; then moved in column down parallel with the river to a bridge, supporting the Fifty-first New-York Regiment. We were within easy range of the rebels on the high banks the other side of the river. The bridge was crossed at double-quick movement; and then, filing to the right, we rushed up to the crest of the hill. Here we were brought within range of some batteries, that immediately sent a furious discharge of shot and shells into our ranks. At first we lay close to the ground, but soon retreated over the brow of the ridge."

While here, Mr. Spofford was struck by the fragment of a shell, inflicting a flesh-wound in the back and upper part of his leg. Though not very severe, it bled profusely; and he was told to go to the rear. Assisted by John N. Morse (a Wayland com-

rade), he left the field, and was conducted to a house where his wound was dressed, and was then taken in an ambulance to Spring Hospital. The next day, he was started, with others who were wounded, for the city of Washington.

On arriving at Middletown, he met several of his comrades who had been left in camp at Arlington Heights, from whom he received letters from home, always so welcome to the soldier.

At Washington, he was assigned to Judiciary-square Hospital. With excellent care both by surgeons and nurses, and in the clean hospital habiliments, it was a great relief to the wounded men to leave the field-service for a while, even though the pain of fractured bones and inflamed wounds, with not the best of rations, were partial drawbacks to the comforts of the place.

To mitigate the bread-and-molasses fare, a few boxes of good things from home came with appetizing relish. Religionists of different classes, seeking to benefit the soldiers spiritually, certainly gave relief to the tedium of confinement by their meetings for prayer and exhortation. After a six-weeks' stay, compelled by muscular weakness in the wounded limb, the time began to move heavily. Any thing was desired for a change. A visit to home on furlough could not be obtained: an immediate return to his comrades was not permitted. Then came an order to report to Camp Distribution, at Alexandria.

This camp was in striking contrast with that which he had just left. Every thing was in an uncleanly condition, and sleeping-places were wofully infested with vermin. Hard work on a fort was required of the men.

Thanksgiving Day was near at hand, and a promised box of "goodies" was daily expected; when an order was received to join the regiment, then encamped before Fredericksburg, Va. The box of good things never reached its destined owner.

Camp was reached, by way of Aquia Creek and Belle Plain, on the day of General Thanksgiving; and Mr. Spofford was indeed thankful to take again by the hand his comrades, and find them all safe. One thing, however, detracted from the gladness of the occasion. The frowning batteries on St. Mary's and the surrounding heights, on the rebel side of the Rappahannock, gave fearful foreboding of battle-trials drawing near. During the few weeks that now passed in ominous inaction, the men were employed in making huts and barracks in all styles of architecture usually found in armies, some of which presented a very pretty and picturesque appearance.

The bloody day at length came, preceded, on the 11th of December, by a tremendous bombardment.

Major Willard was now in command of the regiment. After crossing the pontoon-bridge, the men stacked arms near the river, on the right; while the enemy's shot and shells whizzed overhead, and occasionally dropped and burst quite near. Mr. Spofford was detailed as guard over the body of Chaplain Fuller, whose lifeless form had been recognized.*

The regiment was marched through the city to the left, and formed for an advance on the breastworks of the enemy. Here Major Willard received a fatal shot; and the regimental command fell to Capt. Andrews. The advance was ordered, and carried, in the face of artillery and infantry fires at short ranges, to a point where some protection was afforded. It was a most terrible ordeal to pass; and nothing but a strong sense of duty or of determined bravery enabled our boys to meet the fearful trial. Late in the day, the regiment was relieved by other troops, and retired to the city. At eleven o'clock, P.M., on the next day, it was ordered up on picket. Mr. Spofford was detailed as a

* Rev. A. B. Fuller had several personal friends in Wayland, and was well known by the citizens generally.

vedette. It was a most arduous post; but at length came the order, in whispers, to retire noiselessly from the exposed position. The main army had already recrossed the muffled bridges.

Thus ended the bloody and ineffectual effort to drive the rebel army from its strongly-fortified position. The dead were buried; the wounded were cared for. But this was not all the detriment the brave boys in blue received. The last night of picket-duty on the battle-field, where the soil was worked into mud and the air was damp and chilly, brought severe sickness to many. Mr. Spofford was in hospital-quarters during two weeks, prostrated by typhoid-fever. This was no desirable place. Surgeon Lincoln bore the character of a hard-hearted, careless physician, to whose hands none would resign themselves except in the last extremity. It was fortunate that a drunken fit would occasionally fall to the lot of the chief surgeon, and the care of the sick to his subordinate, Dr. Clark, a man of totally different character.

The recovery from this sickness seemed to place Mr. Spofford on a firmer basis of health than he had enjoyed since entering the army.

The remainder of the winter of 1862-63, until Feb. 9, was passed in a very quiet manner. At that date, the soldiers of the Ninth Army Corps left the muddy camp at Falmouth without much regret. By railroad, they were taken to Aquia Creek; and from there proceeded, by a very pleasant boat-ride, down the Potomac to Hampton Roads.

During the remainder of the winter, Gen. Burnside's corps lay quietly encamped at Newport News. Near the close of March, it embarked for Baltimore, and from thence proceeded by railroad to Cincinnati. The Thirty-fifth arrived in the middle of the night. After a good lunch, the men were taken

across the river on ferry-boats to Covington, where they lay down in the streets, or anywhere else, for a few hours' sleep.

Two days after, the regiment was moved on cars to Paris, Ky., where it remained over Sunday. The next day, it performed a very hard march of twenty miles to Mt. Sterling, and encamped on the outside of the town, where, for two weeks, it remained watching for guerillas that did not venture in sight.

About the first of May, march was made through Lancaster to Winchester. No rebel troops were found, except small squads; and consequently there was no fighting while Gen. Burnside's corps remained in Kentucky. Marching in detachments from place to place in a leisurely manner, with encampments for a few days at a time, constituted the chief military duties.

While at Stanford, in the southern central part of the State, about the first of June, orders were received to pack up. One day of rapid marching brought the regiment to Nicholasville, where cars were taken for Cincinnati. The destination was understood to be Vicksburg, Miss. Opportunities were now to be presented for seeing portions of the country not dreamed of by the "boys in blue" when in their quiet homes of New England.

At Cairo, the regiment embarked on board a steamboat on the waters of the great Mississippi. Memphis, a fine city in Tennessee, was reached in two or three days. It is built mostly of brick, and is located very beautifully on the high banks of the river. The boys were paid off here, and had an opportunity to go on shore to see the place, and spend their money for other fare than army-rations.

Two days more steaming down the river brought the troops in sight of Vicksburg. This city was under siege by the land-forces of Gen. Grant, and by gun and mortar boats, that, at the time of Gen. Burnside's arrival, were giving a constant and

vigorous bombardment. When witnessed at night, it was a splendid sight to observe the sweep of the shells, and their explosion over the fated city.

The first landing-place was just above the city, on the opposite side of the river. After a useless march of several miles, the troops re-embarked, and steamed up stream about two miles, to the mouth of the Yazoo River, into which they entered, and passed up about ten miles. Here they landed, and proceeded to build breastworks to protect Gen. Grant's besieging land-force from any attempt of rebel troops to assault them in the rear, and thus raise the siege. It was soon ascertained that the city had surrendered to Gen. Grant; and orders were received to pursue and attack Johnston's army.

The extreme heat of the weather, and an inadequate supply of good water, made the marches terribly severe: but the men were generally in good spirits after Grant's victory; and, under the hope of capturing Johnston's army, they pressed on.

The rebels made a stand at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and protected themselves by intrenching. Our forces advanced on their works gradually, throwing up lines of rifle-pits and breastworks, until they quietly retreated one night. For a few days here, there was a good deal of firing on both sides, though no regular "stand-up" fight.

The march back to the landing-place on the Yazoo was as hard to endure as the march out.

All hands were glad to embark, and make their way towards a more desirable climate than that of the State of Mississippi. Cincinnati was reached about the middle of August. After a few days, Gen. Burnside's command commenced a march through Kentucky, over roads and through many places that were passed in the spring campaign, and then crossed the Cumberland Mountains into the State of Tennessee.

After a series of movements in close vicinity of rebel forces, but without actual conflict, a trial of arms was found inevitable. It was not a pleasant thought to be in the heart of an enemy's country, and closely followed by a superior force.

For several days in succession, the Thirty-fifth was expecting a fight, as it heavily retreated, amidst cold storms and over muddy roads, from Loudon to Knoxville, where Gen Burnside made a firm stand with his army. The place was soon surrounded by the rebel forces.

Brisk fatigue-duty was now the order of the day. The Thirty-fifth worked at first in building a dam across a stream, that its course might be changed to the front of our lines. Skirmishes were not unfrequent, and added to the excitement of the daily cannonading. After the siege was continued for about three weeks, a desperate charge was made by the rebels, much to their loss. A week later, and they retired, greatly to the relief of the besieged troops.

During this time, and for a considerable period subsequent, rations were very greatly reduced. Some days, a single ear of corn was all that was issued per man. Many of the soldiers had worn out their shoes and stockings in the long marches through Kentucky and Tennessee; and some were obliged to go barefooted, for a time, during extremely cold weather. But general health prevailed; and, on the retirement of the enemy, the men were in pretty good spirits.

After the siege, there was some skirmishing several miles from the city, in which the Thirty-fifth took part.

About the middle of March, 1864, Gen. Burnside's troops left the State. It was a time of rejoicing, though a tramp of some hundreds of miles was before them, over bad mountain-roads.

On reaching Nicholasville, Ky., they entered the rail-cars,

and were transported to Cincinnati, and thence to Annapolis, Md., which was reached near the first of April. Here a much-needed repose of several weeks awaited them. It seemed quite near home after the long journeys during the past year. Letters were frequent; and visits from some of their friends from home were very gratefully received.

At the close of April occurred a grand movement of the corps to Washington, and thence into Virginia.

“On to Richmond!” under Gen. Grant, was now the watch-word.

The Thirty-fifth marched on the 4th of May, and forded the River Rapidan the next day. Owing to the smallness of its numbers, it was detailed to guard the division-train; which duty was performed until the brigade had fought its way to Spottsylvania. At this time, Company D was detailed to guard an ammunition-train, and did not rejoin the regiment until the last of June. The Thirty-fifth was then, and had been for about a month, acting as an engineer-corps.

At the explosion of the mine under a rebel fort on the 30th of July, the Thirty-fifth was advanced to the crater, and was set at work to make it into shape for a defence to our troops; which was done with all possible speed. But these operations of the engineers were soon suspended by the rush of men into the crater. Every thing was confusion. The different organizations became completely broken up under the effects of crowding in to seek shelter from the fearful cross-fires of the enemy; and soon the crater itself was reached by an exact range of shelling.

Mr. Spofford left it, and made an excavation for self-defence, in which he remained until all his comrades had retreated back to their old lines. He was supposed, for a time, to have been either killed, or taken prisoner; but, much to their surprise, he eluded the watch of the rebels, and returned in the edge of the

evening with his spade and musket "all right." The next and last fight in which Mr. Spofford was actively engaged was at the Weldon Railroad. Here the regiment was much exposed; and, during the action, he was disabled by being struck in the foot by a solid shot that had partly spent its force. It produced a severe contusion and sprains, which kept him from duty about three weeks. At this time he was offered the alternatives of a corporalship in the corps of engineers, or to take the position of headquarters' cook. Not wholly recovered from the effects of the foot-sprain, he chose the latter, and continued at headquarters during the remainder of the war.

During the whole period of his service, he had no opportunity of visiting his home and friends; and the close of the conflict was therefore welcomed with peculiar gratitude.

With a hearty aversion to the rough scenes of war, he sees, in the great good accomplished, ample satisfaction for all the unpleasant appliances and perilous exposures to which his soldier-life subjected him.

He has since been united by marriage with Maria Giles of Wayland, where he now resides, engaged as a manufacturer of shoes.

EVINSON STONE.



ON. HENRY WILSON of Natick, Mass., a senator in Congress, and then holding the important position of chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs during the war, felt prompted, during the recess of Congress in 1861, to set the example of raising a regiment by his own personal efforts. The Twenty-second Infantry was the result; over whose destinies he presided as commander until pressing duties demanded his presence at Washington.

On the roll of this regiment Mr. Stone's name is recorded among the very first, under date of Sept. 12, 1861, in Capt. Whorf's Company (G). In stature he was five feet nine inches, with light complexion, gray eyes, and dark hair; being a carpenter by occupation.

Nevinson and Mary Stone were his parents; and his birth occurred at Northborough, Mass., Dec. 18, 1824. His marriage with Sarah Whiting of Natick was on the 22d of June, 1852; and, when he entered the service, he had three children.

Mr. Stone was not of robust constitution; yet he felt, that, however little might be the aid he could render, it was fully due to his country.

From his very complete diary kept during the time he re-

mained in the army, the incidents composing the following narrative are chiefly taken.

Camp-life at Lynnfield passed wearily with him. Nearly all his comrades were many years his juniors; and, in his own company, a large share were foreigners. In both these respects, his disappointment was the cause of some feelings of discontent, that required time and the active duties of the field fully to overcome.

These commenced with the departure of the regiment for a southern destination on the 8th of October. He placed but small value on the parades in Boston, and on the formal addresses by official civilians to soldiers whose fatigues in marching required repose rather than to be kept in standing posture for an hour's often useless harangue. The loss of one of his most intimate comrades, William Noyes, who fell overboard, and was drowned, in crossing the river from New York to Jersey City, was an event most painfully felt.

At Philadelphia, no previous announcement of the regiment's approach was given; yet on their entrance a signal-gun was fired, and in fifteen minutes tables were spread, and loaded with refreshments, which were distributed among the men by the ministering hands of ladies chiefly, constituting a most acceptable and long-to-be-remembered reception.

The progress towards Washington was of the slowest kind. The train moved so tardily, that often the men would jump out of the cars, and walk. So many needless delays occurred, that at last Col. Wilson instituted an investigation. The chief cause was found to be the "secesh" proclivities of the engineer. A halt was ordered, and the rebel engineer dismissed unceremoniously. Two men selected from the regiment were put in his place, who, after satisfying themselves that the locomotive was all right, were ordered to take the train to its destination in

the shortest time possible. A double-quick jolt was the consequence for the rest of the way.

Washington was reached Oct. 11; and, two days after, the regiment marched to Hall's Hill, in Virginia, where it spent the winter.

Oct. 26, a grand review gave the soldiers an opportunity to see Major-Gen. McClellan and other distinguished men. The 29th was a sad day for the boys, whose affection for Col. Wilson, prompted by his genuine spirit of kindness for them all, had become deeply rooted. On that day he bade them adieu with tearful emotion. His address on the occasion was never forgotten.

Col. Gove succeeded to the command. The first trial of young soldiers on picket, especially if near the enemy, is often attended with some queer feelings of personal danger, and sometimes by equally queer results: as when a comrade of Mr. Stone, one dark night, let fly the contents of his rifle at a harmless fire-bug that would not halt at his command; he declaring it to be a lighted match in the hand of a rebel, whom he fancied he could distinctly see. Stockade tents were erected, proving very comfortable, but were not always proof against high winds, one of which, on the 24th of February, unroofed twenty-one of these shelters, allowing the torrents of rain to completely deluge the establishments and their tenants.

Christmas was a gala-day. The officers' quarters were most beautifully trimmed, and the bands gave their best music to the occasion.

The usual routine, with an occasional alarm to test the soldier's courage and alacrity, sweetened by letters and an occasional box of refreshments from home, constituted the chief experience at Hall's Hill. After the usual number of exciting rumors, that "we are to move to-morrow," orders came; and on

the 10th of March, 1862, the regiment broke camp, and marched to Fairfax Court House (a village of about twenty houses), and, two days after, to a camp near Alexandria, which city was entered on the 19th in a drenching rain. Here provost-guard duty was performed for two days; and then the troops embarked on board the steamer "Dan. Webster" for Fortress Monroe.

These exposures to cold rains began to affect very seriously Mr. Stone's rheumatic difficulties, which made it hard at times to fulfil a soldier's duty; and he was not sorry to learn that a warmer region was to be his destination.

The troops were landed on the 24th, and marched to Hampton, about six miles. On the 27th, other troops were joined for reconnoitring purposes; and after a fruitless march of eight miles, in which all the sly places were duly examined with careful eyes, the party returned to camp pretty well tired.

On the 5th of April, on the way to Yorktown, the regiment was first under fire, in which one man was killed, and several wounded.

The soldiers now found themselves on "ticklish grounds." The rebels had at this time adopted that fiendish method of extirpating their foes by planting the ground pretty thickly with torpedoes; and many a Union soldier met his death-wound, at a moment least suspected, by treading on a fatal spot. Mr. Stone unsuspectingly picked up a piece of cloth one day, but dropped it with a shudder when he found a wire attached, heard a cap-explosion, and saw and heard the hissing fuze within a foot of him. Luckily, the fuze was imperfect, and the torpedo remained harmless. He afterwards unearthed the infernal instrument with his bayonet.

Here, before Norfolk, the men were hard tasked on Gen. McClellan's plan of intrenchments, and every day were under more or less shelling and sharpshooting from the enemy. It was

a month of toil and exposure, that caused much grumbling and sickness.

After it was found that the rebels had left, the Twenty-second was the first to enter the town; and though under strict orders not to forage, yet the boys helped themselves pretty freely,—at the stores especially. While a guard performed its duty strictly in front of a store, there was a *rear-guard*, established without due authority, whose members took good care to protect their comrades in the interior of the building.

“*May 9.*—Went up the river in a steamer, and encamped at West Point, a place of considerable importance at the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers, and connected by railroad with Richmond.

“*May 15.*—Marched in a severe rain, with the mud knee-deep, to White-house Landing, where the railroad crosses the Pamunkey River. This was a very hard march. The whole country seemed alive with troops moving in various directions from day to day. The Twenty-second was on the move every day, and, while near Hanover Court House, did some skirmishing with the rebels. On the 22d, it was within twelve miles of the rebel capital; and, on the 26th, encamped at Gaines’s Mills.

“*May 28.*—Went on a reconnaissance seven or eight miles towards Richmond. The whole party got badly frightened by a report of two cavalry scouts, who came riding furiously with the cry, ‘The whole rebel army are moving down on us!’ A panic was the result. At the great battle of Fair Oaks, the regiment was within distinct hearing-distance, but did not cross the Chickahominy, being engaged in building and repairing bridges.”

June 26, at Mechanicsville, the regiment was hotly engaged; but Mr. Stone was now under the hands of the doctor, completely disabled by exposures, and on the next day was

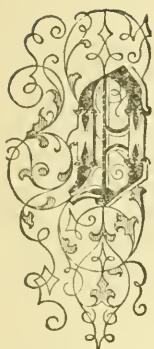
conveyed in an ambulance to White-house Landing, a distance of about fifteen miles.

On an alarm a day or two after, the tents were all burned, and all hands hurried on board boats, and taken down the river, and thence to the hospital at York, Penn.; where they arrived July 1. Here Mr. Stone remained under treatment until his discharge for disability, Nov. 2, 1862.

The hospital at York he reports as under the strictest military *régime*. He saw one invalid shot by the guard for passing the lines.

Mr. Stone still resides in Wayland.

JOHN EDMUND STONE.



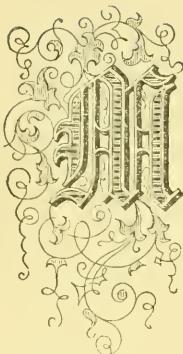
N the 14th of July, 1864, Mr. Stone became a soldier in the United-States Army of Volunteers by enlisting for a hundred days in Company K (Capt. Wales), of the Forty-second Regiment of Infantry.

His service consisted almost entirely of patrol duty in and near Alexandria, Va.; and, during the period of his soldier-life, no remarkable experiences fell to his lot.

He received an honorable discharge, dated at Readville, Mass., Nov. 11, 1864.

He was five feet nine inches in height, of light complexion and hair, with gray eyes. His occupation was shoemaking. He was a son of John and Sally H. (Kimble) Stone; born at Natick, Mass., April 7, 1832; and resides at present in Wayland.

LEWIS C. SWAN.



R. SWAN belongs to that class of men who choose to be rather reticent concerning their military experience; and the very few data furnished constitute but a very inadequate foundation for constructing a narrative covering nearly three years of army-service.

He was, without doubt, a good soldier; true to his duty on all occasions; and though a remark of his indicates an opinion that the war was largely conducted on principles of personal speculation and base money-getting, yet it is believed that he entered the army with some just views of the issues at stake, and with a wish to render personal aid with a truly loyal spirit.

As a companion in camp and on the march, his genial characteristics served to cheer many a dreary spot in the experience of his comrades, especially as he related his "sailor yarns" (which he was very fond of doing), some of which demanded the exercise of considerable credulity on the part of his listeners for their full belief. But, aside from the sailor's privilege of "stretching," his stock of general information, derived from no inconsiderable amount of travel, was such as to command attention, and to command him to the respect of even some of the

regimental officers. During the latter part of the war, he was detailed by Lieut.-Col. Hudson as his orderly.

The Thirty-fifth Infantry Regiment was the organization (in Company D) to which his army-experience attaches, and in which he is believed to have shared very fully in all its campaigns; but of his personal incidents in camp, on the march, or on the battle-field, but little can be said.

The writer saw him a few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; and his bandaged head showed a severe contusion, produced, as he supposed, by the fragment of a gun-stock, set in motion by some rebel projectile.

Comrades report him as never deficient in courage; and he is believed to have been present and to have taken part in all the engagements of his regiment. He reports himself as having never been on the sick-list while in the army; although, from some special debility, he secured a passage by railroad from East Tennessee to Maryland, instead of marching with the regiment over the rough passes of the Cumberland Mountains.

Mr. Swan was the son of Sumner and Phebe Swan; born at Phillipston, Mass., Oct. 3, 1835. In stature he was five feet five inches and a half, with light complexion, auburn hair, and brown eyes. At the time of his enlistment (July 31, 1862), he was engaged as a shoemaker; but he had previously been, to some extent, a sailor. His discharge is dated June 9, 1865; and he now resides in the State of Rhode Island.

HIRAM LEONARD THURSTON.



HIRAM LEONARD THURSTON was a son of John and — Thurston. His native place was Oxford, Me.

Sept. 3, 1852, he was married to Dora Collins, a native of Ireland, by whom he had four children; the youngest being but ten days old when the husband and father joined the army, Aug. 1, 1862.

His complexion was rather light, with light hair and eyes; and he was five feet eight inches tall. For some reason, he very seldom wrote to his family; and the personal incidents of his army-life have been scantily supplied.

From the few sources of present information, it is but fair to infer that he did not fulfil his duties as a soldier with that enthusiasm felt by some others.

Nothing of special importance occurred from the time his regiment (Thirty-eighth Infantry) left Massachusetts, Sept. 24, 1862, until April 9 of the following year, when he went with his comrades on the Western Louisiana expedition. He was present at the battle of Bisland, and also at the siege of Port Hudson, and shared in the perils then encountered.

But the most trying time to his soldier qualities was at the Red-river expedition, conducted as well as planned by Gen.

Banks. The troops went by boat from Baton Rouge, and landed at Grand Ecore, ten miles below Alexandria.

At five, P.M., April 21, the march of forty-five miles to Cane River was begun, which was accomplished at sundown the next day. It was a severe test of the soldier's endurance. A few miles beyond the river, the enemy lay in force. Early the next morning the river was forded, the line of battle formed, and skirmishers thrown out. Among the latter Mr. Thurston took his place. The advance was made, and a charge ordered; and signal success was gained.

While returning from this expedition, the rebels were again encountered at the Plains of Mansura, where the Thirty-eighth was for several hours under a heavy fire of artillery.

Mr. Thurston now became a victim of sickness; and from this time forward, though he moved with the regiment, he was compelled to report "on the sick-list."

On the 20th of July, the regiment embarked under sealed orders, and proceeded to Hampton Roads. Here orders awaited to report at Washington, D.C.; and this place was reached July 30, at two, P.M.

Mr. Thurston was found to be in so exhausted a condition as to require his immediate conveyance to a hospital. He longed for a return to his friends and his home. In the strong hope that he would be soon able to do so, he refrained from informing them of his sickness; and his wife knew not of it until she received the news of his death, which occurred Aug. 19, 1864.*

His emaciated remains were brought home, and interred in the cemetery at Natick.

* The disease of which he died was chronic diarrhoea.

THOMAS FRANCIS WADE.



N the past history of the United States, and especially during its conflicts with Great Britain in 1812, there is a just feeling of pride in its naval force, which, though comparatively small, has been illustriously efficient.

In suppressing the rebellion of the Southern States in 1861, with their thousands of miles of seacoast and navigable rivers, and hundreds of important ports open to foreign supplies, an efficient navy became at once an important *desideratum* for the North. Yet an inexperienced cabinet-officer of this department allowed the most important naval post of the country to fall at the outset into rebel hands, with its score of ships and valuable material; while the rebel plans during the administration that preceded the outbreak had sent to remote quarters many of the most important national vessels. But patriotism pervaded the sea as well as the land when the national flag was dishonored at the South; and with Rear-Admirals Dupont, Foote, and Farragut, and Commodores Davis, Porter, and other distinguished naval men, there rose up also a host of seamen, from commercial ship-commanders to the boys of the forecastle, ready and eager to defend the stars and stripes, under whose protection they had sailed across oceans and floated in foreign ports.

Not the least enthusiastic among these was Capt. T. F. Wade, then navigating in the waters of the Pacific. In response to a pressing invitation, this officer has submitted in his own seaman-like style an epitomized statement of his positions and services during the war; and though wanting in many of the details, that, if furnished, would add still greater brilliancy and interest to his narrative, yet for terseness, and graphic solidity of expression, it can hardly be equalled, and must stand as a stanch and worthy memorial of his patriotic service.

“SANDWICH ISLANDS, HONOLULU, Dec. 20, 1860.

“I have just arrived from the wreck of my ship, ‘The Silver Star.’ ‘What is the news?’—‘Lincoln is elected President!’ South Carolina has seceded! War is expected,—CIVIL WAR!’

“‘Well, I have carried the old flag around the world many times; and I’ll fight for it now.’ Such were the words I uttered on the above date.

“Jan. 20, 1861.—Arrived at San Francisco, bound home to Wayland. The city all in commotion; the secesh spirit jubilant; loyal men downcast. ‘What next?’ every one asks his friend.

“Jan. 30.—Homeward bound on the steamer. On one side of the deck a small party of Southerners, sullen and spiteful; on the other, a band of loyal men singing that glorious old song, ‘The Star-spangled Banner;’ and, as it ceases, that small party slinks away in shame.

“Arrived in New-York harbor all right. ‘What’s the news, pilot?’—‘Oh, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana are gone!’ Sad news for my welcome from a foreign shore.

“Home again in Wayland. Not to be forgotten is that beautiful spring evening when the old church was crowded and

crammed with our citizens, met to take counsel of each other on the war. We all remember that.*

“Business called me to Washington; and, while there, I accepted from the hand of Secretary Wells a commission as acting-lieutenant in the navy (now being deserted by its officers), dated May 8, 1861.

“Ordered to report to Commodore Hudson at the Charlestown Navy Yard. I left for Baltimore; stopped to see my friend Holmes, also a Wayland man, attached to Nims’s Battery; and then pushed on to Boston, and reported for duty.

“Had orders to sail immediately for the Gulf Squadron, and report to the commander there. Took passage on the United-States steamer ‘South Carolina,’ Alden commander. We took in a lot of 15-inch mortars, and sailed for the seat of war on the 23d of May.

“On the passage we were employed in drilling the men, and getting into fighting-order.

“We arrived safe; landed our mortars at Fort Pickens, which still flew the stars and stripes; while opposite, in the Pensacola Navy Yard, flew the stars and bars, the first rebel flag I ever saw.

“Leaving here, I was ordered to report to Commander C. H. Poor, of the United-States steamer ‘Brooklyn,’ for duty on that ship. I found her anchored off the Pass La Outre, mouth of the Mississippi. Here we lay, watching for blockade-runners, until July. One morning, while we were off shore, the rebel pirate ‘Sumter’ came steaming down the river; and we gave chase. Unfortunately, our ship had been out three years; and her speed proved unequal to ‘The Sumter’s,’ which allowed the latter to escape. What mischief she afterwards did we all know.

* At the meeting here referred to, Capt. Wade, in a true sailor-like address, added fervor to the enthusiasm of the time by his earnest appeal for the honor of our national flag. He was then far from being an abolitionist, as were many others; but his cruise up the Mississippi became the means of changing his views somewhat touching the matter of slavery.

“Nothing further occurred until we were relieved by ‘The Richmond,’ and ordered to Philadelphia for repairs. Arrived there the early part of September, when my first appointment was revoked, and a commission received to act as a volunteer lieutenant in the navy,—a distinction without a difference.

“I accepted an appointment to take command of the United-States bark ‘Houghton,’ then fitting out at the New-York Navy Yard. But, on finding that her destination was only as a ‘shore ship,’ I volunteered to go as a watch-officer with Capt. Alden of the United-States steamship ‘Richmond,’* at that time at New York for repairs.

“Sailed from the harbor in January, 1862. Had a pleasant voyage to Key West; but, on entering, we ran aground on a dangerous reef. By almost superhuman exertions, we succeeded in getting her off: and I am not vain in saying that I contributed largely toward it; so said my captain.

“At Key West we took in a supply of coal, and started for Ship Island, where we found a squadron being formed to attack New Orleans. Ship after ship comes in; and finally Admiral Farragut, with old glorious Ben Butler to command the land-forces, completed the armament.

“Orders to send down all spare spars, and make all snug for action, being complied with, the whole squadron started for the river. At the mouth of the passes, we found all the mortar-boats assembled, and ready for the bombardment; the whole naval force amounting to nearly fifty vessels.

“Before New Orleans could be reached, we must pass the strong forts Jackson and St. Philip, nearly opposite each other,

* “The Richmond” was pierced for twenty-four guns. She carried twenty-four 9-inch guns, whose shot weighed ninety-two pounds; also an eighty-pound rifled-gun on her fore-castle, and a twenty-four-pound rifled-gun on the poop-deck, with four twenty-four-pound howitzers. Her crew consisted of three hundred and twenty men and officers.

on the banks of the river, sixty-five miles below the city. They were well mounted and manned, and aided also by several rebel gunboats, rams, and fire-rafts. A heavy chain-cable across the river, below the forts, made the rebel defences seem almost insurmountable.

“ April 18, Porter’s mortars opened on the forts. It was awful work. About two thousand shells were thrown that day. It continued several days. We got orders from Farragut to run past the forts. At two o’clock, A.M., April 23, the signal was given to start. Gallant Caldwell of Waltham had cut the chain-barrier. There was no noise. All was stern and still on board the ships. Every man was thoughtful. We started; but my feeble pen cannot do justice to the scene that followed. All the mortar-boats opened anew on the forts. ‘The Richmond’ went up next in order to the flagship.

“ A flash ahead! They see us! We are engaged! Their shots strike us. The splinters fly. Men shriek, as, wounded, they are carried below, their life-blood dripping on the deck like rain on a housetop. Poor Wadleigh, a gallant Christian officer, falls into my arms dead. ‘The Richmond’s’ guns are all ready. My division (the eight forward guns) open first, and are quickly followed by the others. It is terrific. Seems as if we were in the infernal regions. Fire-rafts come down to make it more infernal by their lurid glare. Still we pass on through the storm, and are safe above the forts. One more link of the Rebellion is broken.

“ Day breaks; and who that saw that lovely morning can ever forget the scene of destruction and carnage it displayed? Friends look around to find who are missing; and hands are grasped in thankfulness to God for lives spared.

“ But ‘tis not all over. Here come rebel gunboats,—seventeen in all, head on. One is steering for ‘The Richmond.’ Two

hundred men stand on her unprotected decks. ‘*First division, grape and canister. LET HER HAVE IT!*’ One minute, and they disappear, mowed down like grass before the scythe. We hear the groans and curses of her crew as she drifts astern. Another comes. The same scene over again. So all took their fate, and were sunk, or disabled. Our gallant admiral greets us, and we salute him. Three thousand gallant tars shout their repeated hurrahs, that echo along the shores.

“ Hold! What the deuse is this black object vomiting smoke, and looking like a huge mud-turtle coming down the river? ‘Tis the iron-clad ram ‘Manassas.’ On she comes, aiming for ‘The Richmond.’ She strikes us on the bow, firing her bow-gun at the same time. She glances off, and rushes down the river. A broadside from ‘The Mississippi’ strikes her. She vomits flame, and runs ashore a burning wreck.

“ All our fleet anchor abreast of the quarantine-ground. We count the missing vessels, and find that all have passed the ordeal but four or five gunboats. All have their story to tell. I could fill pages with gallant deeds on board the fleet.

“ At eight, A.M., pipe to breakfast. We see the old flag gleaming in the sun. Women on shore are wringing their hands in despair. Can’t stop for them. Must leave them to the army.

“ ‘Cut the wires to New Orleans! Up anchors, and on for the city!’ The shore is lined with jubilant negroes, and their masters frantic with rage and grief. At eight, P.M., we anchor twenty miles from the city. At two, P.M., the next day, ‘Prepare for action!’ ‘The Chalmette’ has a battery that opens on us as we pass up. We sweep them from their guns, and they are silenced.

“ Now comes the city. We round the point, and New Orleans is before us. But such a scene!—ships and shipyards, cotton, coal, and buildings, all ablaze for miles along the river;

and a terrific thunder-storm is also raging. It can be expressed only in the words, *fearfully, terribly, awfully sublime!*

“ New Orleans was ours! The next day, old glorious ‘ Ben ’ came up with his troops. We buried our dead, gave thanks to God for victory, and passed up the river, destroying rafts and forts, occasionally seeing the ‘ old flag,’ but mostly a scene of consternation.

“ Baton Rouge is reached. We take possession, and press on for Natchez. It surrenders. We hoist the stars and stripes, and move on for Vicksburg. Here they are ready for us. Never mind: we will try the passage. On the night of July 22, we pass the forts. It was a second Jackson and St. Philip; but we are fighting-men now, and nothing stops our ‘ salamander.’*

“ We meet the Memphis fleet, and fraternize. A few days after, down comes the rebel iron-clad ‘ Arkansas.’ She runs the gantlet of our fleet, and gets safe to Vicksburg. Down we go after her. And now ‘ The Richmond ’ is ordered to New Orleans, and thence to Mobile, where we lay, to blockade for a time; and thence move to Pensacola, where I was detached to command the United-States steamship ‘ Arthur,’ and ordered to the coast of Texas. Blockaded the Arkansas Pass for some months, and then returned to Pensacola, where I remained as guard-ship until the close of the winter of 1864.

“ Was then ordered to report at New York; and from thence, in March, I visited my home.

“ Leaving Wayland, after a few weeks, under orders to report for special duty to Admiral Lee, I found him, on the 1st of May, at New York.

“ ‘ Good-morning, admiral! I have the honor to report.’

* A name applied by the seamen to Admiral Farragut.

“ ‘ Well, sir, I suppose you know the important duties you are to undertake. You are to clean the river of torpedoes, so that Gen. Butler’s fleet can pass up and land his troops.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir. But, admiral, suppose I blow my ship up? I take the order to be imperative.’

“ ‘ Nothing to say, sir. On your vigilance depends the safety of the fleet.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir: I *understand*.’

“ I proceeded to find ‘ The Commodore Jones,’ which I was to command. She proved to be a vessel of about eight hundred tons. She had formerly been a Jersey-City ferry-boat, and was now a gunboat, carrying eight guns of 9-inch caliber, and one pivot-gun, with a crew of a hundred and twenty-five men.

“ Steamed up the James, ahead of the fleet, without accident, and came to anchor at City Point. The troops were landed; and I was ordered the next day, May 6, to reconnoitre farther up the river.

“ When near Bermuda Hundred, word was sent me by a negro, that at a certain spot there was a large torpedo, with thirty-two hundred pounds of powder; and the information proved reliable, except the exact spot. Arriving there, no signs of danger were found.

“ It became necessary to cross the river from side to side to retain position; and, in so doing, I had reached a point above that designated for the torpedo, when suddenly the ship blew up with a low, dull sound. In a few moments, nothing remained afloat of ‘ The Commodore Jones’ except a few scattered fragments.

“ I was picked up some forty feet from the fatal spot, and taken on board a vessel, where I received such attention as the case required.

“ The number of lives lost can never be accurately ascer-

tained, as we took on board a draft of men from the army the day before, and the paymaster was lost, with all the ship's papers. The best estimates give eighty-five men, with three officers.

"My personal injuries resulted in a lameness of the ankle, that compelled the use of crutches for months.

"I was brought home, and, after a year, asked for service, and was ordered to the United-States steamship 'North Carolina' as executive officer; in which capacity I served until November, 1865, when I was detached for service on board the United-States receiving-ship 'Ohio,' at the Charlestown Navy Yard, where I still remain (January, 1870)."

Capt. Wade was born in Boston in 1820. In person he was five feet five inches and a half tall, stout in figure, having a light complexion, dark-brown hair, and blue eyes.

He was married to Susan R. Hunt of Sudbury in December, 1853, by whom he had two children.

After the death of his first wife, he was united by marriage to Lucy E. Bemis of Wayland, on the 12th of January, 1868.

HENRY OTIS WALKER.



HENRY OTIS WALKER, son of James D. and Nancy D. Walker, was born at Wayland, Mass., Aug. 2, 1839.

The spirit of patriotism early moved him to lend his influence and aid in subduing what he considered the blackest treason; and, although his constitutional vigor was not the strongest, he sought a place in the army by enlisting, Dec. 2, 1861, in the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry, in Company B, Capt. Prescott.

His complexion was dark, with dark hair and eyes. He was five feet nine inches and three-fourths high, and by occupation a farmer.

During the following winter, the regiment was stationed at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, where drilling, and guarding rebel prisoners, were its chief duties. Among the prisoners were the notorious Mason and Slidell. He was detailed as company cook during the first two months.

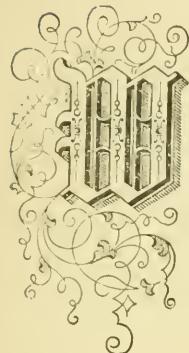
In the month of March following, he was much exposed to the bleak, chilling winds, inducing incipient lung-disease; and he was for a time confined in hospital-quarters. At this time the regiment was gladdened by the receipt of an order to proceed to the seat of war. None received the news more joyfully

than he; and great was his disappointment, when, in the midst of his preparations for the trip, he was ordered to report to the hospital-surgeon, where he was informed of his unfitness for active service. With a sad heart he saw his comrades depart for duties and dangers in which he longed to participate.

His health still continuing imperfect, he received his regular discharge for disability on the 5th of June, 1862. But his earnest desire to serve his country was not quelled; and he again joined the army by enlisting in the Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 3, 1864, with the expectation of being sent immediately to the South. But, instead of this, he was ordered to Galloope's Island, in the same harbor, whose damp and bleak winds had, two years before, produced their disabling effect on his health. And here again his old lung-affection returned, resulting in his renewed discharge, Oct. 13, 1864.

He never regained his health sufficiently to engage in other than light labor. His earthly life closed at his father's residence, Jan. 18, 1866.

ALPHEUS BIGELOW WELLINGTON.



HOEVER has become acquainted with the movements of the Thirty-second Infantry Regiment, from the time of its leaving the State (only twelve hours after the order was received) to the close of the war, needs no reminder of its character for promptness, bravery, and efficiency; and to any member of that body of men, who has received from comrade and officer testimonials of marked fidelity, there cannot attach even the shadow of a doubt that he is worthy to be called

“A faithful soldier,
To his country true.”

And let it be added here, whoever reads the army-life of the soldier whose name is recorded above, as witnessed, not by a retrospective vision, but by his own clear statements, written while on the tented field, the bivouac, the march, and the battle-field, in simple language not designed to meet the public eye, must clearly see that he was enabled to

“Forget all feelings save a patriot’s yearning ;
Resign all passions save for human freedom ;
No object see but his imperilled country ;
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.”

Under a full conviction that the narrative of Mr. Wellington will be better told, that his character as a patriot soldier and a Christian man will be better illustrated, and a more beautiful memorial of his noble self-sacrifice be presented, by copious extracts from his army-letters to his friends and relatives, than by any other method, they are gratefully received from the hands of those to whom he was personally dear, and presented to the appreciative reader.

He was a son of Joseph and Keziah (Haynes) Wellington ; born at Weston, Sept. 7, 1841. He was stout and athletic ; five feet ten inches in stature, with dark hair and complexion, and hazel eyes ; and by occupation a farmer.

He enlisted in Company B, Capt. Prescott, in the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry, on the 28th of November, 1861.

The regiment remained at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, until May 27, 1862. During this period, Mr. Wellington visited his friends twice at their home in Wayland.

On arriving at Washington, he writes, under date of May 29, 1862, —

“ I was never so glad in my life to get out of a place as when I left Fort Warren. I enlisted to help put down the Rebellion ; and I hope to have an opportunity soon to do something towards it.

“ We came through Baltimore ; but the people did not salute us. I guess they were not very glad to see us.

“ *Alexandria*, June 27. — I like things here better than at the fort. I hope we shall now have a chance to strike one blow for our country. Tell mother not to worry about me. If I am killed, I shall die in a good cause. I am not afraid to die. I am willing to take my chance.

“ *Harrison's Landing, Va.*, July 4, 1862. — We are now with McClellan's army. We had marching-orders on Monday ; and,

on our arrival here, came near having a fight. McClellan said to Capt. Prescott, 'You will have a hard time for your first battle.' But the enemy are falling back; and we are following them.

"I would not leave the army on any account. I am sorry that — — and — — are afraid to let their boys come. Now is the time when the country needs their help. I think every able-bodied man ought to come forward.

"It is rumored that — — has deserted. I would rather be shot than do this. I will try to do my duty as long as I can stand. I hope mother won't worry about me. Tell father I should like to help him about the haying; but my duty is to fight for my country. I'm not afraid of bullets, and I want to see Richmond before I come home."

But his fighting under Gen. McClellan was over. The regiment left Harrison's Landing Aug. 15, and, by forced marches, reached Newport News on the 19th, embarking here for Acquia Creek, and thence moving to join Gen. Pope's army in the defence of Washington.

After the second Bull-run fight, on the second day of which the Thirty-second was present, but not engaged, it proceeded *via* Washington to the north of Maryland, and was present in Porter's corps during the Antietam fight.

"*Minor's Hill*, Sept. 5.— We have been for three days supporting batteries. We have not yet lost a man; though the red pants* were all cut to pieces, and we took their place. To-day we are resting. The rebels shelled us yesterday, and drove in our pickets.

"I think that men are not fit to live in a country like this who will not fight for it when it is in danger. I don't believe in *hir-*

* Zouaves; noted for their general bravery.

ing men to do their *duty*, and am glad the government did not *buy* me. I would not take my discharge if it were freely offered me; for my country needs me, and I wish to bear my part.

“*Sharpsburg, Md.*, Oct. 2.—What do you think of Foote’s plan for making peace? I believe that peace will come when we have whipped the enemy; and not before.

“I have not been well for several weeks. The doctor advises me to go to a hospital for treatment; but I prefer staying with the regiment. There is a prospect of our advancing, and I dread being left behind. I have but little strength, and no appetite; but, if we get a chance at the enemy, I want to be there.”

The regiment was put in motion on the 30th of October, and passed through Northern Virginia, in a southerly direction, to the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg.

After the fearfully-destructive engagement which called forth the utmost bravery of those troops that were ordered to advance on the rebel works crowning the heights beyond the city, he writes as follows:—

“*Near Falmouth, Va.*, Dec. 17.—Not dead yet; though we have had a great battle, and got whipped. I think it the hardest fight we have had yet. We took Fredericksburg, but could not take the fortifications. We lay two days in the streets of the city. The glorious Thirty-second fulfilled its duty in the face of death to the satisfaction of its superior officers. We came back to our old camp on Monday night, having lost about forty men.

“*March 29, 1863.*—I should be ashamed to stay at home in times like these. Somebody must die for their country: it may as well be me as another.

“I think ‘Joe’ will go into Richmond.* It will cost many

* Gen. Joseph Hooker (familiarly called “Joe,” or “Fighting Joe”) was now in command of the Army of the Potomac.

lives; but the sooner we start, the better. I am ready for the risk.

“Gen. Hooker has provided oxen to help draw the batteries through the mud, and pack-mules to carry ammunition on the field of battle. This relieves us of quite a burden. Eighty rounds of cartridge, with canteens, knapsacks, guns, &c., make quite a load to carry. . . . We shall fight soon, and I shall be in it.

“Have they drafted yet? I hope they will take every man from eighteen to forty-five. It is every man’s duty to come. Any one that is not willing to fight for his country has no right to live in it.

“I captured that rebel flag over in Shepherdstown, Va.; fording the Potomac to get it.*

“*April 22.*—One year ago to-day, I was at home on a furlough. I wonder if one year from to-day I shall be with you again. We have got some hard fighting to do before affairs can be settled; but I hope the war will be over before that time. I don’t want to leave the service for a day until it is over.

“*April 28.*—I have a moment, and will write to let you know that I am well. We are going to Kelly’s Ford, and shall probably be engaged with the enemy to-morrow. You will see it in the papers. If I am one of the lucky ones, I will write often.

“*Chancellorsville, Va., May 4.*—We have been skirmishing with the rebels. It was a hard fight yesterday; but our corps intrenched themselves, and suffered less than some others. The ‘Johnnies’ charged upon us; but we mowed them down in piles. . . . I went out to the front after the fight, and was fired at by a sharpshooter. It was a narrow escape; but, as he missed his mark, there was no harm done.

* He had sent home in a letter a small piece of a rebel flag which he had secured; but he gave no detailed account of its capture.

“I hope they will renew the attack; for we are now between them and Richmond. They have fought with desperation,—never so hard before. I think we shall capture most of them. I may fall; but let us hope for the best. I will do my duty, come what may.

“*May 8.*—I did not have time to close my letter before being ordered into line. We advanced into the woods, and drove the rebel line, though at a severe loss to our brigade.

“To go back a little, let me say, that, before the battle, we crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly’s Ford, and pushed on to the Rapidan, which we forded about dark, and then drove the enemy nearly to Fredericksburg. Marched nearly to United-States Ford. The whole army crossed on Saturday. We were in line of battle on the right, and had to take the place of the Eleventh Corps, which broke in confusion. If they had stood their ground, we could have taken the whole army. As it was, we came near losing *our* whole army.

“We staid at the front from Sunday till Wednesday night, and got no sleep for twelve nights.

“During the artillery-fight, I was standing on the top of our breastworks, enjoying the sight of our batteries mowing them down, when a sharpshooter in a tree fired at me. The ball passed very close to me. I suppose I am venturesome; but I could not keep quiet when the ‘Johnnies’ were coming out of the woods. I was no more frightened than if I were at home.”

After this battle, the regiment moved by a series of marches to the northward into Maryland, and thence into Pennsylvania.

“*Aldie, Va., June 25.*—Sunday we passed through Middlebury to picket for the cavalry. We kept at their left to prevent flanking. Our brigade skirmished heavily, and killed quite a large number. The next day, our cavalry became engaged, and we were put upon the double-quick for three miles to support

them. They shelled us for some time; but we proved too much for them, and they left."

As the rumor came that the foe was actually pressing Northern soil, defiantly expecting a victorious course, even to the invasion of the capital, it sent a thrill of determination through all hearts at the North to defeat the invaders. Soldiers in the field were enthusiastic; and the different corps vied with each other in alertness of movement. To what an intense strain the ardent temperament of Mr. Wellington was subjected, no one can tell. He who so longed to strike a heavy blow at the armed force of the Rebellion was once more to prove his professions by action.

"Near Gettysburg, Penn., July 3.— You have probably read of the terrible battles that have been raging here for the last three days, and, knowing that the Fifth Corps was engaged, must have been anxious to hear of my fate. I am 'all right' after one of the hardest battles of the war. Our regiment lost fearfully. The rebels flanked us, and, opening all their batteries on us, mowed us down like grass. The air was full of shot and shell. Our company came out with but six men. My tent-mates were all wounded. I have been out this evening helping to carry them and others from the field.

"July 4.— Perhaps you would like to know how I have spent the nation's birthday. It has rained most of the afternoon; but we have been engaged in burying our dead. Last night, while we were taking them from the field, the rebels fired on us. Our pickets drove them about five hundred yards: so we now hold the field. I went over it this morning; and I assure you it looks hard. I hope never to see such a sight again. The ground was covered with the mingled dead of the two armies. I am spared thus far; but my time may come next. Some must fall. I shall try to do my duty, whatever be the risk. I have but little fear of shells now that I have got used to them. I am all ready to

advance, and hope that we may capture Lee's army before he reaches the Potomac. If we succeed in this, I think that the war is virtually ended.

"I suppose you have seen fireworks in Boston this evening. I have seen all I wish to for the past two days. I never saw any to equal them.

"*Falling-Waters*, July 11.—We are in line of battle, hoping to bring on an engagement. We have made forced marches, barefooted, many of us with short rations, through mud and water. I have been wet through a great many times since this campaign began; and, when you think of how much marching we have done since April 25, you will not wonder that we are about used up."

His anticipations of a battle, and of the capture of Lee's army, failed of a realization; and it may reasonably be asserted that one of his ardor must have suffered sadly under the disappointment: yet his letters breathe no spirit of fault-finding at any seeming delinquency of the men in command.

"*Berlin, Md.*, July 17.—We are waiting to cross the river. The roads are very muddy, on account of the heavy rains. I hope we shall be allowed to rest before another engagement. The battery-horses are so worn out, that they cannot draw the artillery. It seems hard; but I am not disposed to complain. All I want is to accomplish the end,—not march so much for nothing.

"*Twenty miles from Warrenton*, July 20.—I see by the papers that there has been difficulty in enforcing the draft in New York. I am surprised at it. No man of any principle would oppose it. Tell —, if he is drafted, to come like a man, and help save his country. I would not *wait* to be drafted.

"*Near Middlebury, Va.*, July 23.—Four weeks ago to-day, we passed through this place northward. Since then, we have

been through Maryland into Pennsylvania, and back again, through Maryland, into Virginia, with our numbers greatly lessened by hard fighting. My chum, who was wounded at Gettysburg, has had his leg amputated. I miss him very much. He was dear to me as a brother; but I must try to be reconciled to his loss. When I meet the enemy again, I shall try to settle with them for disabling him.

"I am no more excited when I go into battle than when I am shooting game at home. I never think of getting hit. I know that this fearlessness will not save me from the bullets. If my country needs my life, it could not be given in a better cause. I came here to help put down the Rebellion; and, were my time now expired, I would immediately re-enlist."

The month of August, and until the middle of September, was spent chiefly in camp at Beverly Ford, Va.; after which the regiment shared in the marches and counter-marches in close proximity with the rebel army, having an occasional skirmish, and frequently exposed to shelling, until the Mine-run affair.

"*Centreville, Va., Oct. 13.*—Have been on the march for seven days and nights. We fall back, and the rebels follow us; then we advance, and drive them: and so it goes. We have crossed the Rappahannock seven times this week. Cannon are booming around us; but the rebels will have a gay time trying to take Washington.

"We crossed Bull Run about two o'clock this morning. Our company were flankers all day, and we had a hard time.

"*Near Auburn, Oct. 25.*—I am sorry that mother worries so much about me. Tell her that I will not re-enlist until my three years are up.

"I hear the roar of artillery. The rebels are trying to turn our flank again. We camped on the Bull-run battle-field. Saw many skeletons of men that were not buried. It seems

hard that a fellow can't have a little earth thrown over his body when he falls. But such is war.

“ *Bealton, Nov. 11.* — I did not have time to finish my letter before we were ordered to move. Marched to within a mile of the Rappahannock; engaged the enemy, and drove them across the river, taking several prisoners. You thought I sent for an armor, did you? You misunderstood me. I want a military vest to keep me warm, without any steel in it. I am not afraid of the bullets.

“ *Liberty, Dec. 4.* — We have suffered considerably from the cold.

“ *Nov. 30.* — We were in line of battle for twenty hours, and could have no fires. Twenty thousand men were massed; and I can't understand why we did not attack the enemy there at Mine Run.

“ Thanksgiving was very cold. We marched most of the night, and on the next day had a skirmish. Sunday we went to the front in line of battle. At four, P.M., ordered to stack knapsacks, and prepare to charge on the enemy's works. Soon another order came, — to make ourselves comfortable for the night. At one, A.M., we were ordered up, and marched about a mile; were massed, with orders to charge before daylight. Our batteries opened, and theirs returned the fire. We remained until nine, P.M., and then moved with the train. Marched all night. Slept two hours at six the next morning; then came to this place, where we are now on picket-duty.

“ Some of the boys are coming to the army because they get large bounties. It seems to me that my weight in gold would not *hire* me. I would come *voluntarily*, if at all.”

The winter of 1863-'64 was passed at the little village of Liberty, near Bealton; no other regiment being within two miles of its encampment. It was a long period of monotonous duty, from Dec. 3 to April 30 of the following year, when its quietude

was broken by active preparations to meet the foe in the field or at his capital.

The enthusiasm of our soldier can be imagined when the word, "On to Richmond!" became the inspiring war-cry, and the movement actually began; though every one felt that the glorious results anticipated could not be achieved except by most determined and bloody encounters with the enemy.

"*In the field, May 8, 1864.*"—We have had desperate fighting for the last three days. I am all right, so far. We are on the road to Richmond this time *sure*. Do not be anxious for my safety. My trust is in God alone. If I fall, I could not give my life in a better cause. The same God watches over me here as at home.

"*In the field, May 11.*"—I still live, after six days' continuous fighting. We are driving the enemy. I volunteered this morning, and went out on the skirmish-line. The rebels tried to plant a battery; but we advanced within forty yards, and prevented them.

"P. S.—I will write as often as I can. We shall go forward again in the morning."

These were his last written words to his friends.* Their next intelligence concerning him was from one of his comrades, as follows:—

"I have a mournful duty to perform; but God has made it necessary. Your brother Alpheus, my own dear friend, was killed yesterday in battle. Our company was on the picket-line, in the advance. We were ordered out about two, A.M. As we moved to the front, he said to me, 'If you come out of this, and I do not, write to my friends: they will be anxious about me.' Some time during the forenoon, he was wounded in the leg. We were driven back to our works.

* The fatal wound was received the following day.

"After we had fallen back, we noticed that he was suffering from the effects of his wound, and urged him to go to the rear; but he refused, saying, 'I will fight as long as I can stand.'

"The fighting was desperate; and he bore his part nobly. About noon, I again asked him why he did not give up and go to the rear. He replied, '*I am all right. I can do something more.*' These were his last words.

"He had loaded his gun, and was just getting up to fire, when a piece of shell came through the top of the works, and struck him in the left breast, near the heart. He neither spoke nor moved after he fell.

"After it was dark, we buried him by the side of a comrade. We could not mark the spot; for we had not even a piece of board with us. There is a cherry-tree near his grave; and it is just in the line of the breastworks where he fell.

"I cannot attempt to offer consolation at such a time; for words are powerless. I can only say that he fell as a soldier should, with his face to the foe. His comrades will long cherish his memory; for he was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, greatly beloved by all the boys; and we miss him very much. He was a *brave* soldier."

Col. Prescott, in a letter sent soon after to the friends of Mr. Wellington, confirms the statements of his comrades, and adds,—

"He was buried where he fell, near a place called 'Laurel Hill.' We mourn his loss; for by his frank, generous disposition, and unshrinking bravery, he gained the esteem and confidence of all with whom he was connected. I assure you that the Thirty-second Regiment never had a better man nor a braver soldier. I offer you my heartfelt sympathy."

When this missive was received from the colonel, he, too, had fallen.

Another comrade writes, " He was to me more than a friend. No brother could have done more for me. When I lay wounded on the battle-field of Gettysburg, he was the first to come to me, and help carry me away from that dreadful place; and, after he had done what he could for my comfort, he left me to do the same for others. I never saw his face again, nor shall I till I meet him in the spirit-world. I have heard of his death, and that he bravely fought to the last. You may be sure that his comrades will say of him, that he never shrank from duty."

At a meeting of the Wayland Soldiers' Relief Society, held on the evening of Aug. 22, 1864, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"WHEREAS, In the inevitable results of war, we are painfully called upon to notice the death of another of our brave and patriotic representatives in the army,—MR. ALPHEUS B. WELLINGTON: therefore

"Resolved, That we duly appreciate the noble spirit that prompted him to give his services as a soldier in defence of his country's imperilled interests; that we applaud the untiring and invincible determination to stand firm to his duties to the last; and, while we deplore his death, we will ever hold as precious the memory of his devoted life.

"Resolved, That we tender to his relatives our hearty sympathy in their bereavement, and order a copy of these resolves to be transmitted to them by the secretary."

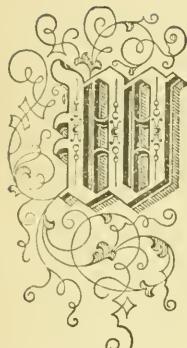
It is deemed proper to complete the record of this soldier by appending the fact that three of his brothers also served in the army during the war, though two of them enlisted from and were accredited to other places.

The eldest son of this family, Joseph Henry Wellington, was residing at Memphis, Tenn., at the opening of the war. He was a true Union man. At first, he was forcibly impressed into the rebel service; but, at the capture of that city by the Union forces, he gladly embraced the opportunity to join the Northern army. He served, till the close of the war, in the Sixty-sixth Regiment of Indiana Infantry, and was in two severe battles. He was promoted to the post of commissary-sergeant.

After his release from compulsory rebel service, in a letter to his friends he wrote, "We have the best government in the world; and I hope never to see the day that the Union is dissolved."

Alden D. Wellington, the third son, volunteered in the Union service for a hundred days, July 12, 1864; and served in Company A, Capt. Coombs, of the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, until his discharge, Oct. 27, 1864. He was promoted to the position of corporal, and was accredited to the town of Waltham.

WALTER J. WELLINGTON.



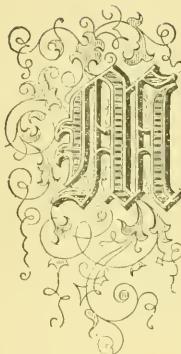
ALTER J. was the fourth son of Joseph and Keziah Wellington. He was born at Wayland, Nov. 28, 1847.

The spirit of patriotism that pervaded the family swelled also in his breast, and prompted him to lend his aid in the struggle for union and freedom; and, when his brother Alden decided to join the army, he also enlisted for the same period and in the same company.

But his unmatured physical constitution was found to be inadequate to the demands of a soldier's rough and exposed life. He soon yielded to sickness, and was unable to render much service.

He was five feet seven inches tall; of light complexion, light hair, and hazel eyes; and by occupation a farmer. Date of enlistment, July 12, 1864; and of discharge, Oct. 27 following.

JAMES DEXTER LOKER.



R. LOKER, though not on the quota of Wayland soldiers, is deserving of a place in these mementos; for this was more truly his home than any other locality; Wayland being his native place, the home of his parents and ancestry.

He was born Sept. 14, 1827; being the son of Otis and Betsey (Allen) Loker.

He was married to Emily Clapp of Wayland, by whom he had two children.

In August, 1862, he enlisted in Capt. Graham's company, Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry, and was soon after promoted to a sergeant's office. He left with his regiment for the seat of war on the 6th of September following.

His energy and reliability soon secured for him the responsible appointment of brigade express-messenger. In the performance of the duties of this position, under severe exposure and long-continued effort, he took a violent cold, resulting in congestion of the lungs, and terminating in his death at Poolsville, Md., Dec. 30, 1862.

His body was forwarded to his friends in Wayland, where most impressive funeral-exercises were held on Sunday, Jan. 4. His remains repose in the South Burial-Ground.

His soldierly and humane qualities are well indicated by the following extracts from letters written soon after his death.

Capt. Graham writes, "He was an honorable, high-souled man ; one whom I regret, of all others, to see laid low by the fell destroyer. He was beloved and respected by every man in the company ; and they will long cherish his memory. His death is a loss to the regiment that cannot be replaced." Another officer writes, "His sudden death has cast a deep gloom over the company ; for we feel that we have lost our best man." His colonel also writes, "His death is a loss to the regiment that cannot be replaced."

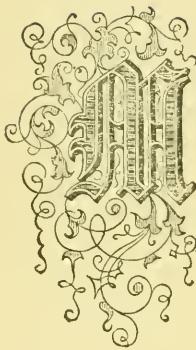
On the occasion of his death, his company (B) passed the following resolutions :—

"WHEREAS, *It hath pleased a divine Providence to remove from our midst Sergeant J. D. LOKER : be it therefore*

"Resolved, *That, in losing him, we are deprived of a well-loved member, a true soldier, and an honest, honorable man ; that his life, since he enrolled his name among our country's defenders, and came forth to battle for the stars and stripes, has been that of a patriot noble and true ; that, by his decease, we are deprived of a dear and valuable friend.*

"*That we tender to his widow and family our heartfelt sympathy, and trust that they may find consolation in the fact that he lived the life and died the death of a Christian and patriot,—a noble life, an honorable death.*"

JOSHUA MELLEN.



R. MELLEN, though not accredited to Wayland as a soldier, was a native of that town; the son of Hon. Edward and Sophia (Whitney) Mellen.

While in his senior year as a student at Brown University, he joined the Tenth Rhode-Island Volunteers (Company D), and served as a private soldier in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., from May 26, 1862, to Sept. 1 following.

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD

OF THE

PRINCIPAL BATTLES AND ENGAGEMENTS IN WHICH THE WAYLAND SOLDIERS PARTICIPATED.

1861.

BATTLE of Bull Run, Va., July 18, 21.
Battle of Ball's Bluff, Va., Oct. 21.

1862.

Battle of Roanoke Island, N.C., Feb. 7, 8.
Engagement at Newbern, N.C., March 14.
Fight at Winchester, Va., March 23.
Bombardment of Island No. 10, Mississippi
River, 23 days (it surrendered April 7).
Bombardment of Fort Wright (or Pillow),
Tenn., April 14.

Engagement at Yorktown, Va., April 16.
Bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip,
below New Orleans, La., April 18 (continued
six days).
Passage of the forts by the Union fleet,
April 24.
Siege of Yorktown, Va. (evacuated May 4).
Battle at Williamsburg, Va., May 9.
Gunboat - fight off Fort Wright (or Pillow),
May 10.
Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., May 31 and June 1.

Battle at Tranter's Creek, N.C., June 5.
Gunboat - engagement off Memphis, Tenn.,
June 6.
Naval and military engagement at St. Charles,
Ark., June 17.
Battle at Savage Station, Va., June 29.
Battle at Glendale, Va., June 30.
Battle at Malvern Hill, Va., July 1.
Naval action off Vicksburg, Miss., July 22.
Second Battle at Malvern Hill, Va., Aug. 5.
Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9.
Fight at Kettle Run (Bristow Station), Va.,
Aug. 27.
Second Battle at Bull Run, Va., Aug. 28, 30.
Battle of South Mountain, Md., Sept. 14.
Battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13.
Battle at Kinston, N.C., Dec. 14.
Battle at Whitehall, N.C., Dec. 16.
Battle at Goldsborough, N.C., Dec. 17.

1863.

Engagement at Arkansas Post, Ark., Jan. 10.
Bombardment of Port Hudson, La., March 14.

Battle at Bisland, La., April 12, 13.
 Siege of Washington, N.C. (raised April 15).
 Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 3, 4.
 Assault on Port Hudson, La., May 27.
 Battle at Beverly Ford (Brandy Station), Va., June 9.
 Second assault on Port Hudson, La., June 14.
 Cavalry-fights near Aldie, Va., June 17, 21.
 Battle of Gettysburg, Penn., July 1, 2, 3.
 Siege of Vicksburg, Miss. (surrendered July 4).
 Siege of Port Hudson, La. (surrendered July 8).
 Fight at Hanover Court House, Va., July 6.
 Fighting before Jackson, Miss. (evacuated July 16).
 Engagement on James's Island, S.C., July 16.
 Assault on Fort Wagner (Morris Island), S.C., July 18.
 Engagement at Front Royal, Va., July 23.
 Fight on Morris Island, S.C., Aug. 26.
 Assault on Fort Sumter, S.C., Sept. 8.
 Engagement at Warrington, Va., Oct. 31.
 Engagement at Lenoir Station, Tenn., Nov. 16.
 Siege of Knoxville, Tenn. (from Nov. 17 to Dec. 5).
 Action at Kelly's Ford, Va., Dec. 14.

1864.

Battle at Cane River, La., April 23.
 Battles of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 6, 7.
 Battle of Laurel Hill, Va., May 8.
 Engagements at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10 to 18.
 Cavalry-fight near Richmond, Va., May 10.
 Action at Drury's Bluff (Fort Darling), Va., May 13, 16.
 Battle at North Anna River, Va., May 23.
 Engagements near Bethesda Church, Va., May 30 to June 5.

Battles at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1 to 7.
 Engagement at White-oak Swamp, Va., June 12.
 Attack on Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, June 16.
 Assault on rebel works before Petersburg, June 18.
 Engagement at Rockville, Md., July 10.
 Cavalry-fight at Winchester, Va., July 20.
 Battle at Four-mile Creek, Va., July 28.
 Battle of the Mine (before Petersburg), July 30.
 Engagements at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 14, 16.
 Battles of the Weldon Railroad (before Petersburg), Aug. 18, 19, 21.
 Cavalry-fight at Berryville, Va., Sept. 3.
 Battle of Opequan, Va., Sept. 19.
 Engagement at Snake Mountain, Va., Sept. 22.
 Battle of Fisher's Hill, Va., Sept. 22.
 Battle at Luray Court House, Va., Sept. 24.
 Action near Darbytown, Va., Sept. 28.
 Battle at Chapin's Farm, Va., Sept. 29, 30.
 Battle of Poplar-spring Church (before Petersburg), Sept. 30.
 Engagement at Peebles's Farm (before Petersburg), Sept. 30.
 Cavalry-engagement at Thom's Brook, Va., Oct. 9.
 Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19.
 General assault on rebel works before Petersburg, Oct. 27.

1865.

Engagement at Dabney's Mills (before Petersburg), Va., Feb. 5.
 Battles at Hatcher's Run (before Petersburg), Va., Feb. 6, 7.

Action at Waynesborough, Va., March 2.	Actions at Boynton Plank-Road, Va., March 29, 31.
Cavalry-engagement at South Anna River, Va., March 14.	Battle of Five Forks (before Petersburg), Va., April 1.
Attack on Fort Stedman, and general advance on rebel works before Petersburg, Va., March 25.	Last general assault on the rebel works before Petersburg, Va., April 2.
Engagement at Dinwiddie Court House (before Petersburg), Va., March 29.	Engagement at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6.
Battle at Gravelly Run, Va., March 29.	Surrender of rebel army under Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox Court House, April 9.

APPENDIX.

THE following statements of the doings of the town of Wayland and its citizens during the war are appended, under the belief that they will be to both soldiers and citizens an acceptable addition to the "Narratives."

FIRST WAR-MEETING.

The earliest action of the people of Wayland after the outbreak of hostilities at the South is found in one of the largest meetings ever held in its precincts. It was called, without respect of party, "to consider the state of the country, and to consult upon measures to be taken at the present crisis."

The meeting was held April 22, 1861, at the Unitarian church ; and was continued in session for two evenings. It drew forth the most patriotic expressions in addresses from the chief citizens of the town.

Committees were chosen to secure the formation of military companies to be drilled and made ready for any emergency.

MILITARY COMPANY.

On the first day of May following, a company of about eighty minute-men was formed and duly officered. On this occasion there was a large meeting of the citizens ; and a series of resolutions was unanimously passed, expressive of the spirit of the times. Among them was the following :—

"We pledge our lives and our property to the cause of that liberty purchased for us by the blood of our heroic ancestors, that we may perpetuate it as the richest legacy which we can bequeath to our children."

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.

The ladies of Wayland met early in May, 1861, and organized a society with the above designation, "to manifest sympathy with those who are engaged in the service of our country, and to aid them to the utmost of our power."

This society continued active during the war; holding meetings for work once a month, and at times much oftener. It expended two hundred and fifty-three dollars to purchase materials for work, in addition to those that were received by donation.

Among the articles made by this society, and forwarded for the use of the army, chiefly through the agents of the United-States Sanitary Commission, were the following:—

Blankets	14	Shirts	109
Bed-quilts	53	Pairs of drawers . . .	44
Bed-sacks	88	Pairs of mittens . . .	78
Sheets	79	Pairs of socks . . .	235
Pillows	37	Pairs of slippers . . .	110
Pillow-cases	30	Dressing-gowns . . .	2
Handkerchiefs	455	Towels	79
Comfort-bags	17		

Lint, bandages, linen and cotton pieces, were furnished in unknown quantities; also blackberry and currant wines, jellies, preserves, and other similar articles, for the sick.

In addition to the above list, the following articles were sent from the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in Boston, and made up by the ladies of this society:—

39 pairs drawers.	93 needle-books.
36 pairs slippers.	98 shirts.
30 pairs socks.	50 bed-sacks.

SOLDIERS' RELIEF SOCIETY.

A society with the above title was early organized by the citizens of Wayland for the following objects:—

"To look after and keep up a knowledge of the condition and needs of soldiers enlisting from Wayland, by means of correspondence; to supply them

from time to time with such articles as they require beyond what they receive from the Commissary Department, especially in case of their being sick or wounded ; and to promote the comfort and well-being of their families."

Meetings were held once a month, at which letters were read by the corresponding secretary as they were received from Wayland soldiers in the various parts of the army.

Reading-matter was furnished to the soldiers to some extent ; and also articles of clothing, &c.

The society sent an agent (William Heard) to visit the soldiers personally, subsequent to the fight at Antietam, and convey such articles as were needed ; and also another (J. S. Draper), just after the battle at Fredericksburg, for the same purpose, and to look after the welfare of the wounded.

Full records of the doings of both these societies were kept, and are preserved.

MASS MEETINGS.

Mass meetings of the citizens were frequently held, especially at each successive "call for more troops ;" and great effort was made to fill the quotas promptly. For this purpose, and to prevent the execution of a draft, the sum of \$3,696 was raised by individual subscription during the war, a considerable part of which was paid to foreign recruits to induce them to enlist in the Wayland quotas. This entire sum was subsequently refunded to the parties that furnished it, and the debt therefor was assumed by the town.

BOUNTY-MONEY.

Before the close of the year 1862, the first feelings of enthusiasm to join the army had greatly subsided. The noblest spirits were already doing their duty at the front ; and, to fill the quotas subsequently called for, resort was had to the "bounty system."

The total amount for which the town became responsible in its corporate capacity for recruiting-purposes during the war was probably over eighteen thousand dollars,* obtained chiefly by loans on the credit of the town ; the total number of men furnished to fill the town's quotas being a hundred and twenty-nine, as nearly as can be ascertained.

* The documents and records concerning the war-expenses being in a slightly confused condition, the amount can only be stated approximately.

RECEPTION OF THE SOLDIERS.

The Fourth of July, 1865, was set apart by the citizens of the town for a general reception of its soldiers who had served in the war. It was an occasion of deep interest. Commingling with the happy greetings of the returned veterans were the sad remembrances of those whose lives had been required in the terrible struggle. The spirit of gratitude to God pulsed deeply in every heart, that his blessing had made the sacrifices of both the living and the dead effectual for the restoration of peace; and that our country, purified and ennobled by the severe ordeal of war, was now standing firm in its integrity, bearing aloft the triumphant banner of **FREEDOM**.

Among the exercises that contributed to the interest of the occasion was the eulogium on the deceased soldiers, by Hon. Edward Mellen; the address to the veterans present, by Rev. E. H. Sears; and a poem, reciting the events of the war, by R. F. Fuller, Esq.

STATE AID.

It is not improper to add, that the soldiers of Wayland and their families, with a few exceptions, received such pecuniary aid as the laws of the State authorized.

The aggregate of State-aid money paid by the Treasurer of Wayland from 1861 to March 1, 1869, is fifteen thousand six hundred and ninety-eight dollars and ninety-three cents; nearly all of which has been received by Wayland soldiers.

ERRATA.

Page 28, fourteenth line. For "20th," read "21st" October.

Page 83, note. When this was prepared for the press, the reputed authorship of the poem was thought to be well founded; but Mr. Campbell disclaims the credit *in toto*.

Page 100, thirteenth line. For "9th," read "8th" of July.

Page 273, note. For "superseded," read "relieved."

Page 287. For "Cedar Hill," read "Cedar Creek."

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